

March 23, 1960

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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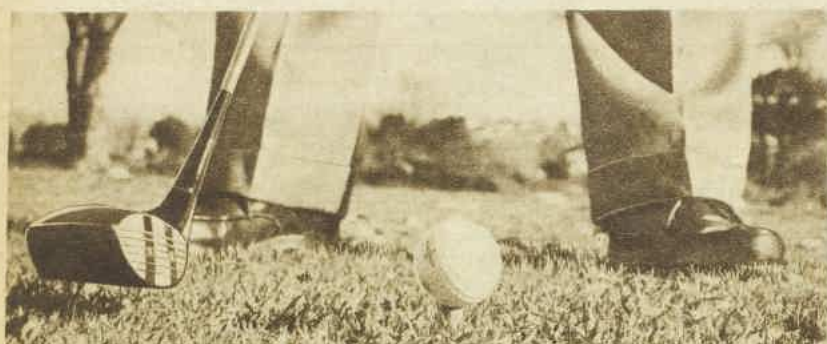
PRINCESS GRACE

See pages 8, 9, 10, 11



OVER 35!

# It's 4-to-1 you don't get enough exercise!



No! say doctors, that weekend round of golf is not enough to keep you fit!

**M**AYBE you play grade tennis . . . or handicap golf . . . or swim a couple of miles each weekend. It's not enough say doctors, to compensate for a sit-down job all week. If you're like four men out of five, headachy tiredness and half-health will keep you below par.

The reason four out of five men over 35 need more exercise lies in the food we eat to-day!

If we ate the same food as grandfather, we would need little exercise to stay fit, because Nature puts a "safety device" in normal food. It is "bulk."

## Nature's "bulk"

This "bulk" is designed to keep our internal muscles fit and active, to grip waste matter and move it through the system. But, to-day's food often lacks this bulk! It is soft, highly refined, often over processed. By the time it reaches us, the "safety device" is missing.

With nothing to grip, our intestinal muscles grow flabby, the system becomes clogged, and we suffer from the distressing symptoms of irregularity.

## Three answers

There are three possible ways to compensate for this lack of "bulk" in to-day's diet:

**One:** Vigorous exercises every day, to aid the internal muscles in their work. For most busy men, this exercise isn't always possible and in many cases it could be dangerous.

**Two:** Medicines or laxatives. This can also cause harm, because laxatives are unnatural. In fact, the magazine of the British Medical Association issued a warning on this subject, which was distributed to doctors and clinics:

"The constant use of purgatives may do more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralyzing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

This fact was known in A.D.100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since.

If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals,

For men who don't get enough exercise — All-Bran made by Kellogg's.

fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

**Three:** The obvious way is to work with Nature, not against it, by putting Nature's "bulk" back into your diet.

## Replacing the bulk.

In no other food is "bulk" so ideally found as in Bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat. Kellogg's process and shred this bran into a delicious breakfast cereal flavoured with malt, sugar, and salt. Its name is All-Bran.

Sprinkle it over your present cereal, or enjoy it by itself with milk and sugar.

Gently but firmly, your internal muscles will respond to All-Bran's natural bulk. Your system will function again, the way Nature intended.

Besides its "bulk", All-Bran is rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. It's a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one!

No need to take extra exercise. No need to give up your favourite foods. For new health and fitness, take advantage of Kellogg's promise to you.

Enjoy delicious, nut sweet All-Bran for ten days and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and double your money will be gladly refunded.



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Limited, K6

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.  
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne, Letters: Box 1850 G.P.O.  
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane, Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide, Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth, Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.  
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco (pages 8 to 11) believe strongly in "maternal and paternal instinct" in bringing up their children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert.

**BARBARA MILLER**, who wrote the story of "The Happy Family of Monaco," told us:

"Both parents believe that manuals on child care are invaluable, and read a number of them before and after Caroline's birth."

"They are, however, guided more by their maternal and paternal instinct than by what they read in books."

"Like any other family, there are stern words from Papa when Caroline — vivacious and strong-minded — attempts to take a toy away from Albert."

"Stern, but not too stern, because, says Prince Rainier, 'Albert must learn to fend for himself.'"

The small Prince, whose birth all Monaco toasted, was two years old on March 14.

**MOTHERS** who happen to be feeling low-spirited should read the answers to "Unjustly Treated" on page 2 of Teenagers' Weekly.

Last month a girl complained that she was made to do her own washing and ironing at the weekend.

Letters attacking her choked the mailbox. Three hundred angry teenagers leapt to the defence of the complainant's mother.

The selection printed will

help cheer up any mother who fears she isn't appreciated by her children.

**WE** know parents also will enjoy "That Beautiful Experience," a really delightful short story by Al Hine on pages 8 to 10 of Teenagers' Weekly.

Pamela Winstead, the story's 16-year-old heroine, prefers Jane Austen to Françoise Sagan.

This preference helps her decide that as it took Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy (world-famous heroine and hero of Jane Austen's classic, "Pride and Prejudice") hundreds of pages to get together, that was for her.

**THESE** days many women are as interested as most men in performance, mileage, petrol consumption, comfort, and convenience of a car—whether it is to be bought for the family or for themselves.

That's why we asked Betty McKay to write our weekly feature for women motorists (page 63).

Betty knows cars. With stopwatches and lap charts she has become a familiar figure on Australia's car-racing circuits, acting as computer for her husband, racing driver and writer David McKay.

## Our Cover

"I DO miss acting in a way, but it is no real loss, because being married and having children is far more important to me," says Princess Grace of Monaco. The truth of Princess Grace's statement is evident in her serene beauty shown in our magnificent cover.

Picture by Philippe Halsman.

She has road-tested English and Continental cars.

David McKay, who admits he sets a higher driving standard for his wife than he would for anyone else, says:

"Betty has a light, sympathetic touch with a car. She has the rare gift of being able to maintain high touring averages with safety."

**FAMOUS** Court photographer Baron, in whose studio Antony Armstrong-Jones, Princess Margaret's fiancé, trained as a photographer, took the color picture of Queen Elizabeth on the cover of our February 24 issue.

In this issue we mistakenly credited the picture to Court photographer Cecil Beaton.

## Next Week

● The prizewinners in our £1235 Mustard Recipe Contest will be announced in our next issue. Grand prize is £500, with £100 prizes for the best recipe in each of three sections. The issue also will feature a four-page international cook book, giving a wonderful variety of appetising and unusual recipes from Russia, Pakistan, Indonesia, China, Japan, South America.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960



# WEDDING ON AN ISLAND IN THE SUN

**G**REEN ISLAND — a picturesque coral island 16 miles from Cairns, on the Great Barrier Reef—recently celebrated its first wedding. Informality was the order of the tropic day. After the ceremony, the wedding party and guests went for a swim before changing into casual clothes for the buffet-dinner reception. The bridal couple, 23-year-old Eddie Fisher, of Muswellbrook, N.S.W., and 21-year-old Diane Hilton, of Sussex, England, met on a Green Island holiday. They then stayed on to work there—Diane on the resort's catering staff, Eddie as the island's fisherman.



**ROMANTIC SETTING.** The groom, Eddie Fisher, and his bride, formerly Diane Hilton, pictured on Green Island on their wedding day. To cope with the tropic heat, dressing was informal. Eddie, like all the men present, was in shirtsleeves.



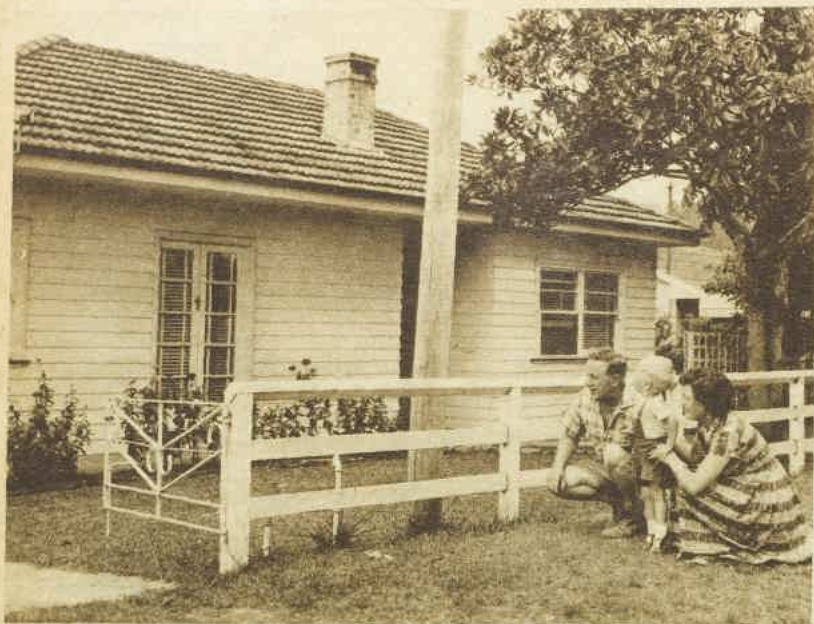
**BRIDAL GROUP.** The Rev. F. McKay, Presbyterian minister in Cairns, officiates at the informal wedding ceremony held in the Green Island resort's dining-room.

**GOING AWAY.** The newlyweds leave for a brief honeymoon cruise. They plan to leave the island soon for a trip to Britain, but will return to their tropic paradise.





# The boomerang migrants



HARRY AND RENEE BELL and son, "Snow," gaze ruefully at the trim cottage they owned at North Gosford their first time out here.

## FAMILY MAKES SECOND START

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD, staff reporter

● David Bell, solemnly two, toddled out on to the verandah of the boarding-house at Gosford, N.S.W.  
"I'm a Pommie," he lisped.



SECOND-TIME migrants Harry and Renee Bell are glad to be back in Gosford. Two-year-old David, born in England when the Bells went back, is already a proper Aussie "Snow."

HIS mum, Renee Bell, looked rueful. "If David had been born when we first migrated here, we wouldn't have made our mistake," she said. "We wouldn't have gone home. We'd have a car, we'd be..."

Harry and Renee Bell's mistake is very real, now that they're back in Gosford. They are "boomerang" migrants. Their second resettling in Australia is more painful than the first, and it's haunted by the inevitable "if only..."

It's not so much the thousand pounds they've lost in moves to and from their native England. It's the years — the realisation that Harry is now 36, his wife 32, and that they are starting again where they started 11 years ago.

Then they were newly married, Harry, formerly a mechanic in the British Army, was unsettled after his war experiences, so he brought Renee to Australia under the free migration scheme for British ex-servicemen.

"It was terrible saying goodbye to our families in England, knowing that we would never see them again," remembers Renee. "But it was a new life for us, and I was

full of wonderment at setting up home in a new country."

They loved life in Gosford. Harry had a married sister there, he got a good job as a mechanic in a garage, and Renee bought a little photo-developing and printing business.

They made friends and money fast. They built a nice little weatherboard house in North Gosford, and Harry's parents migrated. They lived three doors up the road.

### Homesick

Harry's father worked in the same garage. It was just like being back in the little Northumberland village of Haltwhistle. But not quite.

"I couldn't get used to having a picnic on Christmas Day," said Renee. "I missed the bitter cold. I missed the green of England. I just got homesick."

"If only we hadn't been making so much money we'd never have been able to afford to go back," she said with that North of England realism. "But it was all my fault, and Harry's a good husband. He would have given me the moon if I'd wanted it."

Instead, after four years here they got passages on the Otranto to go "home."

"You'll want to come back,"

warned their Australian friends at the wharf.

"Never," said Harry and Renee, and the champagne and tears flowed.

With Sydney Harbor Bridge still in sight, Harry and Renee realised they were both still crying. "We've made a mistake," they told each other.

But how could they know?

### THEY'LL TRY AGAIN

● According to an Immigration Department spokesman, Australia House in London and Australian migration offices are constantly receiving letters from returned migrants asking for a second chance.

Some migrants who returned to Britain applied for second assisted passages to Australia within two or three days of getting back.

The Australian Government policy is that, if the migrants have refunded the Government's contribution for their original passages to Australia, they could be considered for a second assisted passage. But the general rule is that migrants may receive an assisted passage only once.

They felt they'd never be sure if they didn't go back.

As London hove in sight they were bursting with excitement. Home. The November snow was wonderful. The greenness of the fields as they sped past back to County Durham, where they were to stay with Renee's parents, was lovely. Rich.

But their friends? They couldn't find them, and the ones they did unearth were "different."

The house they owned after a short while was old and quite unlike the modern comfortable little house in Gosford they'd learned to love.

Harry found the climate difficult. And he had to work at nights and weekends in the garage to make £10 a week—

But the family, the saving of money.

"I don't think I can do it again," Renee told Harry. "It's the partings that put me off. It's too heart-breaking."

### Family ties

So they stayed on. Harry would talk about Australia to another returned immigrant who worked in the same garage. He, too, wanted to go back again.

Their main reason for staying in England, Harry and Renee realised, was their families — Harry's family had followed them back from Gosford. Then, suddenly, they seemed to have no family. Both their mothers died.

"You never get over things like that," said Renee. "But it did make us feel that there was nothing left for us in England. We were free."

The birth of David clinched it. Willy-nilly, they were coming back to Australia, though they didn't know how they'd get the money.

"When we got our immigration papers we were surprised that we could still get assisted passages," said Renee. "Only £10 each and nothing for David."

The Bells were eligible for the £10 Australian Government assistance scheme because their first subsidy, granted to British ex-service-

men, was paid by the British Government.

Harry and Renee were stunned that their "homesickness" was understood by the Immigration Department, that they were wanted back again in Australia. They didn't know then that "Second timers" are regarded as the most desirable kind of immigrant.

"On the papers we had to state why we'd returned to England the first time. We put the truth — 'homesickness'," said Renee.

"We want to warn other migrants not to take homesickness to heart. It passes."

### Happy again

And now? "Harry's got his old job back at the garage. We've got our old friends and we're happy to be here," said Renee.

"Of course we've lost a lot — and that hurts. I could never get my photography business back again and it seems impossible to get a house. Since we left, building land has gone up from £150 to more than £500."

"It grieves Harry to see our old house," Renee confided. "But in England — perhaps I'm psychic — I used to dream that we had it again and that we were back in Gosford."

"At least we know where 'home' is," grinned Harry. "Would he go back to England? 'Not on your life,' he said."



# Where £100 equals only 25lb.

● When the critics were unkind about his music, Liberace said he "wept all the way to the bank."  
Staff photographer Ron Berg and I are different.  
We cried all the way FROM the bank.

IT was pretty pathetic. Money, money, everywhere, and none of it for us.

We were quite happy at first. That was before we got to the Commonwealth Bank's vaults and strong-rooms.

On the way, we discussed what we'd do if we were millionaires, which we aren't.

I was just trying to decide whether to have a sapphire or a diamond anklet (solution: have both) when we arrived at the bank's head office in Martin Place, Sydney.

"Come in, come in," said publicity officer Les Davies.

He ushered us through the banking chamber and downstairs to a gaol-like door.

"They're all right," Mr. D. told the guard in conspiratorial tones.

The door opened, and we sidled through.

Suddenly Ron gasped. He pointed to a brownish-looking pile of paper on one of the desks—£10,000 in £10 notes.

Mr. S. A. M. Butcher, Chief Cashier of the Commonwealth Trading Bank, doesn't have any money on HIS desk.

He explained that he watches what happens to it, though.

Every weekday three armoured cars leave the bank and travel round to about 190 branch offices.

The cars are manned by two bank officers, a driver, an escort—and an armed man.

They take about £750,000 each week, and they bring back about £2,000,000. Cash, of course.

It's carried in junior-blue canvas bags. "Money, like anything else, has to be wrapped for the customers," said Mr. Butcher.

"It's a vicious circle: having money on hand so you can spend it," he said.

By



DAWN JAMES,  
staff reporter

"Money doesn't last long."

I was about to agree. Enthusiastically. But Mr. Butcher wasn't talking about here—today - and - gone - tomorrow cash.

"The average life of a 10/- note is four to six months," he added. "People don't look after them."

Mr. Davies sighed and remarked, "Beer on hotel counters is specially bad for paper money."

Mr. Butcher said fivers and tenners lasted much longer. "They're folded up carefully and put away so they don't get lost."

Looked after or not, all the money in circulation (that's about £420,000,000) eventually arrives back at the bank.

Some of it is damaged or mutilated.

So we went along to have a look: from the Trading Bank through an enormous ten-ton door (bristling with locks and gadgets) into the Reserve Bank.

Mr. Charles O'Brien, Chief Cashier of the Reserve Bank, said they cancel about £150,000 a day in £1 and 10/- notes.

A couple of bank employees have the heart-breaking job of punching holes in the notes so they aren't legal tender any more.

They have a special machine. It punches the holes.

And little circles, just like confetti, fall out into a green waste-paper basket.

Then the notes are packed into old tin trunks.

We watched a couple of trunks being stuffed with 10/- notes.

"A trunk holds about £39,000," said Bill Heffernan, who was supervising the job. "£1000 one way or the other, it's no consequence."

The old money is sent off to Melbourne to be burnt.

We cheered up (in a morose way) back in the Trading Bank. Mr. Butcher showed us what he calls his "pretties."

He took us to a smallish room. It had barred walls, a locked and padlocked door, and it was all lit up.

There were shelves lining the room, and on the shelves what looked like a lot of cheese or butter wrapped in gold foil.

It was lettuce. Gold bricks: each weighing 25lb., each worth £6000.

From gold, we went down the scale—to silver.

The bank has a weighing machine that measures in pounds and shillings instead of pounds and ounces.

"If you bring in a bag of mixed silver coins, we can weigh it and tell you how much money is there, within threepence or sixpence," said Mr. Butcher.

The machine can weigh any amount from 2/- to £100.

I began doing mental sums when they said £100 is equal to 25lb. That means if you weigh about eight stone, you're worth £450.

It was hard to tear ourselves away. But it isn't true to say banks don't give souvenirs.

They do.  
Ron and I got one each... a helpful leaflet, called "How to Save Money on a Budget."



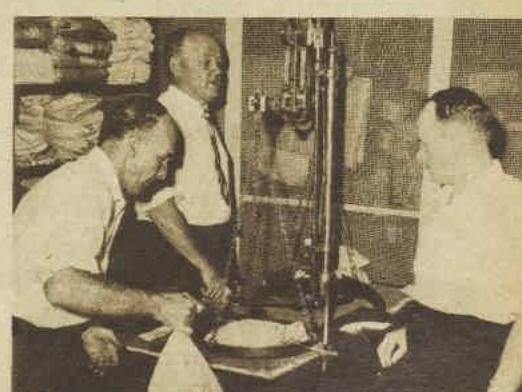
OH TO DREAM OF IT fills her heart with joy! Reporter Dawn James looks wistfully at the £1,000,000 surrounding her in the vault of the Commonwealth Bank at its head office in Sydney.



MUSICAL CHINK of mechanically sorted coins echoes through the bank vault. Here Alf Byrne watches it.



MONEY, MONEY, MONEY: £600,000 of it in nice negotiable £5 notes is wheeled casually along by bank messenger Jim McGuinness.



WEIGHING IN the silver. Allan Rawson (centre) checks weight as bags are handed to him by Tom Morton (left), Ted Crofts watches.



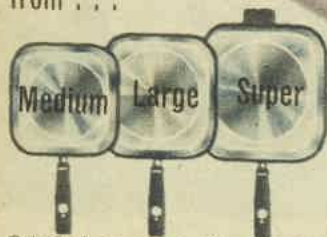
# NOW...A SUPER-SIZED *Sunbeam* FRYPAN...



cooks for your party  
or just for you...



3 sizes  
to choose  
from . . .



Only Sunbeam offer 3 different models — the medium size, for busy single people or small families, the large model for the average family and the new Super-Size that cooks for up to 20 people.



The Hi-Dome Metal Lid, standard on the new Super-Size and available as an optional extra for the medium and large models, gives extra depth for cooking big roasts, poultry, casseroles and cakes.

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**FRYPAN**

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For miracle cooking...

Whether it's a snack for one or dinner for twenty, the Super-Size Sunbeam Frypan will cook it better and more easily than any other method. Sunbeam controlled heat means more flavour and more food value with less "pot-watching". Let your retailer tell you how you can buy *any* Sunbeam Frypan, including the new Super-Size, for a few shillings a week.



# New hairstyles from Paris

● Rene Luzic, famous overseas hairdresser, will begin his Australian tour in Perth on May 2. M. Luzic is flying out specially for the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, which we will present in conjunction with Marigny.



RENE LUZIC



● Hairstyles created by Rene Luzic: at left, sleek and swept back (with a half-bang brushing the eyebrow) for evening glamor; at right, the hair has been dressed demurely for daytime.



● M. Luzic's up-to-the-minute hairstyles and colors for his five-week tour will be named after the Australian cities he will visit.

WHEN he returns to Europe he will give his clients in Paris and London a "Sydney," "Melbourne," or "Brisbane" styling.

As well as having their hair dressed in the latest Paris coiffures, five French mannequins, who will accompany M. Luzic round Australia, will parade 25 models from the collection of top Paris couturier Maggy Rouff.

This collection will be allied with dresses from the Australian Wool Bureau.

In his demonstrations Rene Luzic will show how a simple daytime style may be changed into a glamorous evening coiffure decorated with jewels and flowers.

To do this he favors hair short enough to be practical for day wear but long enough to pile on top of the head for formal occasions.

"I never 'cut' hair," he says. "I thin it, I shape it, I give it three or more lengths. I graduate it."

"Hair is a living matter and must be treated as such. It must not be brutally cut off,

but encouraged to take pretty and natural forms.

"It is the same with styling. I can't tell you in advance what styles I shall create at any given moment. It will all depend on the mood of my mannequins, on the atmosphere in which I work, and on the audience.

"Rarely do I give a client the same style twice running. I am sometimes surprised at what is created under my fingers.

"A hairdresser's success depends on the success of the woman whose hair he has dressed.

"If he reads the next day that she was looking beautiful at the ball, if the next day she comes back, eyes shining, and says 'I was a great success last night' he knows he has done a good job."

Rene Luzic thinks blond shades are becoming to most women.

He does not like ash blond ("it's too easily confused with white hair") or brassy blond, but all the soft shades from rosy blond to cafe-au-lait.

"For many women colored lights, touches of sun, blended shades are the best. Blue-black is wonderful for the very young, but older women should avoid it, because it is harsh and shows up complexion and skin faults."

In Australia Rene Luzic will also demonstrate cutting and tinting to professional hairdressers.

Since his announcement that he is looking for models for his Australian tour, mannequins are pouring into his Paris salon.

"It is not easy to choose," he says. "The girls must have good hair, but they must also know how to hold their heads and have a nice smile.

"Also, because they will not only be showing off my hairstyles but also modelling the famous Maggy Rouff models, they must have mannequins' figures and know how to walk."

Rene Luzic and M. Jean Howald, director of the Maggy Rouff house, are choosing the mannequins.

Maggy Rouff styles are as

youthful and gay as the hairstyles Rene Luzic favors. They are very feminine, with Japanese Obi belts encrusted into suits, or used to give a colored note on a white blouse with a soberly cut suit.

Princess-line dresses, the ultimate in simplicity at the front, have cheeky bustle effects in tiers of gathered flounces at the back.

The aim of this fashion house is to make women look lovely, feminine creatures while giving them unrestricted freedom of movement.

"We are including some of our boutique ready-to-wear styles in the selection to Australia," Mr. Howald said.

"They have been designed for the woman who wants couture clothes at modest prices.

"We shall probably design a few models specially for the Australian tour, and these will be added to the loveliest models of the collection we have made for the first 1960 season.

"Australian women are reputed to have an excellent fashion sense, so I want to be sure that they see the best of the Maggy Rouff designs."

By MARCELLE POIRIER,  
of our Paris staff



Very young skins  
need NIVEA

MOISTURISING care

Summer heat and hot winds dry out very young skins, too. Natural health-giving oils and beauty-making moisture are lost, leaving skin tender and rough. For a lovely skin in later years, young skins should be protected by regular use of Nivea. Nivea contains Eucerite, the nearest thing to your skin's natural oils. Nivea replaces both oils and moisture, because Eucerite absorbs moisture and carries it deep into your skin where it is of the greatest benefit.



In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Liquid Nivea in bottles.

SKIN needs NIVEA

the moisturising cream



Sunbake safely with NIVEA sunfilta





# The happy family of Monaco

By BARBARA MILLER

● Though they're reigning royalty, and they live in a palace with a staff of 250, the Rainiers of Monaco are one of the most united, unpretentious, and happy families on earth.

THE aura which hovers over this household is one created by mature people who have taken a good look at the world they must live in and have decided how to deal with it.

As a result, they have established a family atmosphere as simple as the circumstances allow.

Most revealing is their attitude towards their children, Caroline, aged three, and Albert, almost two.

Their life is a contradiction of luxury versus the rigorous training needed for their future life. But their parents talk of them in down-to-earth terms.

"Caroline is a bundle of nerves," says her father. "Caroline adores Albert, plays with him, hugs him, but often her affection turns to slaps and scratches if we don't watch out. This is just jealousy—very normal, since she is the first-born."

"We always admire the antics of each equally," says Grace. "There are always two new toys, two candies, etc."

"Also, we include the children in our lives. We do not believe in relegating them to the nether regions of the house till they're four or five years old."

As soon as Koty (the negro valet from Conakry) awakens his master at 8.30 sharp, the Prince hurries to the yellow-and-white nursery.

While the nurse and Princess Grace look on—probably with a few qualms—father tosses the children high in the air for a few moments' rough-and-tumble affection.

Then the Prince and Princess take their Spartan breakfast of tea and fruit on the terrace, after which Grace goes over her morning mail with her secretary. She sees the children again when she is ready to dress.

"Usually, they help me dress," she says. "By that I mean that they help me select my clothes. We make a sort of a game out of it."

At noon she goes to the nursery to sit with them while they eat their lunch, prepared by the "nanny" in the small adjoining kitchen. Rainier sneaks in for a visit between lunch and affairs of State when Albert and Caroline awake from their afternoon nap.

"I try to see them at least three times daily," says Rainier. "And when they were small I changed their diapers, I rocked them to sleep, and I fed them their bottle and porridge. Caroline always has a good appetite, but Albert is better than a vacuum-cleaner."

For the protection of the privacy of their family, Rainier and Grace have a barrier of secretaries and guards some sixty strong.

Grace has her own private kitchen, where she can prepare favorite dishes such as her specialty, cannelloni. The Rainiers also have a private "family" room where they spend much of their leisure with their large collection of jazz records.

Pictures overleaf

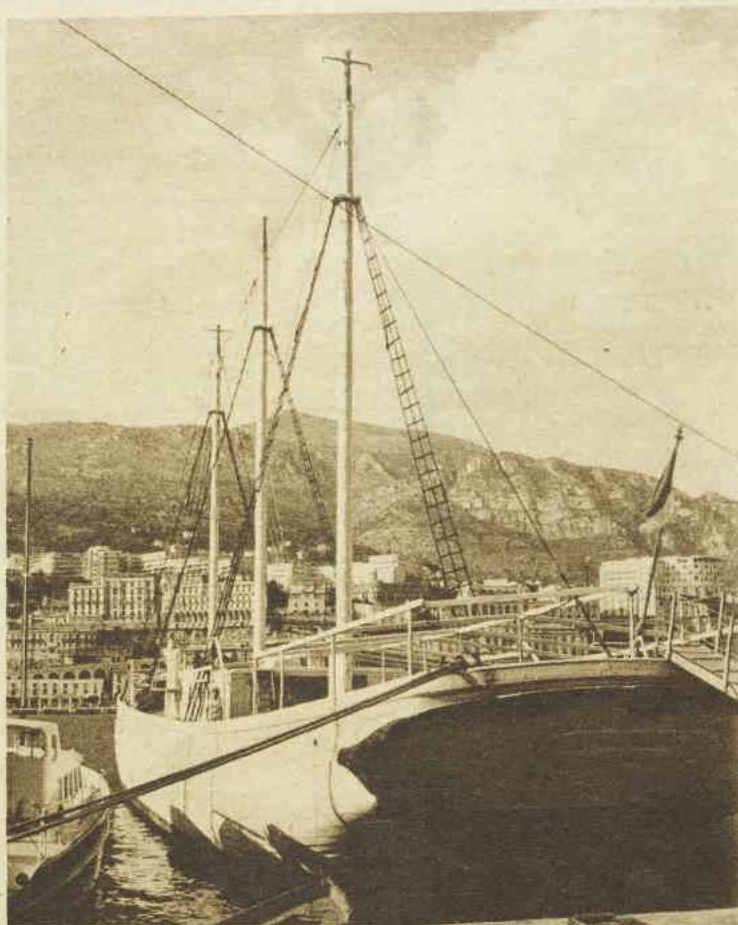
**PRINCESS GRACE** in two recent portraits. At left, wearing some Grimaldi family jewels. At right, with Caroline, aged 3, and Albert, 2, the first children of what she hopes will be a large family. Pictures by Halsman.







# WITH THE RAINIERS ABOARD



**THE ROYAL YACHT.** Deo Juvente II, which is anchored in Monaco port right under the windows of the palace. It was formerly a sturdy banana boat.

**SEAFARERS.** The Rainiers look back to the picturesque Monaco skyline as their yacht, Deo Juvente II, draws away from the port for an afternoon of relaxation on the blue Mediterranean.



**THE HAPPY FAMILY.** Prince Rainier and Princess Grace look relaxed and contented with their two children—Albert, aged 2, and Caroline, 3—on the deck of Deo Juvente. The children are often taken aboard.

**AN EXPLORER.** "What's down that big hole, Maman?" asks Caroline, as Grace helps her look down the ventilation tube.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960



# THEIR YACHT



**"CAPTAIN" ALBERT.**  
The young Prince leads his father round the deck while he finds his sea-legs.



**"THIS IS THE LIFE,"** Albert seems to think as he scampers off from his mother and sister.



**ROPED INTO THE GAME.** Monaco's Royal parents help their children clamber over hemp coils.





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# Planning the

● Preparations for the wedding of Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones at Westminster Abbey on May 6 involve a host of problems — some important, some trifling, but problems that have to be solved before the big day.



QUEEN ELIZABETH  
1947 bride

By  
**HELEN CATHCART**

ON the brightest day of early spring, a Royal secretary opened the Queen's personal safe at Buckingham Palace and took out a morocco case.

Inside, lapped in velvet was a tablet of gold for Princess Margaret's wedding ring — gold that has been awaiting its destiny for a dozen years.

Though buying the ring is normally a bridegroom's prerogative, sentiment in the Royal family far outweighs common usage.

When Queen Elizabeth was planning her own wedding a retired jeweller charmingly offered her the ingot. From the original nugget of Welsh gold, he explained, the Queen Mother's wedding ring had been forged. The Queen was delighted. "There's enough for two rings," she said. "We can save a piece for Margaret."

Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, and the Duchess of Kent all had wedding rings of gold mined in the craggy hills of Wales.

In each case the bridegroom

fathered, more notably, the wife-beheading Henry VIII.

In recent times, the present Queen Mother was a commoner when she tremulously married the future George VI, and yet she became more delightfully royal than the royals.

The only comparable romance was when Princess Pat, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, met Captain Alexander Ramsay in Canada and relinquished her rank, becoming Lady Patricia Ramsay on marriage.

## King's temper

Queen Elizabeth made her formal act of consent to her sister's marriage, necessary under the Royal Marriage Act, one of her first duties on resuming work after the birth of her baby son. Determined in a fit of bad temper to control the marital affairs of his children and grandchildren, King George III forced a complicated law—the Royal Marriage Act—through Parliament which has dogged the love affairs of his descendants ever since.

Princess Margaret herself actually ran foul of the Royal Marriage Act when she wished to marry Peter Townsend. The Queen, as Defender of the Faith, cannot approve marriage to a divorced person and only Parliament can overcome refusal.

One of Queen Victoria's aunts, pathetic Princess Amelia, died of sheer melancholy when effectually prevented by the Act from marrying a close cousin. Her sister, Princess Sophia, similarly had to whisk an illicit baby out of sight when she failed to secure consent to wed her father's equerry.

In a sense, the present Queen Mother flung a spanner into the works when she announced Margaret's engagement from Clarence House before the Queen's consent. But the family had already discussed it thoroughly at Sandringham and worked out a course of action.

When Antony Armstrong-Jones moved into Buckingham Palace, in fact, he found the whole business of betrothal far more complicated than he imagined.

Each morning the skirl of

the bagpipes awakened him to a fresh set of problems.

Princess Margaret, too, has a host of details to look after. In solving her bridal problems, Princess Margaret has also sought the advice of her aunt, the Duchess of Kent.

"Aunt Marina's" wedding ceremony in the Abbey was the first ever to be broadcast to the Commonwealth. It was the pre-TV era, and a special stool was brought from Buckingham Palace so that four-year-old Margaret might sit comfortably at the first wedding of her life.

The possible world televising, filming, and recording of Princess Margaret's marriage service all raised new prob-

lems and the inevitable family conflict between wished-for privacy and the increasing demands of an admiring world.

As I write, all the paper work of police and traffic arrangements, the bewildering riddle of street decorations, and the honeymoon arrangements entailing a stand-by of train, plane, and possibly Royal yacht are in full swing.

When the Queen was married a special honeymoon train closed three platforms at busy Waterloo Station during the rush hour. Since then the Royal usage of helicopters and the four luxurious small Heron passenger planes of the Queen's Flight have all aroused attractive possibilities.

Oddly enough, it was the oldest and most romantic transportation of all, the ro-



QUEEN MARY  
1893 bride

supplied a secret inscription to be engraved on the inside.

And for Antony Armstrong-Jones, proud of his Welsh descent through twenty generations, sentiment enhances the fitness of Welsh gold on the finger of his bride.

There are precedents for a commoner marrying into British Royalty.

The first was, in fact, Welsh-born Owen Tudor. His son was fifth in succession—as a son of Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones would be—and he afterward reigned as Henry VII and





# Royal wedding

romantic Glass Coach, that nearly caused a premature "leak" of Princess Margaret's engagement.

Of the four principal ceremonial carriages and coaches in the Royal mews, the graceful Glass Coach is the only one drawn by two horses.

When the Crown Equerry asked the Cleveland Bay Horse Society to find two well-matched horses—only a few days before the engagement announcement—it was



**DUCHESS of Gloucester**  
1935 bride

clearly the wedding coach he had in mind.

Princess Margaret knew, of course, that the precedent of Westminster Abbey for Royal weddings is by no means an ancient tradition.

The Princess Royal, the Queen's aunt, in fact, had the

first full State Abbey wedding as recently as 1922. King George V arranged the Abbey wedding for his daughter because it meant that the ceremony could be witnessed by a vast congregation and millions of people could witness the spectacle of the State processions.

The traditional photogenic scene as the bride waves from the Palace balcony is the customary climax for the crowds, though not for the privileged 170 wedding guests.

The balcony as it is today was first used, ominously, on August 4, 1914. Before then, a Court official anxiously counted and judged the weight of members of the Royal family as they went on to the earlier, more fragile, balcony.

Even today Royal brides are apt to feel giddy. In order to be seen by the crowds they climb a slight ramp for their balcony appearances—and the balustrade is then lower than the architect intended.

As at average weddings, the breakfast is usually an affair of open sandwiches and wedding cake. The Queen had 12 cakes, the chief one being a four-tier artistry surmounted by the bride's crest, the groom's crest, and tiny replicas of the three Royal residences.

On occasion a family motto is inscribed in icing-sugar around the base. The Armstrong-Jones' motto reads in

Welsh, "A noddo Duw a noddir"—"To support God is to be supported."

Princess Margaret will follow in family footsteps and be wed, like every Royal bride, by Special Licence.

This involves the issue of a magnificent piece of vellum,



**QUEEN MOTHER**  
1923 bride

nearly a yard long and almost as broad, from the Faculty Office of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Thereon is inscribed the names of bride and bridegroom in the old engrossing hand, a style used for four centuries for legal documents.

With the six-inch square Seal of the Court of Faculties, the licence is to be placed before the Queen, and a second beautifully illuminated

document, the lettered Royal Assent, is then signed by Her Majesty under the Great Seal of the Realm.

It is far from being the kind of wedding licence Antony Armstrong-Jones can keep in his pocket, but, though a bride may ask for simplicity, a Royal wedding is always apt to swell far beyond pocket-size.

First the congratulations and then the wedding gifts pour in from all parts of the world. The gifts are traditionally displayed at St. James' Palace, and the sightseers throng the wedding route long before the magnificently uniformed members of the Diplomatic Corps wend their homeward way from the reception on the wedding eve.

Royal seclusion usually demands two honeymoons, one surrounded by detectives and a security barrier with a few minutes spared for the cameramen and the second for love alone.

The Queen first went to Broadlands, the Mountbatten home, and then to Birkhall, a dower house near Balmoral, where she and her husband were at last left alone.

A Royal wedding is inevitably watched by all the world. Yet, amid the pageantry, there are only two people quietly making their vows to Mother Church, "I, Margaret, take thee, Antony . . ."



**PRINCESS MARGARET** with her fiancé, Antony Armstrong-Jones, at Newbury Races. Because childhood polio debarred him from military service, Mr. Armstrong-Jones will be the first Royal bridegroom not to wear uniform. He may wear Court dress—blue-black velvet suit with silver buttons, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes—or formal morning clothes.



**THE 1934 marriage** of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina at Westminster Abbey was the first to be broadcast to the Commonwealth. Princess Margaret, then four, can be seen (above right) on the stool brought for her from the Palace.



## Paint with Taubmans

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INSIDE



OUTSIDE

**"In 15 years of house painting I have never seen such a change come over paint,"** says Mr. John Readett, 26 Vermont Street, Sutherland, N.S.W., professional house-painter.

"During the last few years there have been plenty of big improvements in nearly all house paints. Easier to put on. One-coats. Longer life . . . Plenty of advances like that. But, by using Spectrocolor, Taubmans have improved the actual look of the colour of paint. All of Taubmans paints now glow with a life no paint has ever shown before. There are definitely new colour tones, too. Then at night, when the lights go on, the paint on the walls and ceilings seems to light up. It's

more than light reflection. Light seems to come from the paint itself."

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# SPECTROCOLOR®





"... and then Little Red Riding Hood said to the wolf."



"Have you a magazine with a picture of a husky, an igloo, and some whale blubber? I'm doing ... at least, my little boy is doing a project on Eskimos."

## It seems to me

WHILE Princess Margaret was busy getting engaged at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, some excitement of a different kind involving an Australian singer was going on in nearby Stoke Poges.

I have an account of it from a former colleague, Reg Luckie, who lives there with his wife and family.

Staying with them for a few days was Sydney pop singer Frank Ifield, who, having made the English hit parade with a disc called "Lucky Devil," caused a stir among the local youngsters.

As if Frank's presence were not sufficient to confer distinction on the household, things were further enlivened one evening by the arrival of a huge swan, which dropped straight on to the back lawn among the washing.

"As swans are the property of the Queen," wrote Reg, "and as they can be savage, I rang the Swanmaster at Windsor, who said, 'Leave it alone and it will fly away.'"

"Instead, it wandered on to the front lawn, where it sat for hours looking like James Thurber's cast-iron lawn-dog. So Frank, who had his guitar with him, composed a song called 'The White Swan,' which he will record.

"In the morning, just before three carloads of men arrived to retrieve the swan, it took off like a troop-carrier for the river.

"All this caused a great stir in the village, and, on the strength of Her Majesty's swan and Mr. Ifield's voice, I have been invited to join the darts club at the local pub, which means that I am no longer a 'furriner'."

OUT of all the horror of the earthquake at Agadir, Morocco, came one touch of lightness — the first words of an Englishwoman rescued from the rubble of a shattered building.

The people who pulled her out asked her was she all right. "Of course I'm all right," she snapped. "What do you want me to do? Recite Shakespeare?"

Probably not a nice woman. Arrogant and tart, no doubt. The kind who makes hotel managers tremble. But with the sort of courage which, at a safe and impersonal distance, one cannot help but admire.

I LIKED the comment from the Palace spokesman about the Royal baby: "He has nice flat ears."

Funny how ears that stick out mostly afflict little boys. Or is it because the hair of little girls can be arranged as concealment?

When I was a child hat elastics worn under the chin were skillfully placed by mothers to keep ears pinned back. Children were always pushing the elastic back behind the ears, to the accompaniment of anguished maternal cries.

By



Dorothy Drann

THE older an actress grows, the more pitiless the speculation on how she preserves her appearance.

Marlene Dietrich — some say 55, some say 60 — still packing nightclubs with her songs, is noted not only for legs but for those beautiful cheekbones.

In an article in "McCall's" magazine, writer Bill Davidson reports the results of some questioning of her fellow workers and acquaintances.

Her face, they say, bears no sign of plastic surgery. Instead, for the movie camera she pulls her face taut by using a network of rubber bands twisted round hair at the hairline, covers the result with a wig.

One make-up man says that she sometimes gets the same effect in public without a wig by plaiting pieces of hair at the temples, pulling them upward, and concealing them with the top layer of hair.

The writer does not claim this as gospel. He merely reports the gossip. However, the device would work. I have just been experimenting.

Trouble is you need a Dietrich face for it. I must admit that it makes mine look rather worse.

IN New Zealand the post office has replaced the old-fashioned pens with ball-points. Authorities say the pens won't be chained to the counters. They believe that the public is basically honest.

Time passed these by. Men flew, and set their sights.

On outer space. They launched their satellites.

The housewife saw her home grow mechanised.

Gazing on new inventions unsurprised. But on the counters of the G.P.O.,

Unstirred by time and its remorseless flow.

The ancient pens remained, mute souvenirs

Of quieter and less impatient years.

Spluttering defiantly when customers, not bright.

Regarded them as instruments to write.

Now time's caught up. New pens appear.

The trusting P.M.G.

Believes the ball-points will be safe.

We'll see.

I think that by the past he's been misled.

Or are the people different in N.Z.?

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GENTLE TACT LATHER leaves you feeling glowing clean, exhilarated... and you keep that wonderful feeling all day long! Only Tact contains miracle deodorant GII which destroys up to 95% of the germs that cause perspiration odour... keeps you feeling shower-fresh all over. Mild Tact lather protects all day, even under make-up. Ideal for teenage skin blemishes, it cleans deep down into the pores, leaves your skin radiantly clean. Begin now to enjoy that refreshing, exhilarating Tact feeling.

\*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.





# TRUSTEE

## from the toolroom

Fate challenged him to make a decision — part one of our new serial

By **NEVIL SHUTE**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

**W**EST EALING is a suburb to the west of London, and Keith Stewart lives there in the lower part at No. 56 Somerset Road. Number 56 is an unusual house and a peculiarly ugly one, a detached house standing in a row but in a fairly spacious garden, four storeys high if you include the basement, a tall, thin slip of a house.

It was built in the spacious days of 1880 when West Ealing stood on the edge of the country farmlands and was a place to which Indian Civilians retired after their years of service, but it was built of a particularly ugly yellow brick, now toned to a drab grey, at a period when English suburban architecture was going through a bad patch.

The years have not dealt kindly with West Ealing; the farms are now far away. Most of the big old houses have been split up into two or three flats, as Keith Stewart had converted No. 56.

He had bought it when he married Katie in the middle of World War II. That was soon after he moved down from Glasgow to the London area to work as a toolroom fitter with Stone and Collinson Ltd., who made sub-contract parts for aeroplanes at Perivale. It was, of course, the first house that Katie or Keith had ever owned, and they were very proud of it. They contemplated quite a family, so that they would need quite a house, the upper rooms for nurseries and children's rooms and playrooms, while the garden would be a nice place for the pram.

When, after a few years, it became evident that that was not to be, they had separated the two top floors from the remainder of the house and let them off as what the agents called a maisonnette, retaining the ground floor and the basement for themselves.

On the ground floor they had a bedroom in the front, the living-room and kitchen at the rear overlooking the garden, and a bathroom at the side. In the basement they had adapted what had once been the scullery as a small spare bedroom; the whole of the rest had been taken by Keith as his own domain.

Here he made models, and here he wrote about them weekly for the "Miniature Mechanic," a magazine with a considerable circulation in the lower ranks of industry and with a growing popularity among eccentric doctors, stockbrokers, and bank managers who just liked engineering but didn't know much about it.

All his life he had made models, little steam engines, little petrol engines, little speedboats, little locomotives, little diesels. He was a considerable horologist; in his time he had made many clocks with motions of antiquarian interest, and had written full directions for constructing them, always in the "Miniature Mechanic."

He had made little beam engines which would have delighted James Watt and still delighted those who are fascinated by such things; he had made little jet engines which would have delighted Frank

Whittle. He had made pumps and boilers and carillons that played a tune, all in the miniature scale. He was a quick worker and a ready writer upon technical matters, and he delighted in making little things that worked. He had now so ordered his life that he need do nothing else.

All through the war he had written about his hobby after the long hours of overtime in the toolroom. The coming of peace had given him more leisure for his models and his articles about them, and two years later he had taken the great plunge of giving up his job in favor of his avocation.

It had not benefited him financially. He would have made more money in the toolroom progressing up from charge-hand to foreman; he would have made more money as an instructor in a technical college. He would not have made more happiness than he had now attained.

He was a very serious and well-informed student of engineering matters, though he would have been amazed to hear himself described in such terms. He read about techniques for pleasure. One morning in each week he would spend in the Ealing Public Library browsing through the technical magazines, slightly oppressed by a sense of guilt that he was not working.

On Fridays he always went to London to deliver his weekly copy to the editor of the "Miniature Mechanic" and arrange about the blocks, and, being in London, he would take time off and sneak away for three or four hours to the library of the Patent Office for a period of interest and pleasure before going home to catch up with his work. He worked normally till eleven or twelve each night.

He called the front basement room his clean workshop, and this was his machine shop. Here he had a six-inch Herbert lathe for heavy work, a three and a half-inch Myford, and a Boley watchmaker's lathe. He had a Senior milling machine and a Boxford shaper, a large and a small drill press, and a vast array of tools ready to hand.

A long bench ran across the window, a tubular-light system ran across the ceiling, and a small camera and flashgun stood ready for use in a cupboard, for it was his habit to take photographs of interesting processes to illustrate his articles.

The other room, which once had been the kitchen, was considerably larger. He called this his dirty workshop, but it was in this room that he had his desk and drawing-board, for it was usually free of oil.

Here he did what small amount of carpentry and woodworking might be necessary for his models. Here he welded and brazed, here he tempered and hardened steel, here he did steam trials of his steam engines so that it had been necessary for him to fit an extractor-fan into the window.

It was in this room that he stood talking to his brother-in-law, Commander Dermott, the red-leather jewel-case in his hands.

The copper box that he had made stood on the

bench before them, the rectangular sheet of copper that was to be the loose lid beside it.

"I've left room for packing this asbestos card all round it," Keith said. "I'll braze it up with a small oxy-acetylene flame, but I'm afraid it's going to get a bit hot inside. I'm afraid it may scorch the leather, even with the asbestos."

"I don't think that matters," said the naval officer. "It won't set it on fire?"

Keith shook his head. "The top is a good fit, and I'll clamp it down all round while I'm brazing. There won't be enough oxygen inside to support combustion. I'm just worried about the look of it when you take it out. It could be a bit brown."

"That doesn't matter."

Keith shook the case. It was fairly heavy, but nothing rattled. He glanced at his brother-in-law. "What's it got in it?"

"All Jo's jewels," John Dermott told him. "You're only allowed to take so much out of the country."

"This is going somewhere in the yacht?"

The other nodded. "Somewhere where nobody's going to find it."

Keith said no more, but took off his jacket and hung it on a hook at the back of the door. He put on a leather apron that covered his body from the neck down, and turned on the gas at the cylinders, picked up the torch, and went to work.

He never questioned anything that his brother-in-law said or did; they came from different worlds. John had been a regular naval officer, and Keith was a modest little man.

His sister had done a good job for herself, he reflected as he brazed the seam, when she married John Dermott; it had turned out well in spite of the social disparity. Jo had been a pretty child with good Scots sense; she had been fond of dancing, and at the age of twelve she had become one of the Tiller Girls. Her first part was one of nine "Elves in the Magic Wood" in pantomime.

She had stayed with the organisation and had played in theatres and music halls all over the British Isles, with occasional runs in London. It had been partly upon her account that Keith had left Glasgow and come down to work in the south to see more of his only sister.

It had gone on till at the age of nineteen she had been in the Christmas pantomime at Portsmouth. She was playing a small speaking part by that time as the Widow Twankey's maid, more noticeable than in the chorus. She had gone with a party of show girls and young naval officers to the Queen's Hotel after the performance; she told Lieutenant Dermott that she was going to see the Victory next day.

To page 46

"There's an island dead ahead,"  
John shouted to Jo. "I think we're  
driving on to a reef."







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YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER TALC AT ANY PRICE  
THAN SUPER-ABSORBENT, SPRING-FRAGRANT THREE FLOWERS

# Worth Reporting

**A**BOUT once a week a mild-looking woman walks on to the bandstand in the smoky basement of a Sydney hotel to join Ray Price and his band.

When she opens her mouth that mild look is forgotten.

Flapping her hands at her sides (rather like a duck), jazz singer Kate Dunbar gives out with a mighty sound.

Kate Dunbar began her career singing madrigals.

Then, she was a soprano. Now she is a deep (to say the least) contralto. "I can hit an octave below middle C and still hit A-flat above top C," she said.

She used to practise jazz to records, then she tried singing with a band. "I was a blubber of nerves. It was terrible, a dismal failure."

But about four months ago jazz pianist Pat Qua gave a party, and Kate met Johnny McCarthy, who plays the clarinet with Ray Price's band.

And that's how Kate Dunbar came to sing jazz in a basement.



KATE DUNBAR,  
jazz singer.

Kate Dunbar is a housewife (she's Mrs. Eric Dunbar), proprietor of a mechanical book-keeping service, vintage-car enthusiast — she has a 1923 Star — is treasurer of the Vintage Car Club, editor of the Sydney Jazz Club magazine.

### Reunion for triplets

"SHOES, stockings, everything — we dressed exactly alike till we were 18," Mrs. Elizabeth Charity Dunn said.

She was talking about herself and her sisters, Mrs. Delia Faith Lachmund and Mrs. Esther Hope Couch. They're triplets.

In those days, though, they were the Misses Soper, of Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

"I can remember the dresses we wore to our 18th-birthday party," Mrs. Dunn said. "Lilac crepe-de-chine they were, with coffee lace godets in the skirts."

Mrs. Couch's home is in the country, at Boorowa, N.S.W. The other sisters live in Sydney — Mrs. Lachmund at Northmead, Mrs. Dunn at Hornsby.

But they met a few weeks ago at Mrs. Lachmund's home.

It was a family gathering, with grandchildren, to celebrate the triplets' fiftieth birthday.

And did they wear identical dresses to this party? No.



PAT GOLLUM... (left) as an air-hostess and (right) aboard her stepfather's yacht.



### Only typhoons were typical

**SEE** Pat Gollum walking along the street and you'd think, "There goes the girl-next-door."

But no. Twenty-year-old Pat is anything but typical.

"The waves were 40 feet high," she told us in her American drawl. "We put on our lifejackets and tied ourselves together and sat on the deck. The engine had conked out; we'd lost the dinghy; the steering had broken."

"Yes, yes," we said anxiously.

"Oh, well," Pat said, "the storm ended. And then we saw land."

This was six months ago. Pat was aboard a 33ft. sloop, cruising round the Philippines with her stepfather and mother, Dr. and Mrs. William Lee.

"I guess I'm lucky the way my life has turned out," she said. "I've travelled all over the United States — went to 14 different schools."

Later, Pat went to Florida University, but left her advertising course half-finished and joined her mother and stepfather on a world cruise in their yacht, September Song.

In Hongkong she met some Australians, and thought she'd come here. "A girl my age should work," she said.

Now Pat's an air-hostess in New South Wales. "I get right out in the bush and meet the real Australians," she said. "I love every minute."

### Making wishes come true

**JAPANESE** teenager Hiroko Mashico can make miniature replicas of fish, birds, and flowers out of paper.

Hiroko, who lives in Melbourne, told us that her unusual (in Australia, anyway) hobby is called origami — folding squares of colored paper into lifelike birds and animals and other shapes. And it's done without scissors.

"Origami is very popular in Japan," said Hiroko.

"It is a tradition that if you want a wish to come true you must make 1000 paper cranes. Then you will get what you want."

Which is why our office is littered with squares of colored paper right now.

"YOU'LL look lovely," said one of our latest communiquees from Paris, "with a series of small gold buttons sewn everywhere possible on your navy-blue woollen suit."

Oh, you'll look lovely, indeed. And you'll glitter, too.

### Winnie yearns for Australia

**MEETING** Winifred Atwell in London is like bumping into a homesick Australian — according to Brian Gibson, of our London staff.

It was a cold and windy morning when Brian went out to see Winnie at her luxurious home in East Barnet, London.

"Just think," she said, "in October I was in Australia — and I came back to THIS weather."

"I've got to go back. For one thing, I've left a lot of clothes and my grand piano there. But seriously, we have so many good friends, and I always feel relaxed in Australia."

Winnie says she doesn't get tired of touring: "I think I'm



WINIFRED ATWELL,  
homesick pianist.

very lucky being able to travel and do my work as well.

"I love going places and seeing things. But, of course, I like to get home."

"My mother is an invalid, and I like to spend as much time with her as I can."

"I also miss my poodle."

★ ★ ★

**DEPARTMENT** of Fascinating Statistics: a mosquito flies at 3.1 miles per hour.

This may be interesting to think about next time one keeps you awake all night.



# DREAM

*She was determined nothing  
would ruin his self-esteem  
... a complete short story*

**By GEORGE  
OPPENHEIMER**

*Illustrated by Barbara Robertson*

It seemed to Mary that everything had happened at once. Misfortune was supposed to come in threes, but good fortune—did that come in threes, too? Mary, who had enjoyed good fortune for twenty-six years, possessed the rare faculty of never taking anything for granted, and so the book, the trip, and the anniversary constituted a trio of events any one of which would have enchanted her.

The anniversary, of course, was inevitable. Four years and fifty-one weeks ago she had been married to Stephen Judson, and she and Steve were still living in what the Reverend James Forsythe in the wedding ceremony had described as marital bliss. The book and the trip, however, were completely unexpected. The trip was Steve's surprise—an anniversary present, a second honeymoon, and, for Mary, a first glimpse of New York.

It had been over five years since Steve had glimpsed it last, but before that he had known it well, known it on weekends in town from Princeton; known it when he worked there as a customer's man in the brokerage firm of Alton and Sons. Then, on a vacation, he had gone home to Willowmote, the Midwestern town in which he had been born, and caught sight of Mary Stanton. Over the years he'd seen her hundreds of times, being pushed in a go-cart, riding a cycle, striding gawkily down the residential street in which both families lived.

He had seen her, ignored her, disliked her, and patronised her in successive stages. Now he saw her—really saw her—for the first time.

She laid no claim to beauty—her features were a trifle too irregular for that—but there was about her a glow, an emanation. She danced as though at any moment the music might stop and all partners disappear forever; and yet there was neither frenzy nor hysteria in what she did, only a dedicated wholeheartedness.

And, as Steve discovered after two weeks of courtship, she loved with the same wholeheartedness. At vacation's end they were as good as engaged. A month later Steve found New York without Mary infinitely less exciting than Willowmote with Mary, and then and there decided that he not only wanted to be engaged to her, he wanted to be engaged to marry her.

So one night he phoned Mary. "I don't want to be engaged to you any longer," he told her.

"Very well," Mary answered, and hung up. A flood of tears had engulfed her when the phone rang again. She picked it up.

"We were cut off," said Steve.

"You said you didn't want to be engaged to me any more."

"Only because I want to marry you—right away, you idiot!" It wasn't very romantic, but it was conclusive.

There were more talks over the long-distance phone regarding their settling in New York after their marriage. However, Steve knew only too well that Mary could not, for any length of time, leave her father, who was a widower and not well.

Mr. Stanton was completely undemanding, but Mary would not be happy being so far away from him in New York, and Steve was convinced he could not live without Mary.

"I can't live without you," he told her over the phone, and she got so choked up that it cost 2.80 dollars before she could talk again.

Mary Stanton married Stephen Judson in the church in which both had been baptised, and after a short honeymoon spent at the Judson lodge at a nearby lake, they settled in the Stanton home.

Alton and Sons bore the loss of a customer's man manfully, and the First National Bank of Willowmote (president, Andrew Judson; largest depositor, David Stanton) gained a teller who, after twelve months, was released from his cage and promoted to a third vice-presidency, to the amazement of no one.

During these years Steve worked as hard as if nepotism had not been invented, and the glow that emanated from Mary, dimmed only by the passing of her father, threatened at times to break into a forest fire. Which brings us to the book, the most astounding—to Mary, at least—of the three blessings.

In addition to a glow, Mary had a talent; she could cook—pleasurably, imaginatively, often inspiredly. There was only one drawback; Steve could eat with a similar relish, and soon Mary's skill began to be visible around his waist. Golf, squash, and tennis helped, but not in proportion to the succulence of Mary's meals. And so Steve decided fretfully to diet.

Whereupon Mary, wedding necessity to invention, created a series of meals that not only restored Steve's shapeliness but tasted every bit as appetising and were as nutritious as his previous fare.

Other wives with girth problems and with husbands of varying corpulence took heed, and soon Mary was the town's unofficial dietitian.

Then one day one of the "girls," as the women of the country club from the ages of twenty-five to sixty-five called themselves, said, "Mary really ought to put those recipes into a book." And by the time all the girls of the country club had repeated it a dozen or more times, Mary began to take heed—or, rather, Steve took heed.

He remembered that in his brokerage days in New York one of his customers had been a literary agent of fame and fortune. He recalled her as a rather tweedy lady of indeterminate age. Kate Rogers' looks, however, were altogether deceiving.

The only reason she dressed the way she did was for business purposes. Kate, who prospered mightily through her commissions on the sales of books, magazine pieces, motion picture and television deals, abhorred feminine wiles in industry.

As a result she adopted a masculine severity until she returned to her home in Stamford, Connecticut, her devoted

*As Mary lunched with Steve she smiled  
happily as they talked about her book.*

husband and children, and her closets jammed with frills and furbelows.

One evening Steve returned from a hard day of third vice-presidency weighed down with a dozen or so of the best-selling cookery books on the market. For a moment Mary doubted. Did her husband no longer love her cooking?

Steve hastily banished all doubts. Mary was to study these books, take the best features of all of them, and combine them with her own exemplary recipes. In the meantime he would write to Kate Rogers and inquire if she wanted to submit the manuscript to various publishing firms. Mary's doubts returned. Who would want to buy, or even read, her recipes?

"People have to eat, don't they?" Steve asked harshly as he kissed the end of her nose.

"Yes, but—"

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"And people don't want to get fat, do they?" growled Steve, tweaking her ear.

For several weeks Mary left the stove only long enough to rush to the typewriter. Kate Rogers had written that if the book was all Steve claimed it to be she would be glad not only to handle it but to try it on her husband, who was developing middle-age spread—and, of course, she remembered Steve—and no, she wasn't in the stock market any more, not since Alton and Sons had closed its branch office in the Hotel Doran.

This was news to Steve, and he thought rather nostalgically of the Doran, where he had worked, and where Kate and a good many members of the literary and theatrical world lunched, seeming to be, but far from, oblivious of the admiring stares of those tourists who, through lavish tips gained admittance to the lower level of the Up-and-Down Room.

He also recalled with a twinge of pride how eventually, in return for a profitable tip on the market to Andre, the maitre d'hotel, he had been promoted to the upper level and a perfect view of Cynthia Strong, the actress who was the most beautiful, the most talented, the most friendly.

"Can't hold a candle to Mary," he muttered to himself.

After six months of cooking, testing, writing, recording, checking, double checking, and rechecking, the book was done. It was called "Food Without Fat." The manuscript was shipped to Kate Rogers, and then began that agonising period of waiting. Mary was in the midst of it when Steve pulled the surprise.

"Look," he said, "I've fixed things with the bank, and do you know where we're going to spend our anniversary?"

"Where?" Mary asked.

"New York."

"New York?" Mary couldn't have been more startled if he'd said Paris or Constantinople.

"It's about time I showed it to you," Steve continued. "We'll take two weeks off, stay at the Doran, check up on Kate Rogers and your book, and do the town."

Dinner that evening was something to make the taste buds burgeon, and when it was over Steve topped it.

"You know what?" he said with a faraway look. "I think I'll get tickets for a show the night of our anniversary."

"A show!" said Mary, whose theatre-going had been confined to productions of a local summer-stock company.

"I thought we might see that new show of Cynthia Strong's," said Steve as casually as he could, considering the churning in his subconscious. "It's going to be running right through the summer."

"No wonder. It got wonderful reviews," said Mary, who in common and in competition with the girls of the country club followed all such cosmopolitan doings. "And you know her, don't you?"

"Well, not really," said Steve with a pretty mixture of modesty and guilt. "I—I really only took her out once. She probably won't even remember me."

"Of course she'll remember you," Mary answered indignantly. "We'll meet her and Kate Rogers and all the other famous people you've told me about. Oh, Steve," she rhapsodised, "just imagine — me going to New York with you!"

The room clerk at the Hotel Doran smiled inhospiably at Steve and Mary as they approached the desk.

"We have a reservation," Steve announced. "Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Judson."

There was a long pause while the clerk sorted through some papers and answered several inquiries from guests.

"Must be a new man," said Steve irritably, but Mary was busy examining the lobby for some evidence of Steve's previous occupancy. She still had not unearthed any when the clerk returned and approached them with the same inhospitable smile.

"What about our room?" said Steve impatiently.

"What was the name?"

"Judson," Mary said.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, and turned his attention to a revolving card index.

After a moment or two, during which the clerk seemed to be more occupied in revolving the index than in reading it, Steve's patience became frayed.

"Look —" he said.

The clerk looked, but not at Steve. Approaching the desk was a rotund little man with an air of infinite importance, wearing a suit so mussed that it resembled a dishevelled toga.

"Good morning, Mr. Edgars," said the clerk, and his smile embraced every crease in the little man's face and suit.

Simultaneously Mary gripped Steve's arm. "Is that —" she whispered, too awed and polite to blurt out the name.

"It's Geoffrey Edgars the critic," Steve told her. "I used to know him."

"Mr. Edgars," he said sidling over to the little man, "I'm Steve Judson. I used to be with Alton and Sons —"

"Sorry you were fired," said Edgars with mock concern, and before Steve could open his mouth Edgars had stuffed his letters into his pocket and disappeared into the elevator.

"I — I guess he doesn't remember me," said Steve, loud enough for the clerk, who was looking at him even more inhospitably, to hear.

"How could he?" said Mary heatedly. "He didn't even look at you!" Then she turned to the clerk, hoping to divert Steve's attention from the snub.

"We would like our room," she said sternly.

As if by magic the clerk's attitude altered. "Certainly, madam," he announced politely, and called to a bell-boy. "Boy, two-o-six."

"Haven't you something higher up?" asked Steve, still smarting. "That's practically on the street."

"Oh, no, sir," said the clerk, delighted to be able to contradict him. "Two-o-six is in the rear."

"I wrote that we wanted a room in the front," Steve, despite the pressure of Mary's hand on his arm, was nearing the boiling point. "Look, I practically lived here. I worked at Alton and Sons and —"

"Alton and Sons aren't with us any more," said the clerk triumphantly.

"I know that!" Steve shouted. "I also know that I wrote you —"

"Darling," Mary interrupted, "let's look at it. Maybe it won't be so bad."

"It's one of our more comfortable rooms," said the clerk, catching some of Steve's asperity, "but if Mrs. Judson doesn't like it — his tone became honeyed — "I'll see what can be done about changing it."

MRS. JUDSON did like it, and, despite some obligatory grumblings, so did Mr. Judson. In fact, things looked a lot brighter, and after they had bathed, unpacked, kissed, and settled in, the honeymoon mood was restored — but not for long.

It started to wane when they went to claim their table for lunch in the Up-and-Down Room. When Steve had made the phone reservation, Andre the maitre d'hotel, was not to be reached. However, the operator would be pleased to take Mr. Judson's reservation.

"A table on the upper level?" She sounded both shocked and dumbfounded. "Oh, I'm afraid not. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, Mr.

## Continuing . . . DREAM

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Judson. . . I'll tell Monsieur Andre, but. . . Oh, he knows you. . . . Yes, Mr. Judson, I shall certainly tell him he knows you. . . .

At one sharp Steve and Mary stood facing Andre's back in the doorway of the Up-and-Down Room. There didn't seem to be any vital reason for Andre to be faced in that direction unless he was absorbed in watching his clientele eat, but in the meantime quite a few customers besides the Judsons had gathered in the doorway.

At least four of them had contrived to elbow Steve and Mary out of the way, capture Andre's attention, and be ushered to an upper or lower level. Finally Steve managed to catch Andre's eye, which contained no gleam of recognition.

"I'm Stephen Judson," Steve announced with the convivial air that one reserves for college reunions and head-waiters. "I used to be with Alton and Sons."

"Alton and Sons, they are not with us any more," said Andre.

"I know, I know," said Steve impatiently, trying to avoid Mary's sympathetic glance. "But don't you remember—I'm

## FROM THE BIBLE

● "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men."

—Colossians 3.23.

Paul had been giving the Christians a few practical hints for a happy and successful life, realising that people of faith must have some signs of their belief in their daily life. Here he instructs them to do the very best in everything they attempt, for the Lord is truly their Master.

the Steve Judson who gave you that tip on Consolidated Fruits.

"Oh!" said Andre, and his nose wrinkled perceptibly. "Consolidated Fruits, they have gone down three points."

"But they — it went up," Steve said desperately.

"Once," Andre answered grudgingly, "but now they go down." And suiting his action to his words, he had them conducted to a very small table on the perimeter of the lower level.

After luncheon they decided to go see Kate Rogers. She at least had not only claimed to remember Steve but had put it in writing.

Now, only three or four living authors of enduring reputation, one or two producers with established hits, a handful of publishers whose publications bespatter the best-seller lists, or a guileless out-of-towner would dream of calling on a successful or even an indigent agent without an appointment.

When the unknowing Steve and his innocent Mary barged into the sanctum of Kate Rogers, the austere receptionist was so taken aback that she completely neglected to inform them that Miss Rogers was out of town, out of the office, or in conference, and blurted out that she was in. She was just about to correct this breach of agent etiquette when the lady herself emerged from her inner office in her customary tweeds.

"Hello, hello, Kate Rogers," said Steve in ringing tones, and when Kate merely looked be-

wildered, he hastily added.

"Steve Judson. And this —" indicating Mary with a flourish — "is Mrs. Judson."

Kate's face smoothed into a broad and welcoming smile.

"I don't believe it," she said, grasping Mary's hand. "Why, I've just been writing you a letter. It's black magic."

"We only got here this morning," said Steve, but Kate was too preoccupied with Mary to bother about Steve or statistics.

"My dear," she said excitedly, "they've taken your book. The Highway Press — they've taken it."

Through Mary's bewildered mind there flashed the image of a crew of masked highwaymen invading Kate Rogers' office and taking off as booty the manuscript of "Food Without Fat." However, as Kate expatiated on advances, royalties, advertising guarantees, and so forth, the image faded.

Kate then put through a series of phone calls including one to the Highway Press in which its owners, editors, and all departments were alerted for three tomorrow afternoon to meet Mary and render her the pomp and circumstance due a prospective tenant of the best-seller list.

"Steve must come, too," said Mary. "After all the book was his idea. Besides, I'll be too scared to go alone."

"You won't be alone. I'll be with you," said Kate.

About two the following morning Mary gently placed her hand on Steve's arm, from the end of which protruded a Scotch and soda, and suggested in her most persuasive tones that maybe they had had enough for one night and that maybe they had better leave the Chez Nous, a decidedly un-Gallic bistro that they had come upon after a series of similar discoveries in and around Greenwich Village.

"Can't go home yet," said Steve. "Got to celebrate — celebrate your becoming rich and famous."

"But I'm neither yet," said Mary soberly, "and if we drink any more we won't be in shape to have lunch with Kate and meet the Highway Press."

"She didn't ask me to lunch. She asked you to lunch," said Steve in a pained voice.

No amount of cajolement would budge him. This was Mary's triumph not his, and he had no intention of hornoring in on it. He tried desperately to keep bitterness out of his voice, but the warm August day and its disappointments and the night and its dissensions had taken their toll of Steve.

He did not for one instant begrudge Mary her success, but more than anything he wanted a success of his own, no matter how small — even a halfhearted recognition — to keep hers company. And Mary, loving him so well, understood and suggested they have another drink.

"You don't want a drink," said Steve.

"But I do," Mary said.

It was from this mild preliminary that there developed a main bout. Suddenly they found themselves sparring, carefully backing away from the real issues, until by four a.m. back in their hotel room the words were coming fast and blindly.

Then the quarrelling ceased and the tears (Mary's) began, and with the tears came contrition (Steve's) and finally love (Mary's and Steve's) conquered all. It embraced them and they it, but not quite enough to cover a small raw spot.

The spot was not even visible to Mary's shining eyes when she returned from her exciting lunch with Kate, followed by her exciting afternoon with her publishers. In fact, the only thing her eyes could see as she entered the hotel room was a

blue leather box, and propped up behind it a note in Steve's handwriting.

"I love you more each year," it said, and it seemed to Mary that no one had ever written a poem to match it. Then she opened the box and inside there was a brooch with five pear-shaped pearls set in a cluster of platinum-and-diamond leaves. She gasped and simultaneously she heard a faint sound of splashing from the bathroom.

## T

HERE was soap in Steve's right eye and soap on Mary's nose before she had finished telling him that no woman had ever had a more beautiful piece of jewellery and that no wife had ever had a better husband and that tomorrow night — the night of their fifth anniversary — even the glamorous Cynthia Strong, when they went back to see her after the play, should and would be envious of her.

At that Steve's eyes darkened.

"Look," he said, "if you don't mind, I think we'd better not plan on going backstage."

"But I do mind," said Mary. "I mind terribly. You promised me I could meet her."

"I know," answered Steve, "but I don't think she'll remember me. Nobody else has."

But Mary was adamant.

Steve did not mention the subject again until the curtain had fallen after a sixth curtain call for Cynthia Strong and company. It had been an ideal day. Steve had taken Mary to a Long Island beach for the afternoon, and at a far end, away from the other bathers, they had lain side by side, and once when Mary dozed she had a dream.

It was the nicest kind of dream because it was about her young husband and all the happy and delightful things she wished for him. Then they returned to the city, tired and refreshed at the same time.

Dinner had been ideal, too, at a restaurant that was neither little nor colorful but big and expensive. Most ideal had been the play and, of course, Cynthia Strong. Once again Steve felt his subconscious churning, and Mary — well, if Mary had known, she wouldn't have blamed him.

Now the curtain was down and Steve was down, too, rooted to his chair with an unhappy expression on his face.

"Come along, dear," said Mary, as people all around them filed out.

"Must I?" Steve asked her pleadingly.

"Of course. The play's over."

"I mean, must I go back?"

It took them quite a while to find the stage door — so long, in fact, that Mary accused Steve of misplacing it purposely, which he denied hotly, and suddenly that raw spot smarted again. But finally they found it and entered.

The doorman asked them whom they wished to see and a maid from Miss Strong's dressing-room was summoned. She ushered them into a small sitting-room adjoining Miss Strong's dressing-room; and in less than two minutes there was Miss Strong, still in make-up, with a stunning dressing-gown draped about her lovely figure.

For a moment she paused in the doorway while Steve quailed inwardly. Then with both hands outstretched she advanced on him.

"Steve," she cooed. "Steve Judson — after all these years! I'm going to kiss you."

She kissed him quite thoroughly, and while Steve's conscious and subconscious were both churning, she stood back to examine Mary.

"Yes," said Cynthia after a brief inspection, "yes, she'll do."

"She has — for five years," said Steve, and felt a trifle less guilty. "In fact, it's our anniversary."

"How wonderful!" said

Cynthia. "Then we must celebrate."

"But surely you have a date," said Steve, whose heart was full to bursting.

"I have," said Cynthia. "I have a date with Geoffrey Edgars and you're coming with us."

Since Geoffrey Edgars had not even glanced at Steve on the occasion of their encounter in the Hotel Doran lobby, he still did not recognise him when a few minutes later he strode into Cynthia's dressing-room.

However, he couldn't have been more cordial.

To stamp his approval he took them to the Up-and-Down Room, which was even more exclusive after the theatre than at lunch. Andre (who seemed to stay on guard day and night against undesirable customers), on seeing whom the Judsons were with, said, "Ah, Monsieur Judson," as though Consolidated Fruits had just gone up.

Since any table tenanted by Cynthia Strong and Geoffrey Edgars instantly became the focus of all eyes, Steve and Mary were gaped at enviously, introduced indiscriminately, and invited to three parties.

Hours later — or was it only minutes, time had flown so fast — Mary lay in her tub dreaming, as she had dreamed on the beach in the afternoon. But it was not of the events of the past night. She was dreaming of the day before. It was a good dream and she wished she might share it with someone, but unfortunately someone might tell it to Steve and that would spoil it forever.

It started with her luncheon with Kate Rogers. Naturally Kate took her to the Up-and-Down Room because just everybody ate there, and naturally Andre ushered Madame Rogers to a large table for two on the proper level, and unnaturally, who should be seated next to them but Cynthia Strong.

No sooner had Kate introduced them than providentially she was called to the phone and Mary and Cynthia were left together. After a moment or two of polite conversation, during which Cynthia managed to make her feel that they had known each other always, Mary gulped and spoke.

"I — I think you know my husband," she said. "Steve Judson."

Cynthia looked perplexed. "Should I?" she asked.

"Well," said Mary fervently, "he used to work at Alton and Sons, although I know it isn't here any more, and he's very handsome and he took you out once."

"Then I must know him," said Cynthia, sensing Mary's fervor.

"Oh, please know him," said Mary, and the intensity of her voice was almost fierce. "Please — because you see, we're going backstage tomorrow night and if you don't, he'll be so — he'll be hurt."

So the story came out, of Steve's frustrations and of Mary's unhappiness; and by the time Kate returned, Cynthia remembered Steve perfectly — or intended to.

Mary's dream of one woman eminently fair and good was interrupted by the entrance of Steve in his pyjamas.

"Are you going to stay in there all night?" he asked severely, kissing her nose.

"I must have been dreaming," said Mary.

"I don't blame you. It was quite a night."

"Oh, Steve, it was wonderful and it never could have happened without you. Just imagine me with Cynthia Strong and Geoffrey Edgars and everyone."

"She's quite a gal," said Steve, "but she can't hold a candle to you."

He meant every word of it, but he never knew how accurate he was.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960



# Salt for the Herons

It was a bitter test.

A short story

BY GWEN  
VIMPANY

THE Heron sisters bore no resemblance to their ornithological namesake, either intrinsically or otherwise. On the contrary.

Alice was long, thin, and grey, like a length of tautened string. Her hair was a tight grey scarf that concealed the bony structure of her skull, and her features were determined and blunt, like her manner. She was the elder of the two.

Bessie was broadbased, short and firm, both of stature and conviction. Each held an abiding affection for the other. They never quarrelled, and rarely disagreed. Over many years their thoughts had converged to a single point of harmony that was conversely a spearhead of attack.

It thrust upward out of the daily humdrum of their existence like a sharp steeple. It was directed always towards their common enemy.

Long ago they had realised the bitter disadvantages of living next door to a school. There was a time when they had not minded. Indeed, in the promise of romantic maidenhood they had been given to a maternal tenderness, regarding with misty eyes the small shy faces peeping at them from over the fence. Now that they were middle-aged, confirmed in spinsterhood, and living alone, their feelings had undergone a remarkable transformation.

They were no longer misty-eyed, and their maternal tenderness had hardened. As this happened, the children suffered a commensurate change of heart. It was as though each class going forth to higher education passed on its formidable message to those coming after, and each succeeding class took up where its predecessor left off.

They belted the fence, threw stones that lobbed with excruciating accuracy into the roof guttering, and subsequently blocked the flow of rainwater, and with demoniac regularity they contrived to lose balls over the fence and vociferously demanded their return.

Alice was always ringing the head teacher, Mr. Mellifont, who used to sigh when he heard her voice, and wonder what it was he had done to flush the Herons from their cover.

Not that Bessie ever bothered him. She had her own method of exacting reprisal. Basketballs. They punctured so beautifully.

She used to stand in the backyard holding the ball in her hand, a beatific smile on her face as she listened to the air going out with an exquisite, slow hiss. When the ball was little more than a monstrous sagging glove she tossed it over. And waited. The howls of rage were never less in coming.

The sisters had lived in the big brick house since childhood. It was cluttered with the accoutrement of two generations, and its garden was a civilised jungle.

Sometimes, if the day were uneventful, the sisters set about spring-cleaning the house, but the inconvenience of circumnavigating close-set islands of furniture soon discouraged them, and they went out into the garden energetically burdened with rakes and hoes. They soon gave up and came indoors for a cup of tea.

The losing battle of dusters and rakes and hoes was infinitely less stimulating than the winning battle of words and punctures. The sisters would have denied this vehemently.

It is doubtful if they were aware of the truth. And it was unlikely that they regarded the daily battles as salt to a savory dish. Without it the day would have been tasteless.

They sat now sipping their breakfast cup of tea, alert for the opening challenge. It was not long in coming. A loud crash on the roof. So injured were they that they barely rattled a spoon in its saucer. They merely raised their eyes to the ceiling, and then lowered them to each other.

Alice rose briskly, smoothed down the knees of her skirt, and went from the room. She went softly along the hall. There was scarcely any sound as she opened the back door, and only the merest wooden whisper as she closed it.

Bessie listened, her head cocked, her little finger curled out around the cup handle like a plump question mark. When she heard Alice's incisive voice cutting through the angry tangle of children's voices, like scissors sundering sturdy cloth, she relaxed the way a barracker relaxes when his team scores a goal.

Alice returned triumphantly, leaving the undiminished roars in her wake. She was carrying a cricket ball. Carefully placing it on the mantelpiece, she stood there a moment to see that it did not roll off. Then she sat down.

"I told them," she explained succinctly, "that they can have it back after school."

"They're always losing their balls," complained Bessie half-heartedly. Inwardly she was savoring the salt taste of victory.

"I think I'll get some wood," she said casually. Alice was smiling into her teacup. Bessie went solidly from the room. She wished to show herself to the children, to gloat genteely in their impotence. They were watching her.

She was almost to the woodshed when the basketball landed. It hit her so hard on the back of the neck that she spat her teeth out on to the brick path and fell forward on her hands and knees. She rushed indoors, her knees torn and bleeding, her jaws locked like mandibles.

They went straightaway to see Mr. Mellifont. There was a great to-do. Handicapped though she was, Bessie managed an admirable mime performance, flinging herself realistically across Mr. Mellifont's desk, and thereby alarming considerably that mild and tolerant man.

Afterwards Alice chided Bessie for overacting, but both agreed that it had been a revitalising interview. Curiously enough, the aftermath was unexpected. The blow had virtually knocked them off-balance, and while they were still at a tilt they had a disturbing and lopsided vision of their domestic world, a world now become fraught with menace that was distinctly different from the orderly stimulus of battle.

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Alice and Bessie spent many days looking at houses after they had decided to move from their old home.



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# THE DECISION

A short story complete on this page

By IRENA DICKMAN

THE judge was old. As he sat in his chambers he could feel age, like some great leech, drawing the vitality from his bones. It seemed to him that he now only had wisdom for little things. The wisdom of eating an extra mutton chop for dinner, or drinking half a bottle of claret, of retiring as the doctor had advised, to wear an old tweed hat and bait a hook beside some swift-flowing stream.

But to speak a word and change the lives of two people and to know that word was the right one—that was an entirely different thing.

He looked at them, two ordinary people, a little more selfish, a little prouder than married people have any right to be. Asking him, because of the power vested in him, to set aside the words of the marriage service—"Until Death us do part."

The correct word from him, a stroke of the pen, and those two unhappy people would be able to forget the past, could divide their paths so widely that they need never meet again.

Except for one fact. They had a child. Daniel Peter Blake, aged ten. And the judge must decide the fate of that child. If he made a mistake, in another thirty years, the judge's own son might sit in this very room and similarly decide the fate of Daniel's son.

But Daniel Peter Blake was no infant. He was ten years old. He must be allowed to speak for himself.

"You are Daniel Peter Blake?" asked the judge. "I'll bet they call you Danny."

The boy's grin was wide with relief.

"That's right," he answered.

Danny had red hair and a freckled face, and a strong, sturdy body. He faced the judge and his eyes were very blue and very bright. His glance was alert and questioning, and then the glance softened and the judge was pleased. It was like a handshake between them, a clasp of understanding.

"Danny," said the judge, "you know what this is all about, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Before we go any further, is there anything you would like to ask?" said the judge.

Danny looked at him and his throat worked suddenly.

"If I go with him—with one of them—what about the other?"

"Danny," said the judge, "there is something called visiting privileges. Do you know what that means?"

"I think so. Isn't it the same when people are in prison?"

At the other side of the chambers, the judge heard Mrs. Blake choke into her handkerchief.

"Danny," said the judge, "where have you been living since your father and mother separated?"

"With my Aunt Mary. But she's in hospital now."

"Danny," the judge said, "I want you to turn and look at your father and mother."

Danny turned, his head tucked down on to his chest. He looked at his mother first, reddening, fighting not to cry. Then at his father, lifting his chin a little, as though to say that he, too, could be a man.

"Now, Danny," said the judge. "I want you to keep on looking while I ask you the next question. Now, look at your mother and father and tell me—which one do you want to live with?"

He saw Mrs. Blake half-rise from her chair, saw Mr. Blake scowl and turn his head away towards the wall. Danny's voice was steady. It seemed that he had made up his mind long before he had come to the judge's chambers.

"I want to live," he said in a high, clear voice. "At the Elliott Home for Boys."

His mother rose right out of her chair, her hand over her quivering mouth.

"No," she cried. "Danny, baby, no."

"Danny," said the judge. "Do you know what the Elliott Home is?"

"Yes," said Danny, and he began to recite in a half-chant. "The Herbert Elliott Home is a bequest home for boys under the age of sixteen who for any reason are prevented from living with their parents."

"You know someone who lives in this home?" asked the judge.

"A fellow called Charters," said Danny. "He had me to tea there. You're allowed to ask people to tea. They play cricket in the summer, and there's a gym."

"I see. Why don't you want to live with either of your parents?"

Danny looked across the room at them.

"One is my father and one is my mother. They are not like separate people. How can I choose?"

How, indeed? Find the answer to that one and I will be out of a job.

"What makes you think that you would like to go to the Elliott Home? You know, places like that aren't all having people to tea and playing cricket. Wherever there are a lot of boys together, there has to be strict discipline and it isn't like living at home."

"I know." Danny's eyes were wise and unafraid. "Charters



Young Danny's future hung in the balance, while the old judge deliberated.

once got a licking for putting a frog in the teapot. And he wasn't allowed to watch television for a month because his school marks were so bad." He grinned. Then he was serious again. "No," he said. "If you do something wrong, you take what's coming and then it's all over. It's when it goes on and on and you don't know if it's something that you have done, or if it's just that things are bad. Or you do something wrong and you know they're going to make a thing out of it."

"A thing?"

"Well, maybe you want to go swimming, and someone—" He looked across at his mother, who was near to tears.

"Someone says that you're not to go. And someone else knew and said, 'I'll drive you down to the beach if you want to swim.' So you go and swim, and afterwards they say to you, 'Who told you you could go swimming?' And your father says, 'I did. Do you want to make something out of it?'"

Danny's face crumpled suddenly, and he dropped his head on to his arms on the polished top of the judge's desk.

He's a nice boy, thought the judge. Honest and straightforward. It would be so easy if he weren't. He could play one parent against the other and get everything he wanted in the world. Everything except security. Everything except a happy, well-adjusted home.

"It is not within my power to direct that this boy be placed in the Elliott Home for Boys, but in view of his most definite request I would strongly recommend that this would be the wisest course of action," said the judge.

The Blakes had moved closer together, and were looking straight at each other. Mr. Blake stood up.

"Your honor," he said. "May I talk with my wife?"

"Very well," he said.

He saw the quick, nervous smile of the wife, to her husband and her son. Was there to be a happy ending? A quick embrace all round, and everything patched up to make a good home life for Daniel Peter Blake?

But the judge was an old man, and he had seen too many cases, too many divorces, too many promises. Good intentions are not always enough to patch up a bad situation.

"That being the case, I would recommend even more strongly that Daniel Blake be admitted to the Elliott Home as he requested for a period of not less than six months, until the parties concerned are satisfied that they are able to provide the boy with the type of settled home life that is the prerogative of every youngster in this country today."

Their eyes met, the old rheumy eyes of the judge and the clear blue eyes of the boy. We know, the eyes said. We understand that we have to take a chance on our decision being right. And we abide by our decision. We've done well, the eyes said. We've done the right thing.

"Six months," said the judge in a soft dry whisper to Daniel Peter Blake. "It will just cover the cricket season."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960



# "Fully Automatic Washing"

means just what it says

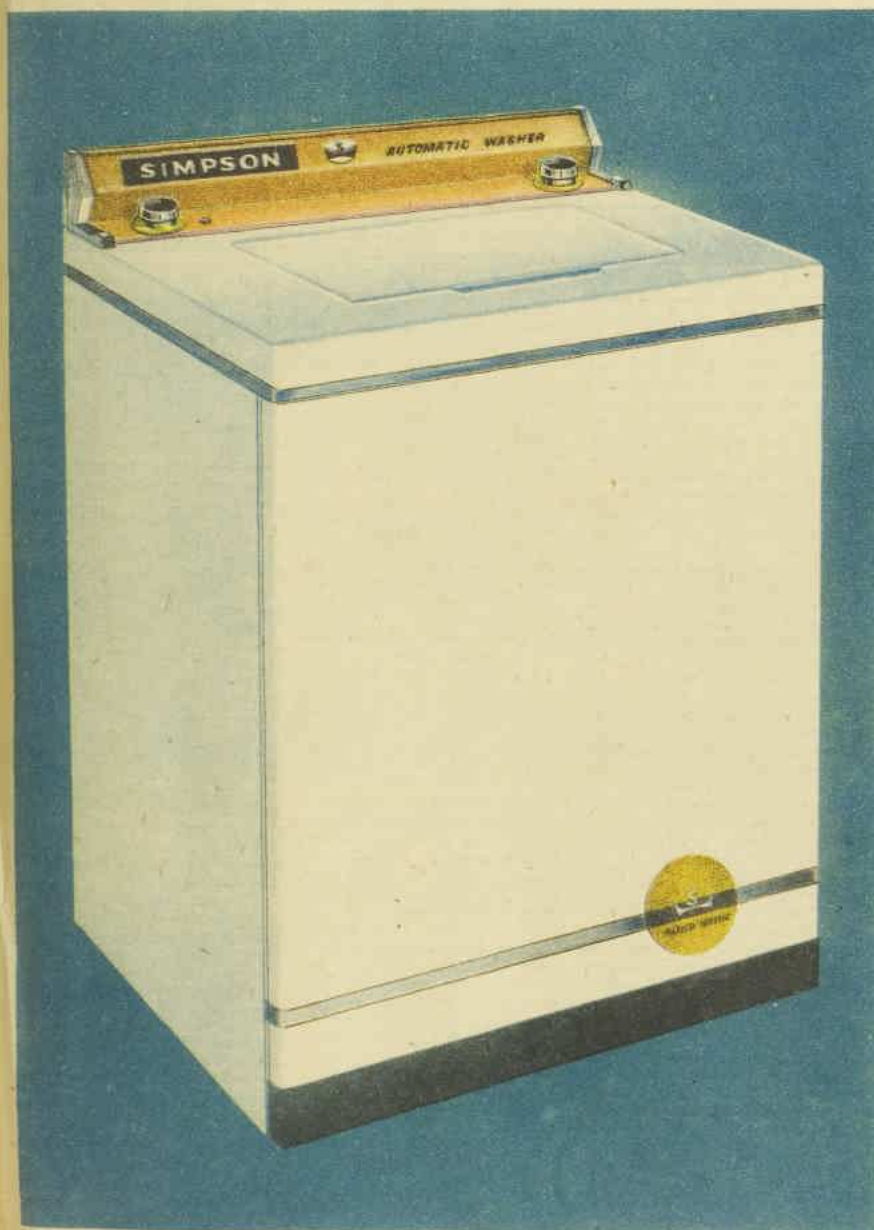
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## Continuing... SALT FOR THE HERONS

from page 21

It was as though the spear-head of their thoughts had suffered a maiming twist. They were confused and shocked. And out of that confusion emerged an alarming fact. They discovered in themselves a latent yearning for quietude. "Well then," mumbled Bessie, "let's move." As simple as that. They ran their fingers down the newspaper columns of the Houses and Land for Sale.

At first when they rang the house agents they were a little coy about giving their names. Then, emboldened to do so, they entered fully into the terms of the game. They collected keys for viewing much as children collect marbles. Jangling the lot they selected, as it were, the ones they would play with that day. Soon the agents woke to the dispiriting truth that the Misses Heron had no intention of committing themselves to a purchase, since they found fault with everything. As this happened they wearily instructed their clerks to say they had nothing suitable on the books. This expediency would have discouraged most pseudo house hunters. Not so the sisters Heron.

Exhausting the lists of the reputable agents, perforce they were obliged to venture into the lairs of the dubious. A certain Mr. Joel, for instance.

He was a bland little man, hiding his cunning behind the blinding brilliance of his rimless glasses, concealing his persistence behind the facade of a compelling diffidence. His hands were smoothly talkative, his tongue guardedly less so. He had, he confided to them one day, something special that he had been reserving for just such discriminating clients as themselves. A beautiful stone cottage in a much-sought-after area, handy to all amenities, within easy walking distance of the city, and situated in a quiet locality. At mention of the word "quiet," the sisters glanced significantly at each other.

Actually, he explained circumpectly, the cottage was originally a luxurious stable that had been attached to a very wealthy house in the sadly vanished days of servants and coachmen.

The sisters, who had lived in Hobart all their lives, certainly could not call to mind offhand any such palatial relic of the past, but they were by then bemused by the guile of Joel.

He called for them one summer morning and they were entranced with what they saw. At the end of a long and curving driveway, a lolly house right off the pages of the Brothers Grimm. Almost they hoped to see gnomes peeping at them from behind the windows.

**MR. JOEL** then made the distressing discovery that he had brought the wrong keys. But you could see, he pointed out expressively, what sort of a dream house it was. Remarkably well preserved despite its age. Indeed, he went on blandly, one hardly needed an inside inspection to come to an immediate decision, did one?

That brought the Misses Heron on to solid ground again. They were not so bemused as to be foolhardy. They shied away from signing any papers, and on a sudden inspiration decided not to come again till the winter.

What, they wanted to know shrewdly, would it look like under rain? Anything looked good in summer, Mr. Joel looked at them thoughtfully, reassessing them.

They waited anxiously, not daring to phone lest he apprise their eagerness. Mr. Joel waited, too, content to play out a little more line and wait for the bait to be taken.

When the days had suitably

darkened and dampened and shortened, and the wind was down from the mountain, Alice rang him and said briefly that they were ready. The sisters had hoped to do without Mr. Joel, hinting as much, but Mr. Joel went with the key and he was affably adamant in this. It was early afternoon and raining lightly when he called for them.

Mr. Joel nudged his shining green coupe in against the kerb and the sisters sedately alighted. They stepped out into a platoon of potholes that straggled past them, crossed the road in crowded formation, and finally fell into the unexpected ambush of an open excavation.

Bessie looked thoughtfully down at the embattled footpath and Alice gazed rightly along the line of telegraph poles. Only one carried a small light bulb.

Mr. Joel chattered distractingly as he shepherded them along the curving driveway. Trees and hedges that had sheltered so delicately in the summer heat now cast a weight of sullen wet shadows.

The fairylike forest surrounding the cottage now was revealed as a formidable thicket of ivy, thorn, and blackberry. The walls of the cottage, entrancingly pale in summer light, were now sickly grey in winter gloom.

Bessie, her eyes mooning everywhere, stumbled on the

With public sentiment,  
nothing can fail; with-  
out it, nothing can suc-  
ceed.

—Abraham Lincoln

doorstep and did not see the small spider with the vivid red line scuttle for safety.

The porch over the recessed doorway was slanted so steeply that Mr. Joel had to flash his torch to find the keyhole. He had difficulty in turning the key.

Mr. Joel broke his way joyfully through the curtain of cobwebs and the sisters seemed vaguely unaware of him and went distastefully in. The dim light from the grimed and cobwebbed windows was sufficient to reveal the uneven floorboards shifted by time out of their precision.

Alice walked over to the window rubbing a black-gloved hand along the sill. "Look at this," she said sternly. They looked. A pattern of pinpoints pricked filigree flowers into the woodwork.

"Birds' eye," said Mr. Joel quickly.

"Borers," snapped Alice. Bessie was gazing up at a corner of the ceiling, her mouth slack. She nudged Alice and pointed. "Tarantulas," remarked Alice briefly.

"Harbingers of spring," chortled Mr. Joel. He was thinking of swallows.

"They come out at night, don't they?" asked Bessie.

"Only if you disturb them," explained Mr. Joel.

The spiders were watching them. Malignantly clustered together, motionless as spilled treacle. Bessie shuddered and rubbed nervously at her nape, feeling the stealthy caress of short, hairy bodies. Alice prodded a hatpin vigorously under her hat and nodded curtly to Mr. Joel, who was watching them warily. "Well, get on with it," she snapped.

Bessie stumbled over the heaving floor. "What's that?" she asked curiously. Mr. Joel glanced swiftly at the window and said something under his breath. "Couldn't say," he countered mildly. "Wasps. I think," suggested Alice, and there was a malicious flick to

her tongue. "Shall we try opening the window, Mr. Joel?" Her smile was wintry and disciplined.

Mr. Joel went uneasily to the window and was relieved when he could not budge it.

They went into the next room. "Listen!" commanded Alice. They listened. A sibilant plop-plop of water dripped from somewhere under their feet. It seemed to come from a long way. A far-off gathering murmur came from above their heads.

It came nearer, breaking into a breathy chorus of inquiry as the winter wind felt its way down the chimney and blindly hunted the dark room. The sisters shivered. Mr. Joel pinched his lips and hurried ahead of them.

After a brisk battle he managed to open the back door and almost fell out into what had once been a kitchen garden.

"Look at all those holes," observed Bessie mildly. They were sinister tunnels of darkness disappearing at the base of the blackberries. "Rabbits," grunted Mr. Joel. Alice said nothing. She was frowning at a strange object confronting her. "What is that?" she asked coldly. "A well," answered Mr. Joel, the veneer of politeness rubbing thin.

Alice strode over to it. Sunken squarely between the back door and a tangle of thorn, its rusted handle hooked out like a deformed arm, and its framework resembled a gibbet. She bent over the rim and drew back hastily, her mouth sour. "Typhoid."

"Soon fill it in," Mr. Joel sounded weary. Bessie, aware that the gnomes were in truth gremlins, wandered disconsolately off around a corner of the house, and they heard her sharp little squeal of fright.

"What is it now?" asked Alice crossly. Bessie was staring foolishly down at her feet. A large square-shouldered spider was prancing there venomously. There was a smart smacking sound as Alice's foot came crushingly down. Her face was pale. "That, Mr. Joel," she said ominously, "was a funnel web."

Mr. Joel jumped smartly backwards. He rallied. "Well," he exclaimed, "there's luck. Serum laboratories are crying out for them."

"Let them cry," snapped Alice. "Sudden death."

"Why, there's hundreds of them," said Bessie dazedly. The dark elliptical tunnels with their delicately webbed hems were everywhere.

"Home, Bessie," announced Alice, gripping her arm.

Conversation was nil on the journey home. At the gateway of the House of Heron, Mr. Joel made a belated effort to hook his fish. "See you?" he inquired. They ignored him, their backs turned stiffly as they jostled through the gateway.

They observed, with the wonderment of recapitulation, the rosy warmth of the big brick house, undulled by winter grey-ness. The doorknocker winked them a brassy welcome.

Sipping their cups of tea, they thought about the advertised phantoms that had obscured their perspective, and they were like people awakening after a false dream.

"That well," observed Alice, "smelt like a body."

"Well, the place was quiet enough for a funeral, wasn't it?" said Bessie.

"Yes. Ours. Funnel webs, indeed!"

"You know, I wouldn't be surprised, Alice, if there were snakes there. They weren't rabbit holes."

"And that thing on the tree was a wasp's nest, all right."

"Be damp underneath, too." "And that dreadful wind. Probably haunted."

Alice was suddenly cheerful. "I think we must have been haunted — ever to think of leaving here."

They smiled, relieved and grateful as children reprieved from an escapade.

At that moment they heard the children's voices. Gay and blithing after school, no mischief in their hearts.

"Why, Alice, how musical they are!"

They had discovered something.

"You know, I don't really dislike children. It's just that

Alice nodded understandingly. "I know. Just too high spirits. Bessie, we've been too hard on them."

Another momentous change of heart. This one had unexpected repercussions. Changing their tactics, the Herons instigated a game of truce. They went to town and bought fluffy white tennis balls.

At morning recess they tossed a ball over the fence, watching its snowball curve before it landed. The children's voices cut out like an interrupted radio programme. They pounced on the ball and consulted among themselves in furious whispers.

**A**T lunch-time another ball went over the fence. The children pretended not to find it, thinking it was a mistake.

After school yet another ball. This time the children were silent. Uneasily, they left their games and hurried home.

A week later the ritual of the balls was enacted again. At the end of the fourth week the sisters desisted. They did so not because they had tired of their own largesse, nor regretted their impulse, but because the children were no longer there. Wary of an enemy they could no longer trust, they had retreated in some uneasy to the safety of the far fence.

The sisters were disconcerted. They did not know what to do. They began to springclean the house. They turned their attack upon the garden. They settled down thoughtfully to innumerable cups of tea, began to complain of headaches, sleeplessness, and nerves. And they began to pick at each other. At a loss, they fell to reminiscing.

"Bessie," asked Alice one morning, "do you remember the day you broke your false teeth?"

Bessie's dull face lit up. "Do I remember?" She laughed in happy recollection.

"I shall never forget Mr. Mellifont's face when you fell over his desk."

Silence. Then: "I wonder if he's still there?"

Pause. Bessie sighed. "Well," said Alice briskly, "have another cake."

Bessie shook her head. "They're too sweet," she said.

"You need some salt," Alice made a valiant effort at cheerfulness. Not knowing that each had spoken the truth. That saccharine sweetness of their charity had given them spiritual toothache.

"Isn't it quiet?" said Bessie uneasily. At that moment there was a loud crash on the roof. Both sisters jumped convulsively. Their chins jerked up toward the ceiling. Then they stared at each other.

"I'm not standing for that," snapped Alice as she rose briskly and went from the room. While she was dialling the number Bessie slipped quietly past her.

When Alice came out, her face strangely rejuvenated, Bessie was standing gazing beatifically up at the fence. Sounds of uproar issued from the other side of it.

"They do puncture so beautifully, don't they?" she said dreamily.

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# LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

## A problem for the people

IT'S dreadful that illegitimate children of Australian servicemen in Japan and Korea are forbidden to come to the land of their fathers. Unless the Australian population literally bombard the leaders of our country with requests on their behalf, these poor children will have no future. They should be allowed to enter with their mothers, who have stuck to them through thick and thin.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Turner, Innisfail, Nth. Qld.

## The child decides

ARTICLES on the stages in children's development usually label certain years as "stormy," others as "placid," and so on. My experience with four children aged from three to eight years has been quite different. At about 18 months, each child seems to decide on his own outlook on life and settles into an enduring pattern of behaviour. Are they unusually stubborn in refusing to change according to the psychologists' promptings?

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Bannister, Darwin, N.T.

## Living it up

IF you knew for sure you had only six months to live, how would you spend the time? For the first five months I'd enjoy every minute to the utmost, doing all the things I'd never been game to do, eating fattening foods, and spending every penny I possessed. The last month would be spent in preparing myself for the hereafter, in prayer, meditation, and reproach. Reproaching myself for being such an irresponsible fool. I wonder how others would react?

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Tassell, Mapleton, Qld.

## Naming a home

IN the rush of modern living, a rather delightful custom has almost completely vanished—the naming of our houses. The "Emoh Ruos," "Silver Bushes," and "Ben Lomonds" are now only seen on older-type homes, and the coldly efficient number-plate has taken over. A house-name is something personal and a symbol of a more gracious age.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Faulkner, Ashbury, Sydney.

## A hostess regrets

I WONDER do other readers have guests like mine, who prefer to wipe sticky fingers on their small pocket handkerchiefs rather than use the serviettes laid at the table, and dry their hands on the hems of their petticoats rather than use provided guest towels? They claim it will save me washing, but I enjoy sharing what nice linen I possess.

£1/1/- to "Jay Emm" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

## Grooming a man

ARE men becoming effeminate? We are told that men in Britain are spending £6 million a year on what women know as cosmetics. But the preparations used by men are named "grooming preparations."

£1/1/- to A. E. Brown, Woolloowin, Brisbane.

## All eyes left . . .

IT is seemingly impossible to buy dress-hooks without having to pay for the eyes as well. I have tried at every big city store over the past few years for a card or packet of hooks alone. As the eyes are mostly replaced these days by hand-worked loops, it seems a waste of money and industry to sell them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. K. Hartley, Marrickville, Sydney.

## Too efficient!

ARRIVING home from a late picture show one night, I was reaching for the light-switch inside the front door when someone leapt at me. He grabbed my neck and began to choke me. After a short struggle I managed to switch on the light and found myself facing our boarder. I had asked him to guard the house, and he was so thorough he nearly murdered me while doing so. Apparently he thought I was a burglar.

£1/1/- to J. J. Lobijke, Geelong West, Vic.

## Telling 'em

I'M against slavish imitation in Australian TV of all English and American practices, but there's one B.B.C. custom worth copying. When a particularly spooky or gruesome programme is coming up, the announcer warns that the next item is quite unsuitable for children and highly strung, or nervous people, particularly if viewing alone.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Henry, Lewis Street, Eagle Junction, Brisbane.

• Ross Campbell is on holiday. His column will reappear next week.

## Ladies and learning

• "My engagement was announced at almost the same time as my Science degree, and I'm told that all my schooling will be wasted if I give up my career. Surely, with my education, I'll be better equipped to help my children," wrote Miss D. Neilson, of N.S.W. Here are typical comments from the many replies.

I THOROUGHLY agree with Miss Neilson. It's archaic to say higher education is wasted on a girl because almost inevitably she will marry. Surely marriage, combining as it does so many different roles, requires the highest possible knowledge. Until Australians realise that a higher standard of education is needed by all, Australia will lag behind other great nations.

£1/1/- to Miss Z. Reggett, Ouse, Tasmania.

EDUCATION is the key which unlocks the door to the future, and a mother is better equipped to help her children if she has had its benefit. I once read words to this effect: "Educate a man and you educate an individual, educate a woman and you educate a family."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. H. Millican, Mitchelton, Brisbane.

AS a widow of 28 years left with a five-year-old son and a three-year-old daughter, I bitterly regret not fighting for a university career. No one can say a woman may not need to provide for her children. It's a common fallacy to regard marriage as the end of a woman's life, when it is only the beginning of the most important phase. And the higher educated she is, the better she will be able to cope with those problems which attend it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Anderson, Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

I'M afraid all the degrees in the world, except perhaps a medical one, will not help any mother to cope with colds, measles, mumps, and many more childish complaints. I managed quite successfully to rear my eight without a degree.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Smith, Barker's Vale Roadside, via Kyogle, N.S.W.

## YOUR BOOKSHELF By JOYCE HALSTEAD

### "Brief Voices"

Ethel Mannin (Hutchinson).

A diary-like account of 20 years of the author's life, from the age of 38 to 58. From an "Angry Young Woman" of the 'twenties, Miss Mannin has developed to a middle-aged Rebel with a Cause—or rather with many causes, whether advocating national freedom for West Africans or condemning nuclear warfare. For the most part she explains how she came to write the books of this period, with digressions on related experiences, and describes several long and seemingly reluctant journeys in search of material. Competence, efficiency, determination, high intellect mark Miss Mannin as a self-sufficient person until she reveals engulfing loneliness felt on journeys, and desolation on the death of her father, and of her

husband, Quaker Reginald Reynolds, who died in Adelaide while on a lecture tour of Australia. The book has much to interest and encourage aspiring writers. Its style, though, is rather self-consciously "blue-stocking" and somewhat dated.

### "Whom The Gods Love"

Maria Browne (Andre Deutsch).

Fulvia, the heroine of this novel, finds herself inexplicably (because of loss of memory) in Nero's Rome in the 812th year of the city. She meets a band of pioneer Christians, and is converted. She then lives with a senator and his family, and later marries a young man, also a Christian, who claims to be the mortal personification of the Greek god Castor, brother of Pollux. Violence, decadence, overindulgence are slowly destroying the life of Rome. Fulvia and Castor,

with other Christians, daily risk persecution, but live on to see Rome burn, finally escape. Classical knowledge and fantasy give astonishing originality to this novel by a 19-year-old writer. By speaking in modern idiom, her residents of ancient Rome become understandable characters. A fascinating novel which is an appetiser for more serious classical study.

### "Kangaroos"

Louis Darling (Angus & Robertson).

Fine pencil drawings fill this attractive children's book, which is both entertaining and educational. It describes the birth of the baby kangaroo, how the tiny unfurred creature crawls along its mother's fur until it finds the pouch where it develops. Other Australian marsupials are also illustrated and described.



For the scientific fit that protects little feet . . .

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by SAXONE



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AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

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**La Maman:** *I never believed I could love a car so much! A dream in traffic. Really easy to park. I use ours for everything...for shopping (there's a large boot up front), for kid-delivery, for sheer joy of driving! Beautiful Paris lines. Four large doors. Best of all, it feels so safe!*

**LES ENFANTS:** Boy, it's mighty. All the other kids want to ride with us. Wouldn't you?

**LE DEALER:** I'M LOCATED NEAR YOU. THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF US COAST-TO-COAST—ALL WITH A FULL STOCK OF PARTS. ALL WITH FACTORY TRAINED (AND PERIODICALLY, FACTORY-REVIEWED) MECHANICS.

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# The new evening fashions full of fantasy

**F**ULL of surprises and contrasts, with a design for every evening mood—that's the after-dark news for the autumn-winter season. New shape comes to the sheath dress (see examples right and below). The 1960 sheath length is ankle, and there's nothing sombre or wintry about its flowery fabric choice. A floor-length theatre suit (see overleaf) looks new and "siren-ish"

made in white satin. Another special delight in the after-dark picture is a flirty short-skirted party dress. The dress is extravagantly short and extravagantly ruffled, and most often is made in paper-thin taffeta. A woman's evening hemline is a matter of personal choice and the proportions that best become her in the individual dress.

—Betty Keep

**Continued overleaf**



The tunic party dress, with credit to Maison Dior, is an autumn silhouette with complete knockout charm. The tunic can bell or blouse under, be long or short. Whichever line is chosen for the tunic, the underskirt is always narrow.





detail, the technical facilities of America's Vanity Fair are now available to LUCAS in Australia, makers of the loveliest lingerie you'll ever own.

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**Velvanyl**, softly gathered in a fullness that falls from a Shirred yoke, gathers again at daintily frilled wrists. For accent, just the right amount of lace at the neckline, that ties sweetly with a shoe-string tie. In Honeysuckle, Spa, Moonstone, Rose. Sizes 12-42. Price £6/9/6.

For the name of your nearest store or salon please write E. LUCAS & Co. Pty. Ltd., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

## DRESS SENSE

● The one-piece dress illustrated here is chosen for a reader who asks for a basic pattern suitable for using in different fabrics.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your advice for a pattern for a plain but smart dress that could be made in a coolish fabric now but later in wool. I want the style to have a belt at the waist and short sleeves and a bit of soft-skirt fullness."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your letter could be successfully made in any type of fabric. It is illustrated (right) in soft angora wool and belted in leather. The collarless neckline could be dressed up for a formal occasion with one of the new choker necklaces. When the weather becomes cooler it would be a good dress to wear under a topcoat.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I AM having a short evening dress made in lemon-yellow chiffon. The dress is to have a full skirt and fitted waist. Now the problem comes: I have a very freckled chest and must have the neck high in front. Could the dress be low at the back?"

A pretty idea for your chiffon dress would be a high front and deeply draped cowl back trimmed with a big rose in self-material.

"WOULD a fine grey flannel be suitable to make a dress and matching jacket? I have had the fabric some time. I also have some red-and-white-dotted silk which I originally bought for a blouse. I want to use the silk, too, if it is possible. I want the outfit to be really smart for winter wear. I am 26, but friends tell me I look younger."

Yes, grey flannel would be suitable, and it is an incoming fashion. For the design I suggest a perfectly plain high-necked collarless bodice-top and a box-pleated skirt. Add a double-breasted easy-fit jacket. Use the red-and-white-dotted silk to bind the jacket and as a sash for the dress. Final suggestion—a Breton hat in the suit fabric, bound in the dotted silk.

"THIS year is it right to have a jacket in houndstooth check with a plain material skirt? If you like the idea, would you let me know as soon as possible?"

The combination of a check jacket and plain skirt could look extremely smart. Have the skirt slim and the jacket waist level or slightly shorter. Have the jacket with classic

revers and a collar and finished with a double-breasted fastening.

"I HAVE enough Glen plaid-patterned material in a heavy wool for a new overcoat. I am making a straight semi-fitted style and my problem is a suggestion for a trim."

Self-fringe at pocket edges and on wide turned-back cuffs would be a new and attractive trim for a winter topcoat.

"COULD you please give your advice about a dress and jacket for travelling overseas by plane? It is imperative that I arrive at my destination looking smart. I have done quite a bit of plane travelling but find it is impossible to gauge the weather conditions for take-off and arrival."

Instead of a jacket dress I suggest what the Americans call a peel-off ensemble. Traditional combination for an ensemble in this category is: Sleeveless sheath, matching jacket, and contrasting overblouse. Alone, the sheath is a perfect daytime dress, and for late day it can

Betty  
Keep



DS 397. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54 in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

be dressed-up with costume jewellery. Add the matching jacket to the sheath and you have a smart city suit. Still more switchabout news: Sheath plus overblouse, and sheath plus overblouse plus jacket.

"I INTEND making a slim one-piece for late-day. What could I do to add some sort of interest to the frock?"

Focus attention on the sleeves. They could be funnel shape, have a kimono cut, or be made in the form of a capelet.

"PLEASE suggest a suitable hat to wear with a mauve wool suit. I am 19 and have long blond hair."

You could not have anything newer or smarter than a beret made in the same fabric as the suit.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960



# Array of party fashions from Paris

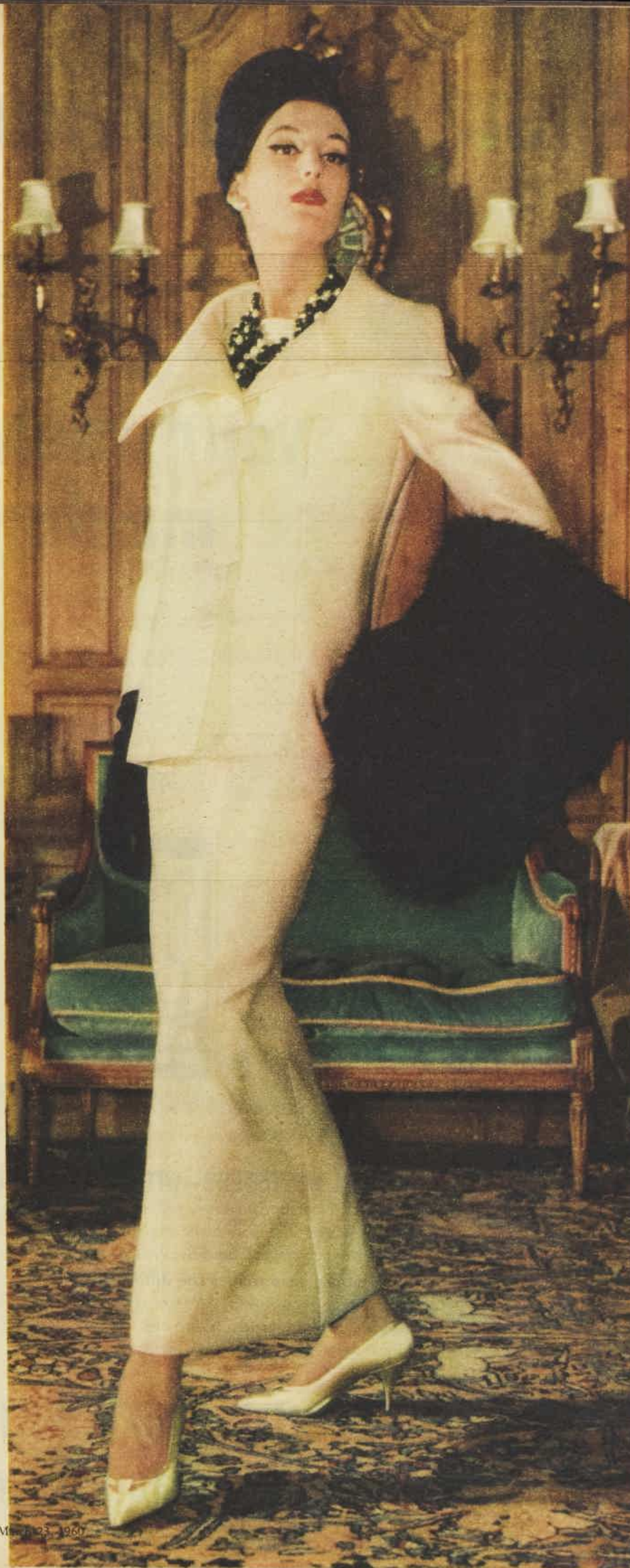
## Continued

New this year for dinner and the theatre is a slender long-skirted evening suit. The one at right, made in pearly white satin, has a demi-fitted jacket with a big cavalier collar. The skirt falls narrowly to ankle length. The suit was shown in the Balmain autumn collection. Newsworthy is the large rounded black fox fur muff and matching fur toque.



Silhouetted against autumn's nightlights are numbers of short-skirted evening dresses, full of dash and charm. The one above, in deep lilac silk, comes from the Pierre Cardin collection. The full side-draped skirt has a rose trim.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1967



Short, full-blown cape (above) curves softly to wrist length. The cape is worn with a matching short-skirted dress (see below).



Dior-designed three-tiered dress with its flirty cha-cha skirt is frankly for the young. The color — deep electric blue — is news.



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## PERSIL WASHES WHITER ...

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*A woman's work is never done — but when a man takes over, the chances are it doesn't get started*

By  
A. L. HARRISON

## A husband

• The author, a man, had A System for housework. One result was a pile of dirty dishes. He couldn't fit the washing-up in the schedule.

MY wife was sick, and the doctor warned that it was going to be a long illness, so I swiftly got rid of our four children.

I took them to relatives. My wife missed them, but I found the silence refreshing. And it cleared the way for The System.

This was something I'd often prescribed for my wife when she complained of tiredness.

I'd even worked out a timetable: breakfast 0700-0730; washing - up, 0730-0745; "smoko," 0745-0750; make beds . . . and so on.

Plenty of rest periods for radio serials and cups of tea were allowed. Feeding baby (0930-0950) came admittedly under "rest."

The whole thing was set out on paper and my wife ignored it.

"Children and housework can't be run to a schedule," she said.

"Children, for instance, are too unpredictable."

I know now that she was right. Even without children, The System doesn't work.

Take the Friday night I arrived home from work during the second week of her illness. She was asleep.

Throwing off coat, tie, shirt, socks (on the bed), and shoes (under it), I crept into the kitchen for a cold drink.

Unwashed dishes and pans were piled everywhere—even on top of the refrigerator.

I'd been unable to fit washing-up into The System for a fortnight. But I found a glass without collapsing any of the carefully created heaps of dishes.

With the kitchen sink full of soaking pans, I couldn't get to the tap without making a noise. So I had to fill the glass in the bathroom.

On the way back to the kitchen (for ice) the cat walked between my feet.

I crashed to the floor, some curses were screamed, the

glass broke, my wife woke. ("Is that you?" she called), and the cat disappeared for two days.

Later, 10 minutes behind schedule, I sat on the bed while she sipped the cold drink.

"The office would like me to write a story about house-keeping," I said.

She laughed. "House-keeping! You . . . an authority. Oh, women will love it. Of

never be washed, but merely rubbed lightly with oil.

It would have been tactless to ask my wife if she'd ever washed the pan, so I let that ride.

Taking two eggs in each hand (I'd seen cooks in hamburger shops do this), I cracked them lightly on each side of the stove.

Nothing happened, so I tried again. I swear I didn't swear as my fingers and thumbs

crashed through the shells, breaking the yolks.

My wife didn't want breakfast, anyway, and I had sardines on burnt toast.

Cooking was a real problem. There were never enough sharp knives, pans of the right shape, lids to fit the pans, and we had no ramekins—all of

course, you'll make a complete fool of yourself!" This hurt.

On the following morning when she didn't feel like eating, I thought to tempt her with an omelet.

The recipe book said four eggs and a cast-iron skillet with straight-up-and-down sides.

The eggs were easy, but both our frying-pans have sloping sides.

Compromising with the larger pan, I hesitated, remembering a famous chef's advice that omelet-pans should

combination floor-scrubber, polisher, and vacuum-cleaner.

It has a lot of separate gadgets and oddly-shaped fittings that are kept in a box.

And there's a miniature searchlight in front when my wife is pushing it.

But the book of instructions was destroyed by the children.

"The book!" and she laughed. "I really don't want any dinner. A glass of milk will do."

What was the use? I opened tins of fruit and cream that night, but the cat ate the cream while I was searching for a clean dish.

And ants got into the fruit.

During the day I had washed and polished the floors.

My wife does this with a

energy as a painter white-washing a ceiling. I wondered where scrubbing stood in those statistics.

"Why don't you use the machine — it's much easier?" said the voice in the bedroom.

"You need muscle to do this job properly," I retorted. "Why don't you use the machine?"

But the job was eventually done, and so was the washing — with the loss of only two children's cardigans that dyed the sheets blue as they shrank.

At the end of that day, tired and dirty, I made what must have been the 30th trip from kitchen to bedroom — and counted the paces. There were 14.

I did some swift mental arithmetic: 30 trips from kitchen to bedside, each measuring 14 paces (or yards). Double the sum (for return trips) gave me 60 x 14yds. — 840yds.

I walked a slow 14yds. back to the bedroom, sat down, and looked at my wife.

# does (n't do)

## the housework

which the recipe book listed as essentials.

Another time, planning the dinner menu, I asked, "What's a moderate oven?"

"It depends on . . ." she looked up suspiciously. "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm not trying to do anything. I'm cooking dinner. The book says . . ."

I could find no clue about how it worked, or what went where.

Once it was connected and switched on you couldn't tell whether it would scrub, suck, or sweep.

So I scrubbed and polished on hands and knees—and remembered reading somewhere that a housewife ironing a shirt used twice as much

"Do you realise that, apart from running around to do the housework, I've walked nearly half a mile today between this room and the kitchen?"

Tenderly she put her hand on mine. "You poor darling," she said. "And on your day off, too."

I'm still trying to work that one out. You can never tell with women.





# It's Cool, Creamy ICE CREAM time!



Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk is made and guaranteed by Nestlé's

## Make this Creamy-Rich ICE CREAM with Sunshine full cream powdered milk

Here's goodness . . . here's coolness . . . here's smooth delicious ice cream, made with Sunshine Powdered Milk. Yes! Ice cream made with full cream Sunshine is truly rich tasting and smooth in texture, as only double-whip ice cream can be! And yet this creamy delight is really economical.\* Plan delicious Sunshine ice cream into your menu . . . to-day!

### *Sunshine Ice Cream* (makes about two pints)

1 teaspoon gelatine •  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water • 4 heaped tablespoons Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk • 3 tablespoons sugar •  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water •  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons vanilla essence.

Dissolve gelatine in 1 tablespoon cold water, then mix with the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water. Beat together Sunshine, sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water; add gelatine mixture and vanilla. Beat well; turn into freezing trays. When

frozen to consistency of thick cream, remove, beat until doubled in bulk. Freeze firm.

For a richer ice cream, reduce hot water to 1 cup and add one 4-oz. tin Nestlé's Cream.

\* You needn't tell your guests it costs only 1/9 to make!

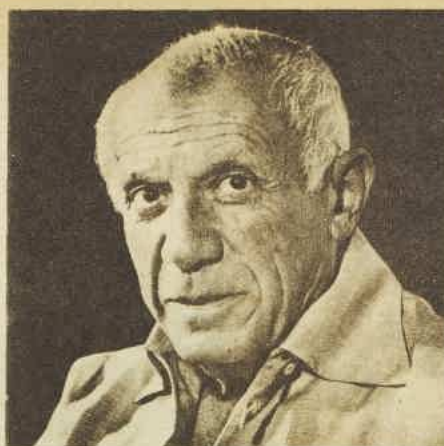


Don't Skimp on milk, use  
**Sunshine** the powdered milk you know is full cream!





• Eleanor Roosevelt, always busy.



• Picasso, painter and sculptor.



• Lady Casey, pilot, author, artist.



• Churchill, a prodigious worker.

● The careers of these famous people have been marked by energy and vitality. Did you know that, while a woodchopper needs big meals, a peanut an hour will feed a scientist's brain?

## SECRETS OF VITALITY

● An ordinary person may not be able to compete in the energy stakes with, say, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt—but anybody can give her vitality a boost by knowing a few relevant facts.

**J**UST why apparently healthy (and often energetic) people can feel listless for hours, days, or weeks at a time is a complex problem.

But . . . your supply of energy may depend on such diverse things as when you eat, how much you exercise, whether you're bored with your husband or your job, work hard enough or weigh too much, slump when you walk or wear high-heeled shoes.

In other words, there are physiological, nutritional, and also emotional factors.

However, trying to define vitality briefly is like trying to find a capsule description for life itself.

In simple terms, the body might be thought of as a furnace which burns fuel (food) to produce heat or power (energy).

The food you eat is broken down by the saliva and intestinal juices and absorbed into the blood.

It travels to every cell of the body and is burned into carbon dioxide and water, releasing energy as calories of heat.

The body uses the energy it needs every day, but eagerly keeps a special surplus store, mainly in the liver, which can be released in an emergency within seconds.

This is why you may be sitting down, completely fagged, when you hear your child scream: your whole body, galvanised with fear, immediately galvanises into energy.

Normally, the rate at which the food substances are turned into energy is determined by the thyroid, a tiny gland in the neck. In a sense, this gland is like the thermostat on a furnace.

If it is set too high there is raging activity, a condition known as hyperthyroidism, usually found in thin, tense people.

When thyroid activity is too low (hypothyroidism), life proceeds at a limping pace. The victim is usually fat, has a puffy, sleepy face, dry, brittle hair, and is abnormally sensitive to cold.

Both these types need medical treatment.

But most people—probably more than 95 per cent.—fall into the "normal" category between the extremes.

### Food for energy

Your basic metabolic rate (the rate at which you produce energy) can vary slightly at certain periods—on "off" days, for instance, or when nursing a child.

When idle, the body gives off approximately the same heat as a 70-watt bulb, and its fuel requirements are strikingly low.

Two lumps of sugar keep things going for an hour; a pat of butter for two hours; a doughnut for three.

Even the slightest activity shoots the energy requirement upward—sitting up in bed increases it twenty-five per cent.; standing doubles it; chopping wood increases it eight times.

But heavy thinking, contrary

to popular belief, requires hardly any energy.

A peanut an hour would keep the brain of a nuclear physicist going.

Worry and tension, on the other hand, send energy requirements skyrocketing.

The ideal would be to figure out just how much energy you need for a normal day, and eat only enough to fill that need, without any surplus for fat.

However, no one food creates energy by itself.

The important thing is to eat sensible, good meals regularly—and never overeat.

What IS a well-balanced diet?

Experts recommend daily intake of citrus fruits, lots of colored vegetables, at least a pint of milk, whole-grain cereals and breads daily, a moderate amount of lean meat or poultry, or all the fish and shellfish fancied, and eggs several times a week.

Different foods affect your energy rate in different ways.

The protein foods (meat, eggs, fish, etc.) provide energy at an even rate and for a long period. The carbohydrates (starches and sugars) are a source of quick energy.

You can get an instant lift from such an enemy of the balanced diet as the chocolate bar—but you'll have just as quick a let-down.

Fat is the most concentrated source of energy, but, because it can't be digested quickly, you don't feel its benefit immediately.

The fast-burning rate of carbohydrates also explains why a toast-and-coffee breakfast is inadequate. You may

feel peppy for an hour after it, but by 10.30 you're deep in a slump.

The best breakfast for a morning's work is bacon and eggs, with citrus fruit, bread, and some milk.

On the question of stimulants: you can recharge quickly by taking a stimulant like tea or coffee, but the quick energy is very soon replaced by jangled nerves.

Similarly, alcohol can raise your blood sugar temporarily and make you feel marvellous for an hour or so—but it, too, brings a quick let-down.

Exercise is tremendously important, because if your general fitness is low you can't feel full of vitality.

You need to exercise regularly—even if it's only walking to the corner store instead of taking the car.

### Boredom 'blues'

You should wear comfortable shoes. Pain, even slight, can irritate and depress, draining vitality.

Moving quickly and often quickens your circulation. You automatically feel better.

Exercise also relieves tension, depression, and boredom—all of them sap your energy.

A woman doctor, who says the busier she is in her surgery the more work she feels like doing at home, tells her patients that when they're

feeling broody the best thing to do is to clean a window or take a brisk walk.

Keep boredom at bay.

Doing interesting things and taking a joy in life makes you feel energetic.

The young suburban mother who takes a coffee break in mid-morning is smart, for a social period with a friend can make her feel livelier.

If you are ironing, get a neighbor to bring her board and clothes over. You'll both work better.

A woman in her fifties, with her family grown up, often wrongly attributes her loss of energy to her age, rather than to not having enough to occupy her.

### CALORIES FOR A DAY'S WORK

ACTIVITY	TIME	CALORIES USED	ACTIVITY	TIME	CALORIES USED
Sleep	8 hrs.	560	Shop	70 min.	350
Shower, etc.	20 min.	37	Put things away, etc.	20 min.	40
Prepare breakfast	30 min.	60	Tea - TV - Talk	60 min.	100
Get husband to work, children to school	20 min.	37	Light housework	20 min.	54
Coffee, read paper	30 min.	50	Get dinner	60 min.	120
Wash up, iron	60 min.	140	Eat dinner	45 min.	75
Dust, clean	30 min.	80	Wash up	30 min.	60
Morning tea	30 min.	40	Fresh up	15 min.	28
Sew, mend	30 min.	58	Watch TV	60 min.	100
Prepare lunch for children	30 min.	60	Put children to bed	30 min.	60
Eat lunch	30 min.	50	Watch TV	120 min.	200
Send children to school	10 min.	18	Get snack	10 min.	20
Wash up	20 min.	43	Eat snack	15 min.	25
Watch TV	60 min.	100	Clean up	5 min.	10
			<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>24 hrs.</b>	<b>2575</b>



# APPLES and PEARS

● Apples and pears are now at their best, so try combining them with other ingredients to make the unusual recipes featured on these two cookery pages.

**M**OST of the recipes on these pages have been adapted from three new cookery books. They are "Good Food From Denmark and Norway," by James and Elizabeth White; "Gambols in Gastronomy," by William Wallace Irwin; and "The Art and Magic of Cookery," by Raymond Oliver.

Spoon measurements are level, and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure is used. Quantities are sufficient for 4 to 6 servings.

## DANISH APPLE CAKE

(Aebleskage)

Three pounds cooking apples,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 3 or 4 cloves, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 or 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup crumbs (bread, cake, or macaroon), 2oz. butter, custard or whipped cream, red currant jelly.

Peel, core, and slice apples, add to saucepan in which water, cloves, and vanilla have been placed. Cover with lightly fitting lid and cook slowly until apples are soft. Drain off as much of the liquid as possible, and chop or mash finely. Add sugar to taste. Sprinkle layer of crumbs into bottom of thickly buttered ovenproof dish, cover this with layer of apple pulp. Repeat these layers until dish is filled, press down firmly and pour over the remaining butter (melted). Bake in moderately hot oven 30 minutes, allow to cool in tin, then carefully turn out on to serving-dish. Decorate with cream or custard and red currant jelly.

## NAVARIN OF LAMB

(With apple and ginger)

Two pounds lamb chump or best neck chops, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons fat, 2 onions, 1 piece root ginger, 2 cups meat or vegetable stock, 4 tomatoes, 3 apples (peeled, cored, and cut into thick slices), 2 tablespoons flour, 1lb. partly cooked beans.

Heat fat in pan, add sliced onions and saute until lightly colored. Lift out, drain on kitchen paper. Trim chops, coat with seasoned flour, add to pan with bruised ginger, and fry until chops are browned on both sides. Drain off any excess fat; remove ginger. Add chopped skinned tomatoes, onion slices, and stock. Cover with fitting lid and simmer 1 to 1½ hours, or until meat is tender. Blend the 2 tablespoons flour

with a little water, add to meat mixture, stir until mixture thickens. Add apples and beans, simmer 10 minutes longer. Serve on large platter, garnish with parsley.

Note: If fresh or root ginger is not available, substitute preserved or crystallised ginger after removing sugar coating.

## PEARS A LA VEFOUR

One pint milk, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1oz. butter, 5 or 6 cooked pear halves, extra 6 tablespoons sugar, 6 coconut macaroons, 1 tablespoon sherry or cointreau, crystallised violets.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Place remainder of milk in saucepan with sugar, egg-yolks; stir in blended cornflour and stir constantly until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 2 minutes, add butter and vanilla. Pour custard into large serving-dish, allow to cool and set. Arrange pear halves on top of custard alternately with macaroons which have been sprinkled with sherry. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add extra sugar, and continue beating until meringue stands in peaks. Pile meringue over pear halves; chill. Just before serving decorate with violets.

## CREME DE MENTHE PEARS

Six pears, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon creme de menthe liqueur, few drops green food coloring,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded coconut.

Peel, halve, and core pears, cook carefully in water, lemon juice, and half the sugar until pears are just soft. Lift out and drain well. Combine syrup with remaining sugar and boil rapidly a few minutes until the liquid has reduced to about half the original quantity. Add creme de menthe and green food coloring to this, and pour over the pear halves. Leave pears in this syrup, turning occasionally until they become evenly colored. Chill thoroughly and serve in separate sweet dishes with topping of combined whipped cream and coconut.

## CHOCOLATE PEAR DESSERT

Three-quarters cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, juice and rind of 2 oranges, 4oz. butter or margarine, 6 pears, 12 chocolate-coated wafer biscuits, few drops peppermint essence, whipped cream.

Combine flour, salt, sugar, and orange

rind in bowl, rub in the butter until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Peel and halve pears, arrange in base of well-greased ovenproof dish. Crumble wafer biscuits on to pears and pour on carefully the combined orange juice and peppermint essence. Sprinkle crumb mixture over top and bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve cool with whipped cream.

## CURRIED PRAWNS

(Curry de Langoustines)

Two onions, 1oz. good shortening, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 2 chopped apples, bouquet garni (sprig thyme, sage, rosemary, and parsley tied together), 1 clove garlic, 2 cups fish stock, 1½lb. raw prawns, flour, extra shortening, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brandy, 1 tablespoon white wine.

Heat shortening in pan, add chopped onions, and saute until very lightly browned. Add curry powder and cook until well mixed. Add apples, bouquet garni, garlic, fish stock, stir over heat until liquid boils;

simmer 5 minutes. Remove bouquet garni and garlic, set aside. Shell prawns, coat with flour, place in pan with extra heated shortening, and saute until pale golden brown. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper, cover with lid, and simmer 4 or 5 minutes. Drain off any excess shortening, pour brandy over prawns, set aflame. Add wine and a little of the prepared curry sauce to moisten. Stir over low heat 5 minutes.

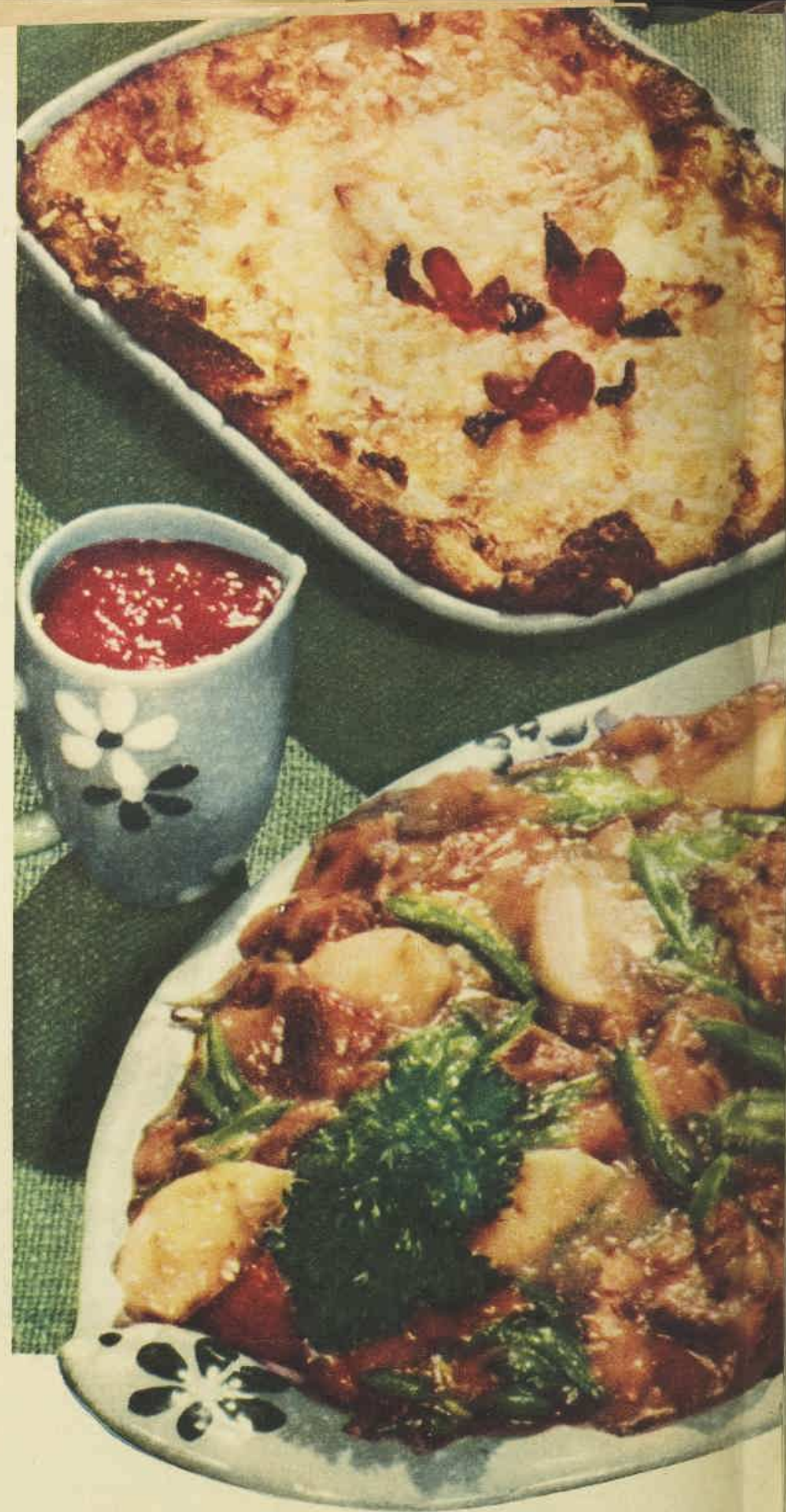
Arrange prawns in serving-dish, serve curry sauce separately with bowl of savory rice.

## APPLE FRITTERS

(Gacraebleskiver)

Half-pound flour, 1oz. yeast,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint creamy milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, sugar, apple puree or jelly.

Sift flour into bowl, mix crumbled yeast with a little of the milk, dissolve sugar and salt in remaining milk and beaten egg-yolks. Stir both liquids into flour, beat





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 23, 1960

# Teenagers

WEEKLY

**THE ROCK  
STILL ROLLS  
STRONGLY  
—page 3**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

Cut away as much fat from the spare ribs bread layers. Stand aside 1 hour to allow To each full set of duck or goose ebbles sieved mixture. Serve hot.



# LETTERS

## Sportsmen should be our heroes

WHY do most teenage girls confine their hero-worship to pop singers and actors? The men of the sports world equal them in good looks, and usually stay well known for years, whereas, more often than not, the pop idols are soon forgotten when their "hit" tune leaves the parades. — Barbara McKenzie, Buxton, N.S.W.

## Proper dress

RECENTLY I went to a dance where my friend and I wore party frocks and white cardigans. But there were about six or seven girls who wore Bermuda shorts or ordinary shorts with "sloppy joes" and rubber thongs. Our crowd thought it was an insult to the organisers to turn up like that, but these girls were never short of partners, while we had to sit out. When will some people

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Our Cover Girl** is lovely 21-year-old Margo McKendry, one of Sydney's most distinguished photographic models. She is now modelling for top fashion magazines in New York and intends to return home at the end of this year. Picture by Sydney photographer Geoff Lee.

learn to dress properly?—A. Cooper, Toorak Gardens, S.A.

## Dress puzzle

WHY is it that a girl who dresses beautifully and keeps herself well groomed, often lets herself go as soon as she gets married? I suppose girls think once they have

caught their man that it is only a waste of time to keep nice and pretty. If wives would stay as attractively dressed after marriage as before, husbands would not cast a roving eye.—"Teena," Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

## Too few girls

IN my home town girls are outnumbered by boys in the ratio of 3 to 1. This means that boys of 20 or older are "going with" girls still at school. Boys like myself of 16 or 17 haven't a hope against older boys with money and cars. It's very discouraging to have your girlfriend pinched from under your nose by a boy whose only advantage is that he owns a car.—"Discouraged," Queenstown, Tas.

## Boy cooks

WHY don't they teach boys cooking at school? There are lots of times when a boy wants to cook a meal, and he doesn't know the first thing about it.—"Hungry Schoolboy," King Valley, Vic.

## Ban on hotel

I AM a girl of 14, and now live in a country town, after living in the city. My mother seems to think all types of entertainment in this town are degrading. Most of my friends are allowed to go to the hotel to watch TV and ask me to go, but my mother won't hear of such a thing. She has many other old-fashioned ideas. She thinks that socials are not for children of my age (even school socials) and says that things like that can wait till I'm older. Don't you think she ought to let me have a bit more freedom?—"Shut-Up," Lismore, N.S.W.

## Only external

I HAVE found that girls who seem rough and loud on the outside are usually the ones who are most gentle and considerate.—Colleen Byrne, Hawthorn, Vic.

## Good fighting

KAY TYSON (T.W., 24/2/60) asked why sisters and brothers fight. I don't think there is any reason. My sister is 13 and I am 14, and we are always fighting or quarrelling, and yet if one of us has a fight with someone else the other rushes in and helps her. We go off pleased, happy, and the best of friends. Then we have another good fight later.—"Fight On," West Mudgee, N.S.W.



DONALD HIRST  
... better than R-n-R

## Jazz fan

TEENAGERS who do not like jazz don't know what they're missing. I am a Dixieland jazz fan, and spend hours listening to it every week. Just try listening to one good Dixieland record and I am sure you will agree that Dixieland is much better than rock-n-roll.—Donald Hirst, Camberwell, Vic.

## Girl rowers

A BOYS' rowing team on the Manning River at Taree practises after school, and recently, competing with teams from other towns, were quite successful. A girls' club has now started and already three teams, each consisting of four rowers and a coxswain, have been formed. Given time the girls, or "mermaids," as they are known, will no doubt accept the boys' challenge and beat them with ease.—"Row Man Row," Wingham, N.S.W.

## Party ideas

ON February 27 the young people of our district held a "Topsy-Turvy Leap Year Party." Thanks to your wonderful suggestions for such a party (T.W., 3/2/60), it was a huge success.—Jann Ingram, Bundena, N.S.W.

[Thanks, Jann. If you or others want to have an April Fool Party, turn to page 4.—Ed.]

## Unfair wages

WHEN wage increases are announced it is often stated that juniors will not receive any increase. Surely this is most unfair. Teenagers have to pay higher prices as the cost of living rises, and many have the extra cost of evening classes to meet as well out of their wages. Most of us pay board at home, and entertainment and fares cost us the same as adults, although our wages are so much lower. Why should we be left out of the wage increases?—Rosa Needham, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

## Teaching fun

TEACHING children at a Sunday school is more satisfying and interesting for a teenager than hot-roads, drive-ins, and rock-n-roll. It is great fun preparing the "expression work," and very interesting supervising tiny children. Besides helping the younger generation, the work gives a teenager experience in looking after children (which will be a benefit to her in later life when she has a family of her own); and it also enables her to live a happy, Christian way of life.—"Proud Square," Broadview Gardens, S.A.

## "Unjustly Treated" gets the treatment

● The ears of "Unjustly Treated" (T.W., 24/2/60) must be burning. She said she paid £2 a week board and thought it unfair that she should be made to do some of her own washing and ironing at the weekend by her mother who "has had her day." Never has a letter stirred up such a hornets' nest.

POOR old "Unjustly Treated!" You are hard done by! Fancy your mother expecting you to do some of your own washing and ironing, especially when you pay £2 a week board. But worse than that, the very idea that your mother desires to go out at weekends—it's unheard of. All I can say is that you are selfish and lazy. What do you think your mother is? A servant? All children should help their parents, and you are no exception.—"Others First," Findon, S.A.

JUST how selfish can a person be? Surely "Unjustly Treated" must be the limit, or has she forgotten that when she was a toddler her mother, although still young, was unable to go out because she had to care for her. She should think of her mother more often on these lines: "I'm young with my whole life ahead of me, but Mother has only a few years left in comparison. I'll help her enjoy them."—"Chad," Kilsyth, Vic.

SOUNDS a perfect little stinker! Can she imagine getting fed, housed, and laundry done for the huge sum of £2 by anyone else but Mum?

Mum hasn't "had her day" for as long as she lives, and that won't be much longer if "Unjustly Treated" doesn't give her a go.—"All Steamed Up," Toowoomba, Qld.

I AM 19, and since I was 13 I have washed and ironed for seven people, and I still find plenty of time to enjoy myself. This girl's mother works harder than her daughter all week as a housewife, and I can't see why she can't go out and enjoy herself at weekends, too. My nanna is 80, and goes out regularly, and I don't think she has had her day.—Teresa Terrace, Glebe, N.S.W.

"UNJUSTLY TREATED" thinks her mother should not enjoy herself on weekends because she has had her day. Yes, she has had her day—scrubbing, cooking, washing, and ironing for her family. Just who does this girl think she is? A princess? If she is old enough to go out weekends and enjoy herself, she is old enough to help her mother with the housework as well as doing her own personal washing and ironing (which any self-respecting teenager does, anyway).—"Normal Teener," Perth.



DIAN WATKINS ... all this and the laundry, too.

I AM still going to school and I do my own washing and ironing at the weekend. I do not go out through the week, but I do go out on Saturday and still have my fun, and if my mother wishes to go out on the weekend she can still go out. Even if she has had her day I think there is still a lot more days for her to enjoy.—Dian Watkins, Townsville, Qld.

"UNJUSTLY TREATED" should try swapping places with me for a week or so. Five days a week I clear the table, wash and wipe up before I go to work, and after work I peel the vegetables, set the table, cook the tea, and wash and wipe up all the dishes. Monday night (after wiping-up) I wash all my own clothes (and many of my 18-year-old brother's as well). Tuesday night I iron all the clothes I washed. Wednesday night I clean my room and mop it. Thursday night I cook cakes,

tarts, or any other "sweets" my family fancies. Then on Friday night I go out with my boyfriend and enjoy myself. On Saturday afternoon I mow the lawns and weed the garden. My slave chains are taken off again on Saturday night, and my boyfriend and I go out somewhere special. Sunday I change the sheets on my brother's and my beds, and tidy both rooms. The rest of the day I can do as I please.—"Slave Girl," New Lambton, N.S.W.

HER mother should teach "Unjustly Treated" a lesson by sending her washing to the laundry, and then presenting her with the bill on pay night.—Judith M., Charlestown, Newcastle, N.S.W.

IF I were her mother I would give her a good spanking and make her do all the family ironing for a month.—"More Fun For Mum," Balhannah, S.A.





# Rock-'n-roll is NOT dead

● Reports abroad that rock-'n-roll in the U.S. is dead are wildly exaggerated. Rumors (or hopes) that it is dying are baseless. The Rock is rolling strongly.

AND with Elvis out of the Army this month, it will probably roll even more strongly, if that is possible.

The idea that rock-'n-roll was dead or dying was spread by wishful-thinking adults. They seized on the payola scandals as a pretext for sounding the death-knell of America's latest contribution to teenage culture around the world.

Apparently they thought that if they said loudly enough and often enough that rock-'n-roll was dead, kids would believe them. Ridiculous.

The immediate effect of the payola scandals was to knock out the two big rock-'n-roll shows: Dick Clark's and Alan Freed's.

But rock-'n-roll was and still is too big a movement to be killed by the loss of two shows.

The payola system did not create rock-'n-roll; it merely helped decide which records a disc-jockey or record-store-keeper would plug.

These decisions affected the fortunes of individual disc-jockeys, storekeepers, the performers, and the recording companies, but not the rock-'n-roll movement as a whole.

## 200 a week

If the demand is strong and nationwide it is a matter of indifference to the record industry as a whole which of the 200-odd records produced weekly in the U.S. happen to make the payola-inspired "top ten."

And the demand for rock-'n-roll records remains as great as ever. Kids have not stopped buying the kind of records they like just because disc-jockeys, as the kids are now being told, were being bribed to tell them exactly which records to buy.

The payola system flourished long before anyone ever heard of rock-'n-roll. How it worked was an open secret in the record industry.

And it is not likely to be stamped out now, not even by the continuing Congressional investigation; for payola, the "you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours" system, is a basic economic fact of life in the competitive business world of the U.S.

## Getting better

So rock-'n-roll flourishes. It is actually getting better, in terms of lyrics, music, and performance. Most rock-'n-roll numbers are still raucous, rowdy, and puerile, the product of apparently illiterate if not moronic minds; but an increasing number of the more popular ones have words that make sense and a tune that can be heard above the basic rock-'n-roll beat.

"The term 'rock-'n-roll' has been broadened," a record company spokesman told me. "The beat is adaptable to many types of music."

"Take Percy Faith's recording of 'A Summer Place,' for instance. It's done very tasty."

"It's got the triplets in it—the da-da-da beat that's characteristic—and, like I say, it's done tasty, real tasty, so even a lot of adults like it."

"Performances generally have improved. It's harder now to make a hit record with those crude unknowns. All the best-sellers tend to be well-known performers."

"'Running Bear' is the number-one hit today, sung by Johnny Preston. Some of the early favorites are still big, like Paul Anka and Fabian and Bobby Darin. Pat Boone, of course, he's the kids' favorite."

"Then there's Dion and the Belmonts, and Marty Robbins, and Conway Twitty and Jack Scott and the Everly Brothers."

Other hits are Neil Sedaka's "Oh Carol," Ray Peterson's single "Goodnight, My Love," and Johnny Restivo's "Oh, Johnny."

Elvis Presley is still big in the

By Larry Foley, in New York

picture with "My Wish Come True," which has sold nearly a million.

An indication of the improved quality of rock-'n-roll numbers is the Marty Robbins hit, "El Paso," a Western ballad which, according to the record company man, "violates every rule in the business—you can understand it; it's a story-type song, and it runs for four minutes and fifty-five seconds, when every deejay in the country used to tell us they wouldn't touch any disc that ran more than two minutes thirty."

## "Alive, kicking"

Another industry expert I spoke to said: "Rock-'n-roll dead! It's alive and kicking."

"I'll be dead when the kids don't want to listen to it—and right now they show every evidence of wanting to listen."

"They're buying the records as much as ever. Maybe you're hearing a little less on the air than six months ago, but that's because the deejays are running scared, and also some sponsors may be reacting to public criticism over the payola business that radio stations have been catering almost exclusively to kids' tastes—so now and then

they slip in an adult-type record.

"Rock-'n-roll has had a tendency to get softer and more pleasing to the adult ear."

"I suppose even the kids were finding the early rock-'n-roll stuff a bit monotonous, when it was just the beat with a lot of shouting and stomping."

Now, in case anybody is not yet convinced, here is an independent report of a typical rock-'n-roll show. This one took place in Detroit last week. The star was Frankie Avalon, there were 15 acts, and about 2000 fans turned up, 1950 of them girls, and none over 15.

"They didn't come to hear anyone," the reporter writes. "They couldn't. They were screaming from the minute the show opened until it closed."

"When the emcee introduced each act he named the recordings made before he announced the name. That was all. The screams were renewed."

"Flash bulbs popped. Screams. The performer would wiggle. Screams. A note and a beat would make itself felt over the welter of noise in the nonacoustic thunder of sounds in the huge old barn. Screams."

"The performers moo-ed. They shouted. They banged. They wiggled. Screams."

"And then at the very last Frankie Avalon was brought on. Guess what was heard? Screams."

"Avalon is a very handsome young man; though he couldn't be heard, he seemed to be singing straight at each little girl there. Screams."

"Dick Caruso is another very handsome young man. He seemed to be singing to each girl there. Freddy Cannon, too. Also Clyde McPhatter. And England's Cliff Richards looked like all the rest. Screams for them all."

Rock-'n-roll dead? You kidding?

DARIN

PRESLEY

AVALON

FABIAN

RESTIVO

BOONE

EVERLY BROS.





## WHAT ABOUT AN

# APRIL FOOL

## PARTY?

By WILLIAM JOY

**T**WO of the most popular April Fool parties are the Backwards Party, where everything is done in reverse, and the Bag-o'-Tricks Party.

At both, of course, guests must be given an open go for practical jokes—but be sure they are friendly and that no one gets hurt.

### BACKWARDS PARTY

Everything must be in reverse at a backwards party.

The invitation—make up a rhyme if you can—should be written backwards, so it can only be read by holding it up to a mirror.

To write backwards, place a piece of carbon paper carbon side up. Put a piece of notepaper over it. Cover the notepaper with thin paper and write the invitation in the ordinary way with a pencil on the thin paper. Press heavily, and the "mirror writing" will be on the under side of the notepaper.

At the party, emphasise the wrong-way-round motif.

Put a notice, "Closed for the season. Go round the back," on the front door.

Mark the back door "Exit" and make the guests enter it backwards to a jangle of tincans, bells, and rattles.

Shake them by the left hand and give them the April Fool greeting, "Good night. Do come again soon."

On arrival, guests should not hesitate to greet their hostess with a calm, "Goodbye, I had a lovely time."

On the walls hang signs reading LOOF LIRPA (April Fool backwards).

Turn pictures upside down. Stick footprints of wrapping-

● April Fools' Day is a grand occasion for a crazy party—so, with only a fortnight to go, you'd better get busy.

paper with sticky tape on the ceiling so guests may think some April Fool has walked that way.

Put flowers in crazy vases, blossoms down, stems up.

Give guests a slip of paper with the letters in the names of other guests all jumbled. Tell each to unscramble the name and pin it on the right boy or girl.

A good game for this backwards party is to stand a boy and girl back to back and make them feed each other biscuits over their shoulders.

You might ask them to serve refreshments that way, too.

### BAG-O'-TRICKS PARTY

This being April Fools' Day, Mr. Bag-o'-Tricks needn't be the puckish little chap everyone expects. Dress him as a wizened old man with the cap and bells of a jester.

The invitations could be in rhyme, like this:

*Little Mr. Bag-o'-Tricks  
Writes to You to say  
You're invited to a party  
On All Fools' Day.*

Warn guests to be ready with a trick or practical joke of their own, if only in self-defence.

Mr. Trick's first job is to hand each guest a bag, saying, "This is your bag-o'-tricks."

The bag contains a simple jigsaw puzzle cut from a Christmas card or Valentine. Guests must solve the puzzle before joining the party.

As each guest arrives with a trick or practical joke of his own, the party should go with a swing from the start.

Those who have no trick should be given a dunce's cap and made to perform a comic dance or other stunt during the evening.

Each guest should be given five counters. All who put jokes over the other guests must take a counter from the victims.

The guest with the most counters at the end of the evening gets a prize.

### SOME TRICKS . . .

Here are some tricks for that YTRAP LOOF LIRPA:

- Glue a coin or nail a handkerchief to the floor. Many will stoop to pick them up.
- Give guests rubber pencils that bend and won't write for their writing games.
- Dummy glasses of delicious looking but nonexistent beverage.
- Imitation foods that look as good as the real thing.

### . . . AND GAMES

● Form guests into two teams. Make the two teams race against each other, two at a time, taking two steps forward and one backwards. It isn't as easy as it sounds.

● Forty Ways of Getting There is good fun. In this the relay racers travel across the room, or along the passage, running, crawling, somersaulting, walking backwards, or rolling, but no two players in the same team may use the same method.

● Queen of Sheba is a good April Fool's game. Young men who do not know the game are promised a kiss from the Queen of Sheba, usually the prettiest girl in the room.

They are told, however, they must be blindfolded and led through a corridor of guests, who will try to trip them as they pass.

As soon as the blindfolded boy is led in the guests withdraw their feet. The boy's antics as he tries to avoid the feet that aren't there will bring the house down.

And, of course, before he reaches the throne the Queen of Sheba slips away and he finds himself kissing a hairbrush, or a giggling boy.

**ALWAYS REMEMBER:** Everything at an April Fool party must be in genuine good fun.

No one must feel hurt. All must go away happy.



DAVID URRY, under-14 freestyle and butterfly champion of South Australia, is shown by coach Harry Gallagher how to grip the block with his toes.



HEART RATE, checked before and after a race, tells Harry what progress David is making. Most champions have a slow rate.

CHEST size and expansion are regularly measured to check growth and the effect of training and special exercises.



PRACTISING the butterfly stroke in Adelaide's City Baths, David, 13, has his eye on the 1964 Olympics.



## WORTH HEARING

### SCHUBERT: Trout Quintet

**MUSIC** written for a small number of instruments is called chamber music — music intended to be played in a small "chamber" rather than a concert hall. Though less spectacular than orchestral music, it opens up a whole subtle and intricate world of pure music.

Schubert's "Trout" Quintet is not so intricate, perhaps, but it is an enormously enjoyable introduction to chamber music. It is written for an unusual combination — piano, violin, viola, cello, and double-bass — and takes its name from its fourth movement, a set of variations on Schubert's own song *The Trout*.

There are two recordings of this work by members of the Vienna Octet, one with Walter Panhofer as pianist and the other with Clifford Curzon (both Decca).

— Martin Long



# CHAMPION SWIMMERS ARE MADE, NOT BORN

By NONI ROWLAND

● Australian swimmers are famous throughout the world and their photographs are nearly as familiar as those of Hollywood film stars. Headlines like "Aussie teenager breaks world record" are familiar reading in daily newspapers.

**B**UT the champions are not made overnight. Years of training go into the making of the swimming stars who stand so proudly on the Olympic victory dais to receive a gold medal for their country.

There are no short-cuts to aquatic fame.

If you want to become a champion, you have to be prepared to train, and train hard.

You have to learn self-discipline and obedience to the coach, watch your diet, and forgo any parties that prevent your getting at least ten hours' sleep.

"To become a world champion," says well-known Adelaide Olympic coach Mr. Harry Gallagher, "you have to have a strong character to give up most of the fun enjoyed by today's teenagers."

"Some children are born with intensive swimming ability, and a few of them become teenage worldbeaters."

"On the other hand, many of those who have a lot of natural ability are lacking in some other respect. They are unwilling to train long hours—or they are undisciplined."

"Other swimmers who are not quite 100 per cent. naturals, but have a fanatical desire to train, often turn out to be the best."

Training of future champions, according to Harry Gallagher, begins at the age of six, when they are taught to swim.

"We like to keep an eye on them once a month, until they are eight years old," he said.

"Then we put them into a junior training squad, where they are expected to swim six times a week, once a day, and rest on the seventh."

"They have their style perfected, especially the kick and breathing, and are encouraged to log many miles in slow, basic training."

"They are also taught other strokes apart from freestyle, but are not encouraged to specialise in one until they are 12."

"If they have championship ability they should be starting to show promise of it by then."

"Ilsa Konrads, for instance, created her first world record—for 880 yards—at 13 years of age."

## THE MAKER OF CHAMPS

**HARRY GALLAGHER**, the Adelaide Olympic swimming coach, has trained, among others, Jon Henricks, Dawn Fraser, Lorraine Crapp, Dale Kreig, John Monckton, Alva Colquhoun, Gergaynia Beckett, Cyrus Weld, and Murray Garretty.

At the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne, the 36-year-old coach pulled off the Blue Ribbon double when Jon Henricks won the men's 100 metres in record time and Dawn Fraser won the women's 100 metres in world record time.

Planning to make the 1964 Games in Japan the highlight of his coaching career, Harry has a lot of promising stars already in training. Two of them are David Urry, pictured at left, and Barbara Hams, at right.

From 12 onwards the swimming programme of practice and theory is increased substantially.

The young swimmers start specialising in the stroke and the distance at which they have shown the most promise.

"A typical programme," said Mr. Gallagher, "would include 10 or 12 training sessions a week, and one complete rest day each week."

"We don't talk in terms of hours of training, but in miles. We like them to swim about 20 miles a week."

"The 20 miles is made up mostly of 'efforts.' Efforts are swims over race distances in which the swimmer is told to put in a certain percentage of effort."

"For example, one day I might tell Dawn Fraser to swim eight 110yd. efforts expending only 90 per cent. of her energy on each effort."

On the theoretical side, Mr. Gallagher gives lectures on diet, style, racing techniques, and fundamental physiology.

The youthful swimmers are shown colored movie films of past events and recent championships. The films are analysed for faults and the good points are included in training sessions.

"If you want to be a champion, you also have to watch your diet," said Mr. Gallagher.

"From the ages of 12 to 16 the body starts to take on its shape of the future, so that in this period diet is most important."

"We are not vegetarians—far from it. But we do adhere to natural foods."

The foods recommended by the Olympic coach are:

- Fresh fruit and vegetables in abundance.
- First-class protein foods, which include steaks, liver, kidneys, and eggs.
- Dairy products such as milk, cheese, cream.
- Fish once a week.
- Dried fruits such as dates, raisins, figs, apricots, and nuts.

Taboo for swimmers are cakes, soft and alcoholic drinks, lollies, and fried foods.

A must for future Olympic champions is sleep—at least 10 hours a day.

"This need not necessarily all be at night," said Mr. Gallagher. "Eight hours at night would be sufficient, provided that the swimmers had two or three hours' sleep in the afternoon."

The right mental attitude to the sport is also important.

Mr. Gallagher encourages his pupils to think not of winning every race but of recording faster times than they have swum previously.

Through October to March the swimmers are busy in the pool, but training doesn't let up in the winter months, when the squads concentrate on weight training—exercising the body by lifting weights from 5lb. to 50lb.—long-distance running and hikes, callisthenics, lectures, and schoolwork.

Contrary to popular belief, Olympic year for most of the champions is not the hardest training year. By then the emphasis is placed on specialisation and tapering down.

Although the champions of the future spend hours training, it doesn't affect their schoolwork, according to Harry.

"On the contrary," he said, "during the years of intensive training we have found that the swimmers improve considerably in their class positions at school."



**BARBARA HAMS**, young South Australian back-stroke, butterfly, and freestyle champion, shows how the kicking-board is used by young swimmers.

**WEIGHT** training is an important part of the winter programme for champions. Here, Barbara lifts a 40lb. bar-bell.



**CALLISTHENICS** are another part of winter training. Barbara demonstrates an exercise where the arms and legs are crossed.



**BACKSTROKE** practice for Barbara. Now 12 years old, she has to swim at least 20 miles a week.





# A champion at trapping kings

By Carol Tattersfield

*Irene Tannenthal has been trapping kings and queens, bishops and knights, since she was eight. Now, at 16, she's capturing cups as well.*

## How to be an Angel-Child...



### Others like you for what you are

Just be the girl with a bright mind behind a happy face — and keep your grooming sky-high in smoothness. And, above all... don't give underarm odour a ghost of a chance. Keep your bath-fresh charm, with Mum.

Mum Deodorants are the safe, gentle deodorants—the deodorants you can trust. The special ingredient in Mum Deodorants, hexachlorophene, kills the bacteria causing perspiration odour and keeps you protected 24 hours a day.

Mum Deodorants are the most convenient, most effective deodorants you can buy. They're absolutely safe for normal skins and cannot damage the finest fabrics.



### Stay up-to-date dainty, with Mum

Choose from Mum Cream: 1/9-5/3; Mum Stick: 6/3; and Mum Roll-on: 7/6; at all Chemists and quality stores

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

● On the piano in the Tannenthals' North Sydney cottage two trophies hold pride of place. One is shaped like a chess king, the other like a queen.

**D**AUGHTER of the housey Irene, won the first as Australian Girl Chess Champion, the second as the N.S.W. Girl Champion.

Reflecting on these trophies is a tinted photograph of Irene as a child. And even then she had the same green-eyed, other-world look.

"Some of the masters know all the moves," Irene told me, "but I can see only three moves ahead—more if I work it out."

But what about Irene's past moves? How did she become so good?

While Irene considered the question her mother took the initiative.

"Such a year!" said Mrs. Tannenthal. "Irene led the school chess team—she was at North Sydney Girls' High—and they won the interschools' competition."

"She got her leaving certificate, too, and then there's been all these chess tournaments during the holidays. She really hasn't had a holiday at all; it's such a strain."

### Started at seven

Irene sat placidly pensive as her mother, who admitted that she herself couldn't even set up a chess-board, talked on. "You see, I can't play, but Arthur, my husband, used to play at school."

"He wanted someone to play with, so he taught Irene when she was about seven."

"No, I must have been eight," interrupted Irene.

"Well, you see," continued Mrs. Tannenthal, "we have a tradition of playing games which use the mind."

"We're from Estonia, though Irene was born here, and we have always played games when anyone came to call—Chinese chequers, draughts, dominoes, scrabble, and now chess. Irene can nearly beat her father."

Irene was modest: "Well, I only became better about two years ago."

"That was when you started taking lessons at school," said Mrs. Tannenthal, "and you came third in the State girls' championship."



IRENE TANNENTHAL, Australia's champion girl chess-player, says she can see only three moves ahead, "unless I work it out," but has no ambition to become a master.

Irene took my question before I had time to ask it: "We had chess lessons from Mrs. E. Koshnitsky, of the Chess Academy, every Friday in the lunch-time, and we used to play among ourselves whenever we had a spare minute."

"She used to take her portable set and play by herself in the train," said her mother.

"I only played the first moves and then plotted the others," Irene volunteered, and, again anticipating my question, she added, "No. I didn't notice if anyone looked and thought it was strange to see a schoolgirl engrossed in a game."

"She has a placid disposition and that deep concentration that chess requires," Mrs. Tannenthal said. "I suppose she gets it from being an only child and having to amuse herself, to some extent. When she was two or three she would spend hours and hours on the most difficult jigsaw puzzles. She still does them now when she's finished a difficult chess game, just to unwind."

### Good at maths

While Mrs. Tannenthal went to get a jigsaw her daughter had done, Irene said: "Besides having concentration and teaching, you need a mathematical brain."

"I did mainly Science and Maths for my Leaving Certificate, and got an A pass in Maths II."

"This year I'm studying shorthand and typing; I hope it's easier than chess."

But was chess really so hard? Irene pointed to rows and rows of encyclopaedias in the bookcase. "I've got thirty books on chess, but I haven't had time to read half of them. You have to keep up with all the periodicals, too."

Mrs. Tannenthal came back with Irene's enormous jigsaw puzzle.

"Irene is not going to be a professional chessmaster," she said.

"This is just a phase for her. She does the most beautiful embroidery. She wants more time to play the piano, for gardening and cooking, as well as all the other things a girl can learn."

And from Irene: "I don't like it when I beat the boys and then some of them won't play with me."

"I'd like to be a scientist."

"And you could be a detective, too," added her mother. "You could make all the right moves, I think."

## Points of ETIQUETTE

**BOYS** who say it with flowers are saying "I like you" in the nicest possible way.

So what if his corsage doesn't quite blend in with your outfit? Don't fuss and complain that he should have asked what color you'd be wearing.

Say, "What a wonderful surprise," and pin them on your evening bag or in your hair. They won't get nearly so crushed there as they would pinned on your dress, anyway.

Don't ask him to pin the flowers on for you, but do ask his opinion on how they look.

And if he arrives without flowers, and you know that absolutely every other girl at the dance will have a tiny floral offering... Well, always have some at home, just in case, and say, "The family gave me these. Aren't they lovely?"





DICK CARUSO with dark Latin looks is the 18-year-old singing cousin of the late great Caruso. Dick has been studying acting, singing, dancing since high school.

# The biggest of the Big Shows

● Next week's Big Show is the biggest and most expensive rock-'n-roll show so far brought to Australia. Its 13 acts will cost £8000 a day to stage.

THE full show will open in Melbourne on March 21 and 22, then split up into smaller shows for Adelaide and Hobart on March 23, Brisbane on March 24, and will reassemble in Sydney on March 25 and 26.

Besides those pictured here, Chan Romero, Mark Dinning, Jack Scott, and Johnny Preston are coming, too.

The popularity of these shows in all States confirms the New York report from Larry Foley on page 3 of this issue that rock-'n-roll is by no means dead.



FREDDY CANNON, 19, the singer from Massachusetts, hit the top with "Tallahassee Lassie." He also plays guitar and writes most of his material.

## LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

**Local talents:** You'll want to be in on this one. The Horrie Dargie Quintet are in top fooling form for "They're A Weird Mob," "The March Hare" — a behind-the-scenes recording — session novelty — and "Guaglione," a melodic Italian-style piece. A nice, varied little Columbia 45 souvenir of the irrepressible Quintet.

I THINK everyone will be happy about Frank Ifield's success with "Lucky Devil," his first overseas recording, and released here on a Columbia 45 with his own "Nobody Else But You" as flip. "Devil," perhaps, has that extra punch that makes a winner, but Frank's original is well worth spinning in its own right.

RICK and Thel Carey, with their Australianised brand of Country and Western, are just about as popular as mail-day in the outback. Their new one, the sad story of "Rusty Goes Home" (a Carey original), and the skittish "Let's Kiss And Try Again" are going to get a big welcome where the bathtubs are broad and the stockwhips crack. Not that there's anything wrong with Rick and Thel for built-up areas—they're a great pair.

**Pops:** The Arkansas-born Browns, Jim, Bobbie, and Maxine, who only last year shot to the top with "The Three Bells," are on offer on an R.C.A. LP, "Sweet Sounds With The Browns." Included in their dozen numbers are "Only The Lonely," "Unchained Melody," "Love Me Tender." Sweet, harmonious stuff, with never a jarring note.

**Dancing:** Old reliable Guy Lombardo may be a little on the square side, but he's a

great man for a tasteful, well-balanced dance programme. "Your Guy Lombardo Medley, Vol. 2" (Capitol LP) offers snatches of 40 standards and near-standards that should go down very well with the average Saturday-night crowd.

WHEN you want a lively Latin beat there's "Pops and Prado" (R.C.A. LP) with Perez Prado and orchestra giving an exciting new sound to such material as "Three Little Words," "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and "Paper Doll."

FOR that last, romantic half-hour, "Girls Were Made To Take Care Of Boys" (true, maybe, but what a title!) should be just the thing. Reg Owens and his orchestra play a romance-accented selection, including "A Little On The Lonely Side," "I'll String Along With You," "As Time Goes By." No vocals. (R.C.A. LP.)

**Entertainers:** Though a new Chevalier album came out some weeks ago, the appearance of "Thank Heaven For Maurice Chevalier" (R.C.A. LP) with Maurice in the songs that made him Mum's beau ideal can hardly go unnoticed. "Louise," "Mimi," "You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me," and 11 others. "Maurice Chevalier Sings Broadway" (M.G.M. LP) is the one teenagers will know. Songs from "My Fair Lady," "Can Can," and "South Pacific," among other shows.

STAN FREBERG'S last effort, "Green Christmas," took a swipe at the season's commercialism and didn't get much air-play in this country. It seems reasonable to expect

that his newest, "The Old Payola Roll Blues" (Capitol 45), a send-up of the discovery and promotion of a teenage singing idol, won't be exactly a chart-topper, either. But if you have a sense of humor get hold of it.

**Classical:** Pianist Philippe Entremont, one of this year's A.B.C. celebrity artists, can be heard with Eugene Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra (Coronet LP) in two Liszt piano concertos, Nos. 1 and 2. Virtuosity and sensibility in the soloist, plus Ormandy and a fine orchestra, make this a recording of more than average interest and value.

**Opera:** You might wonder why anyone would want to hear operatic selections played by an orchestra and not sung. Well, lots of people enjoy their opera this way. Andre Kostelanetz selections from Verdi's "Aida" is the fifth in his splendid Coronet LP series of Opera-For-Orchestra, and should be a great success with those who have enjoyed the others.

**Stereo:** With stereo getting to be a bigger thing all the time, it's nice to know that EP issues are now coming on the market. Two (R.C.A.) cater for varied tastes. Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston Pops Orchestra in "Strings A-Plenty" ("Holiday For Strings," "Our Waltz," "The Song From Moulin Rouge," "Candlelight Waltz"). "Under Western Skies" offers George Melachrino and Orchestra with "Riders In The Sky," "Cool Water," "Red River Valley," and "The One Armed Bandit."



JERRY LEE LEWIS, the pianist who never plays a number the same way twice. Remember "Whole Lotta Shaking Going On"?



NEIL SEDAKA, 19, singer and pop-song composer who has never had a singing lesson in his life but studies piano at Juilliard School.



MARV JOHNSON, 21, composer, singer, and pianist, loves popular songs, rock-'n-roll, and jazz. He started singing with a small group.



JIMMY CLANTON, 18, a guitarist and singer who hails from America's Deep South. His recording "Just A Dream" sold a million.



AT LEFT: Singing group Dion and the Belmonts.

BELOW: Johnny and the Hurricanes. Johnny plays the saxophone, Tesluk organ, Savich drums, Mattice bass, Yorke lead guitar.

● Turn to page 16 for color pin-up of Rod Lauren, 20, the tall, dark, handsome ballad singer on R.C.A. records.



Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7





# That Beautiful Experience

on the planning level—not a creative type—and his actual work is probably no more thrilling than that of a broker, banker, or candlestick-maker.

Still, he and Helena have these cocktail parties at which you may see faces familiar from the twenty-one-inch screen, and I have witnessed the collapse from Martinis of more than one guest beloved in living-rooms from coast to coast.

I hope, quite sincerely, that the above is not making me sound like a wise brat, cynical about everything and name-dropping a mile a minute.

**I** STARTED out the summer writing in my Journal a quotation from Elizabeth Taylor, where she said: "I have the body of a woman and the emotions of a child." This is possibly a letdown to you after my mentioning my beloved Jane Austen. I suppose I had prepared the reader for a fancier repast, in which I would be quoting Marcus Aurelius or Doctor Johnson, but I can't help that.

The Elizabeth Taylor thing is the way I felt. Now I feel a little different, and much better, and that (and Brad Ferris) is the story.

"The body of a woman and the emotions of a child." Whatever you may think of Old Liz, that is quite a statement. All I could be absolutely sure of was "the body of a woman" part.

You don't have to live in Bayview and be in the middle of people in what they like to call The Communications Field, to know that you are growing up. It is a simple matter of having eyes and a mirror and commonsense. A tape-measure may be of some assistance, but I do not believe it is vital.

All I know is that suddenly looking at the pictures of pin-up queens in magazines and newspapers and looking at myself in a bathing suit or in bra and panties or, to be absolutely honest, in nothing at all, I was able suddenly to say, "Well, here I am, and what have they got that I haven't?"

Now this is sounding conceited and adding to the very impression I am trying to avoid. I don't mean that I thought I was ready to push Sophia Loren off the magazine covers or run Ava Gardner out of Hollywood. Just that in a slightly better-than-average way I had a good shape, at least as good as ninety per cent. of the girls I saw billed as Miss Sleep-on-a-Mattress-for-Health Week and so on.

A girl can get a fair idea of how things are turning out in the body department by the way men look at her. By this I do not mean the brats of my own age clowning around on the beach, who would whistle at the Mona Lisa if she walked past in a bathing-suit. I mean when you are walking down the street and you find men you don't know from Adam giving you a second glance—just an interested glance. The ones who leer are like the brats at the beach; they would leer at anything.

So this is where we are. The end of junior year at high school. The beginning of summer. And Pam Winstead figuring out that she is in the Elizabeth Taylor situation. That's me, in case you have already forgotten the name.

So I started the summer by doing some thinking and also talking the thing over with those of my friends for whose intellects I had some respect.

I tried in my Journal to clarify the problem by writing it down as if it were part of a geometry exercise: given, not unexpectedly but still quite suddenly, a physique comparing favorably with the best, not to mention a whole army of glands and things probably working like crazy even when you are asleep, what do you do with it?

There were plenty of other girls with the same

problem, but not all of them were necessarily equipped with the brainpower to analyse it.

Arlene Sloper is in my class at school, and she is a girl who could give Signorina Loren some competition, but it was no use talking to Arlene. She had begun to blossom as far back as sophomore year, and all the junior and senior wolves gave her a great play until they found it was hopeless.

You see, Arlene has this dream that some day, somehow, while she is sunbathing (don't ask me why, but it is always when she is sunbathing) a man looking exactly like Tony Curtis is going to come along in a helicopter.

I suppose he is first going to hover over her for a while, making sure it is Arlene. Then he is going to put his whirlybird in neutral and climb down a little ladder, and he and Arlene are going to have a beautiful experience. That is as far as the dream goes; I don't know whether he flies away or stays on forever, or what.

I have given you these details about Arlene for two reasons. First, to make it clear that she is not a girl with whom I could hope for much reward in discussing our mutual problem; second, to show that despite her idiocy she had worked out a perfectly satisfactory personal solution.

Alas, Arlene's solution could not be mine since my mind is anchored in a rationality entirely foreign to her simple nature. For all I know, Arlene may continue to use her helicopter dream indefinitely, in which case it will have ceased to be a solution and have become a form of true insanity.

I can see her fifty years from now, crammed into shorts and halter, a blanket and pillow under one arm, her little transistor radio clutched in the other, hiking off to her sunny trysting place. But though in fifty years helicopters may be as thick as station wagons are today and every male may look like Tony Curtis, I doubt if Arlene (her real problem is going to be weight) will then attract a second glance from aerial hoverers.

**I** HAD to find my own solution, as I have said. To seek it I had recourse to what sources of information seemed pertinent. Which explains how I came to Mlle Sagan, not to mention a host of her imitators (whom I found not only disappointing but vulgar), not to mention the Kinsey books and a vast treasure-trove of other related materials I found in Helena's and Gus' shelves.

None of it was very helpful.

The reader may well ask why, having parents I have described as intelligent and sympathetic and by inference by no means narrow, I didn't leap at the chance to curl up for a long heart-to-heart with Helena or Gus or both.

The reader who asks that question is probably a parent herself, which makes an answer all but impossible. Because the answer is simply that Helena and Gus were my parents.

At the risk of sounding reactionary, I think children may have had a simpler time in Victorian days when they understood definitely that there were certain things they couldn't mention to Mother and Father. It may have had its drawbacks, but at least it gave the children some sense of having a private world of their own which I think is both delightful and important. Now you are expected to be able to tell Ma or Pa, your buddies, all about everything, from which boys make passes to which girls accept them.

The only trouble is that they aren't your buddies; they are parents. And when you least expect it they are likely to react as such. Thus, my friend Sandra,

**O**F course I had read Mlle Sagan's books although I didn't discuss them with Helena or Gus. Helena and Gus are my parents; respectively, as you may have guessed, Mother and Father. They are a little old-fashioned and do make a most important thing of being called Helena and Gus rather than Mother and Father. This has a kittenish ring to it and it makes them happy, so I find little difficulty in curbing my daughterly instincts and humoring them.

I am Pamela Winstead and I am sixteen. I do not doubt for a solitary moment that Helena and Gus would have been delighted to have me discuss Mlle Sagan with them, but a girl likes her privacy. Also they would have been unhappy to learn that I did not overly care for Mlle Sagan.

I read her books in much the same spirit of inquiry with which I leafed through the two Kinsey Reports (Gus' copies). I found them disappointing as sources of information (the Sagans) and as writing they were incomparably below my beloved Jane Austen.

Gus is an executive with CQQQ-TV. Now and then I will meet a girl who, on hearing of this, will clap her hands and coo, "How exciting." But where we live is the Bayview area of Toronto, where everybody's father seems to be in television or advertising or is a writer or an artist, so that Gus' station in life (no pun) cuts very little ice with my contemporaries.

All this is by way of explaining that ours is, I suppose, a rather artificial or at least unusual environment. What I am setting out to prove by writing about my experience of this summer is that, no matter what the environment, a girl has problems, and perhaps if it had been a different setting my problems would not have been afforded so satisfying a solution.

To get back to Gus' job, I suppose there are some elements of glamor in it, although he is an executive



## A SHORT STORY BY AL HINE

# Experience

ourselves inescapably drawn to the automobile comparison.

As Sandra put it: "You suddenly get a brand-new Jaguar or Mercedes, and does everybody expect you to tuck it away in the garage until it simply rusts?"

"No," I had to confess.

"But here we are," Sandy went on, "with the Taylor body, so to speak, and all this"—indicating the pile of Your Teen-Ager And Sex books—"all this says don't do a thing with it. It's not only unfair, it doesn't make sense. I wish I could talk to Gus about it . . ."

"You do and I'll keelhaul you," I said. "Remember Pookie Revere, loudmouth."

"Oh, all right, but what do we do? I tell you, Pam lamb, I feel funnier and funnier on dates now. The old resistance wears thin when there's no foundation of logical decision behind it."

"One of us is going to have to take the plunge and find out what it's really like," I said.

"Oh, Pam!" Sandy said. "One of us?"

"One of us," I said firmly. "Can you see either of us trusting the reports of a Pookie Revere—even if she still spoke to you? Can you think of anyone else you know who knows the score, but whose reactions would be worth a hoot to you or me? No, it has to be one of us, and I think the only fair way is to draw straws."

There was a lot more talk, several days of it, before we drew, but it all boiled down to what has been recorded, that we could only trust each other, so one or the other must be detailed to discover the Mystery of Life.

As you will have guessed if you have been reading at all carefully (Gus says that any story worth reading deserves at least as much attention as the label on a prescription bottle), I drew the short straw.

And now I am on the defensive again and have to interject an explanation and an insistence that, though it sounds like it, this wasn't remotely related to those teenage sex-gang initiation things you read about in the tabloids. In the first place, I don't see how even a tabloid reporter could call just Sandy and me a gang. In the second place, as you have seen, it was a sober decision carefully arrived at, and those kids I have read about sound as calm and collected as a Witches' Sabbath, believe me.

The decision, of course, set off a whole new round of conferences dealing with such questions as Who, When, Where, quite as though such details could be accurately controlled.

Two factors combined to rule out the obviously available and even anxious-to-co-operate boys we normally dated. One factor was gossip, because if you think teenage girls chatter it is only because you have been spared association with teenage boys. The other factor was their simple unattractiveness. Some of them are nice boys, but not in relation to the important step I was contemplating.

It had to be a Mysterious Stranger and even in our neighborhood that was a large order.

There were times in those first months when I honestly would have traded places with Arlene, transistor radio, tendency to overweight, Tony Curtis, helicopter, and all.

And you can have no idea of how time drags once you have made a decision and are then waiting for the action which the decision entails.

We had a flurry of excitement in July when the Wickses down the road imported a house guest, a young man who taught a course in The Novel at a women's college. He dressed like a dream, like a dream of the English countryside to be exact, and he had a beautiful speaking voice.

"He's it," Sandra said excitedly. "Bootsie Phelan's sister is in his class, and she says the girls just drool over him, and he's studied abroad, and he's bound to have had millions of affairs. How can we get you a date?"

I felt a prickle of gooseflesh at everything getting so close and all, but I had to admit that he looked like the perfect candidate.

Getting a date was no trick at all. I met him at a church rummage sale, and was properly introduced by Mrs. Wicks: "Pamela Winstead, this is Peter Pin-

● To Page 10

failing to understand this fallacy, used to share everything with her Mother Betty (like some tiny revival meeting). Until one day when she was telling Betty what she thought was a screamingly funny story about poor Pookie Revere, who has one word—"Yes"—for anything in pants, or anything that pants, she found Betty turning all red and indignant. The upshot was that Pookie came within an ace of being thrown out of school and many a junior and senior male was let in for an embarrassing session with the principal.

I don't think Helena or Gus would react in this manner, but you may now see why I am unwilling to take any chances. I thank heaven I did have Sandra, who was facing the same problem (though in a minor way since her pectoral development is not all it might be) and unlike Arlene was equipped with all the normal complement of brain and maybe a little more.

**W**E kicked the whole thing around the early weeks of summer lying on our backs and ignoring the whistles and innuendoes at the beach, driving around the countryside in Sandra's brother's convertible (the darling went on a hiking tour of Finland), sitting in the rumpus-room rainy days and discussing our research reading.

There were some books aimed specifically at teenage girls, but even when they weren't downright cloying it was obvious between the lines that they were as unobjective as any other literature that has something to sell. More and more Sandra and I found

"One of us is going to have to take the plunge and find out what it's really like," I said . . . "and the only fair way is to draw straws."

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD





dar. Pamela's very interested in books." (As if that were leprosy.)

I was in very brief shorts, which never did anyone a bit of harm, and a clinging wool jersey top, ditto. I hung around Mr. Pindar and on his every word (every other word was "vitality") until very soon it was Pam and Peter, and how dearly I'd like to have a long talk about The Novel.

After some further effort, almost amounting to putting words in Peter's mouth, it was agreed that he would pick me up the next night for dinner and possibly a movie.

Gus and Helena had a few reservations about the date, but I managed to dispel them. "He looks like a wolf in creep's clothing," Gus insisted. And Helena wished it were a double date. But they finally gave in.

**T**hat afternoon Sandy and I went mad with preparation. I had almost forcibly to keep her from covering me head to toe with a parfum irresistible, and also to veto most of her suggestions about plunging necklines, slit skirts, and the like. I was feeling all of a tingle, and at the self-same time quite disagreeable and short-tempered. A bundle of conflicting emotions is a phrase which has been used before, but it fitted.

Being a stranger to our region, Peter let me select the place where we would dine. Though I had in my head a vision of shrimps scampi almost as overwhelmingly attractive as the scheduled awakening into womanhood, I ruled out the Jolly Fisherman and chose a candlelit and intimate retreat far from the madding highway.

*Elizabeth Arden*  
says



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beauty on  
your youth**

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*Elizabeth Arden*

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## That Beautiful Experience

● From page 9

Everything went wrong even before dinner was over. I suppose, in recollection, that I should have steered the conversation away from The Novel and into more personal channels, but Peter's reputation was as an expert on The Novel and he wouldn't be budged from it.

Over the first course he took flight into a long harangue about how The Novel had been liberated. I listened politely for moments, but I couldn't keep a civil tongue in my head when I began to realise that what he was talking about was liberation from the kind of book my beloved Jane Austen had written.

"Well," I said, and I fear my accent was a trifle harsh, "do you really mean to tell me the people in these lurid books you are talking about are more real than Anne Elliot or Captain Wentworth?"

"Than whom?" he said Britishly.

I had to explain to him that I was talking about the principal characters in "Persuasion"! The man was an out-and-out fraud!

Further small talk elicited nothing save further evidence of abysmal ignorance on the part of Professor Pindar.

After dinner I got him to take me to the movies, where I rudely discouraged his unprofessional tendency to grope. When he pulled the car off the road on the way home, it took me only a few moments to put him straight about my amorous inclinations. No matter with what resolution I had started out, I was not going to enter Womanhood with the assistance of a man who had, in so many words, reviled Jane Austen.

Sandra, who was parked shamelessly on our doorstep at dawn the next morning, was disgusted with me.

"Couldn't you just once have forgotten about Old Jane?" she asked. "The summer's going fast and where will we find another prospect like Peter Pindar?"

"When I forget about Miss Austen, whom I must ask you not to call Old Jane, I shall be too uninterested in life to enjoy any experience," I retorted. "If you feel so strongly on the subject, have a try at Professor Pindar yourself. He's almost monotonously easy to snare."

Sandra backed down and reconciled as I knew she would. And we were faced with further weeks, agonising weeks of our old indecision and lack of prospects.

**B**RAD FERRIS had been around all the time, which is what made it so infuriating when I finally thought of him. He was (and is) ideal. It was just that I was so used to him.

Brad has been a friend of the family for ages. He is an appallingly handsome man in his late twenties, a very successful writer for TV; charming, literate, and most romantic in that, even at his early age, he has been thrice married to devastatingly beautiful women, usually actresses or models. He visits either at our own house or in the neighborhood almost every weekend.

"Thank heavens!" Sandra said when I mentioned Brad. "We must have been mad to ignore him." She gave a huge sigh of relief. "I was afraid it was going to be never."

Brad was up next weekend and I astonished Helena and Gus by staying home for one of their cocktail parties instead of racing off with the gang.

Cocktail parties are supposed to run from, say, five till seven, but they never seem to end. So it was just falling softly dark when I succeeded in detaching Brad from the girls who, as usual, surrounded him and got him off to a deserted corner.

I knew I'd had his attention earlier in the party. I'd worn tight toradors which had been proven eyecatchers, and the dependable jersey top. He'd looked at me more than once and when he had I'd returned his look with a sort of thing I'd been practising in which the head is lowered a little and you just smoulder from the tops of your eyes. This doesn't explain it too well, but you may trust me when I say that it is most effective.

I was trembling inside, but I forced myself to give an impression of calm confidence and sophistication. Even in recollection in tranquillity I will confess I was too jittery to remember exactly what was said at first. Some talk about the stars, I think, and I may have quoted, "In such a night as this," from "The

Merchant of Venice," because it is one of my favorites.

It isn't difficult to let a man find himself holding you and kissing you, if you go about it in the proper way.

In this case, I would hazard that Brad thought he was going to bestow upon me a friend-of-the-family peck, but before he was through I made it quite clear that I had something different in mind. He drew back, by no means displeased but possibly a little puzzled. I let my body move with his and looked up into his eyes.

"Brad, Brad," I said. "It's like flying. Let's..."

It sounds just a little silly and pretentious as I write it now but I honestly think, when I said it, that I meant it. All of a wonderful sudden my jitters were gone and it wasn't a stunt any more.

It was one of those warm, soft evenings—the kind Shakespeare must have been thinking about when he wrote, "In such a night..."—and looking up at Brad's face his eyes were big in the shadow, and kissing him had been so satisfactory.

And do you know what he did?

I don't think I could have endured it if he had been flustered or embarrassed, or if he had been patronising, or especially if he had pretended he didn't know what I wanted. But he wasn't any of those things.

First he kissed me back, and it was assuredly not a friend-of-the-family peck, and then he put his hands on either side of my waist, and as I melted dreamily expecting heaven knows what, he picked me up bodily and sat me on the stone fence in back of us.

"Pam," he said, "you know what you're doing, but at the same time you don't know."

**I**F he hadn't kissed me, and kissed me so before, I would have jumped down from the fence and fled. I felt about two inches tall, and tousled and tawdry to boot. Because all of a sudden I knew he was right. I could write a million more words and still not explain how I knew, but I knew. So I braced myself for a long lecture.

Instead, all we had was a perfectly wonderful talk, more like a talk with Sandra but with the very important difference that Sandra isn't six-foot-two and Gregory Peckish, and also lacks a background of experience and sophistication such as Brad has.

He hiked himself up on the fence next to me, and I found myself telling him the whole story of the summer and my problem, and he never snickered once, though he did laugh quite loudly at some points. But it was a sharing laugh and I couldn't mind it.

I don't remember half the things we said, but he kept making sense without sounding like an advice book. I do remember telling him the automobile comparison because that was one of the times he laughed most.

"You should really do better than that," he said. He was looking me over appreciatively as he said it.

"I imagine it's a penalty of living in the machine age," he said, "but you should find yourself something better than a car for comparison. Say, a bottle of good wine. And when you come into possession of a bottle of good wine you don't immediately broach and drink it up, Pam. Not unless you're either tasteless or a dipso."

"No, you put it away very carefully for a special occasion, for a time when you'll find somebody you'd really like to share it with. You don't go pouring it out in a kitchen tumbler for the first cluck who comes along. Remember that."

It was as nice a thought as I could have had myself. Before he helped me down from the fence—and he helped me down not as if I were made of glass but with some satisfaction in the fact that I had a body—he said also, "A wise person doesn't hoard wine either. But there is a right time and a right person and I think you'll know when they come together."

There isn't any more story. Sandra was furious at me all over again until I told her about the wine business. She liked that, too, as I knew she would. We have a raft of private jokes now, Sandy and I, in our senior year, about vintage wines and wines that won't travel, and we annihilate ourselves laughing at them and many of our friends think us insane.

Also, quite independently of Brad's thoughts about wine, there is the fact (known to me all along) that it took Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy simply hundreds of pages to get together and the longer it took the more interesting and exciting it was. That's for me. (If Professor Pindar or any of his students are reading this: Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy are the principal characters in a novel named "Pride and Prejudice," by Miss Jane Austen. So there.)

(Copyright)





Joan Marie brushes powder out of her eyebrows with a small dry brush.



"For dates or camera, the roll-on mascara gives just the right look!"



Joan Marie makes "cheek hollows" for night with darker pancake.

People do notice shoes. So Joan Marie always gives extra brush to her suedes.



How often to wash? "When hair needs it," says Margurita. "Daily if it's oily!"



Margurita uses hair spray before she styles hair. "Softer and lasts longer."

## 18 BEAUTY HINTS FROM TEEN MODELS

● Six young girls share with you the often simple, often overlooked details that make the difference between a memorable model and just another girl.



"Hair looks better when you massage scalp daily," says lovely Margurita.



Margurita eats on the run, but it's food for energy and figure. It's cheese.



"Crooked seams make any legs look crooked. Check often," says Ann.



"It took me sitting to teach me not to stop make-up at the chin!" notes Penny.

"Few of us give our necks the stimulation of a daily scrub," says Penny.



"You simply can't cheat on sleep and face a camera." Nor dates, nor friends!

"I brush and then brush again to give lustre to my dark hair," says Sigrid.



Transparent tape, sticky side out, is Mary Rose's trick for de-linting wools.

"There's no such thing as almost clean. One wear, one wash," says Ann.



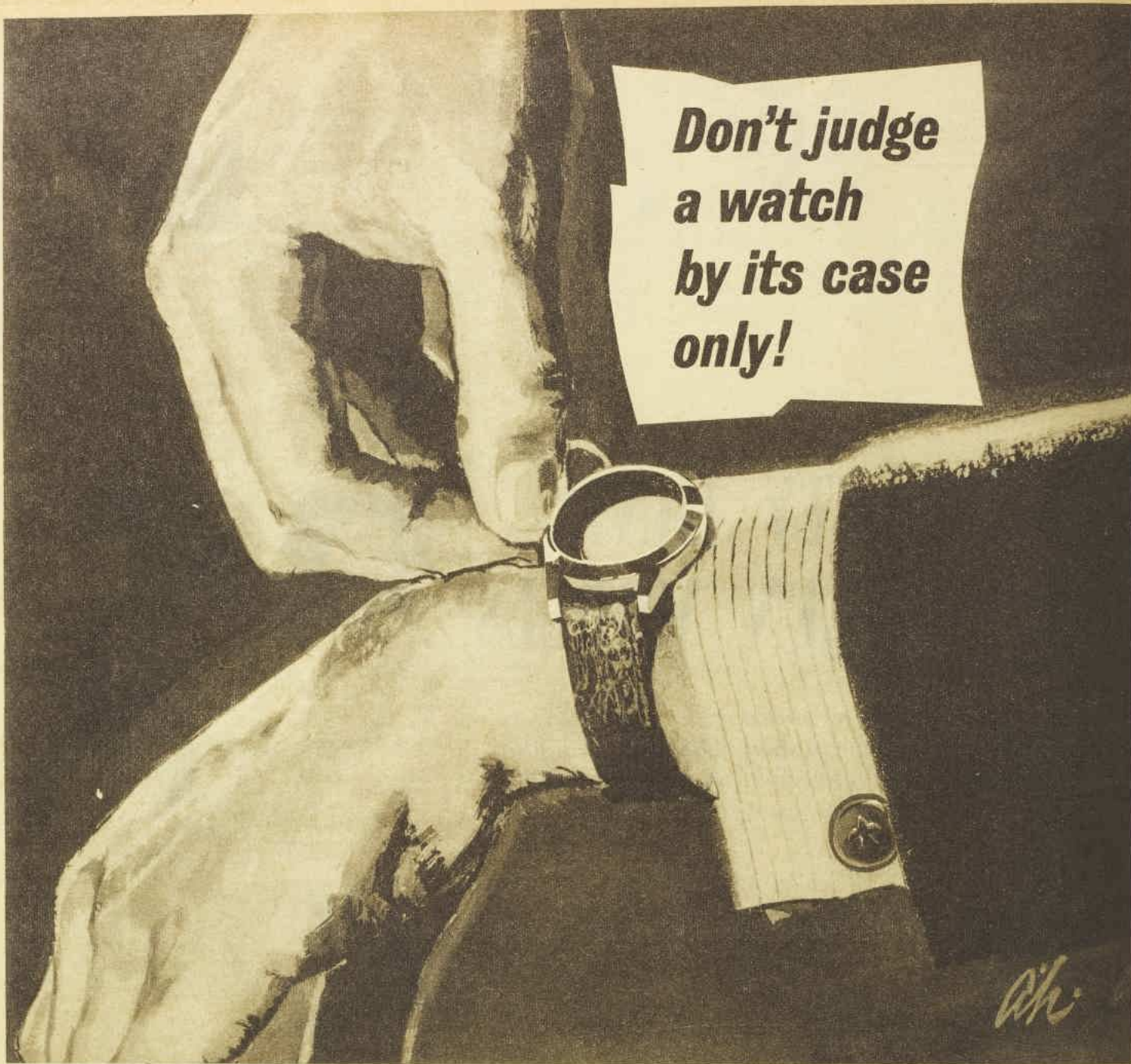
Sigrid finds the inch-and-a-half to two-inch belt best bet for most girls.

"Snow-capped alps may look pretty, but not on your neck," cautions Sigrid.



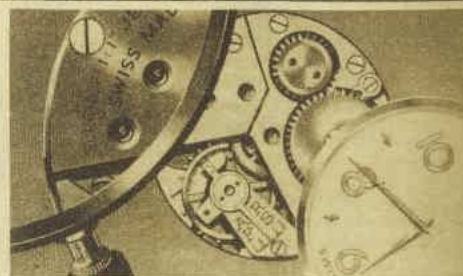


**Don't judge  
a watch  
by its case  
only!**



**I**F you're thinking of buying (or giving) a watch, remember this. A good looking case is no guarantee of a good watch. And no one wants a watch that will eventually be more trouble than it's worth. The real answer to how accurate and trouble-free your watch will be lies *inside* the case. In the fact that every fine SWISS watch is fitted with a certain number of functioning jewels. And most important, that a fine Swiss watch has a movement which includes *two essential jewels* where they count most; at the hard-working heart of your watch — the jewelled-lever escapement.

**FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, BEFORE YOU BUY A WATCH, ASK YOURSELF TWO QUESTIONS. IS IT SWISS? HAS IT A QUALITY MOVEMENT?**



Ask your jeweller or watchmaker why you should choose a fine Swiss watch with two vital jewels protecting the escapement's points of wear. For lasting economy, jewels elsewhere are useful; two jewels here are essential.

*A fine SWISS watch: the only watch worth buying*

**THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND**



SW219FFM.



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

## Dancing and squash

"I AM a young girl of 13 and was wondering whether I was too young to learn ballroom dancing. My mother says I am, and that I should wait for about two more years. I also want to know if it is the proper thing for a girl to play squash, or if it is just a boy's game?"

T.J., Vic.

I don't think you are too young to learn, but I think it would be better to wait as your mother suggests. Obviously, you don't need to be a ballroom dancer before you are 15, anyway.

It is quite proper for girls to play squash. Many do. It is a very exciting, strenuous game that you would probably enjoy.

## "See you tomorrow"

"I AM a girl 16 years of age and have been going for 6-7 months with a boy two years older than me. This boy and myself seem to get on together very well, and there is only one thing disturbing me. When I first started going with this boy, he came to get me to go for a swim with him and his friends every Saturday and Sunday. He stopped this a few months ago and only picked me up, say, about once or twice a month. Now, don't get me wrong. I know my boy-friend should have some time with just the boys, but every Friday and Saturday night when he takes me home—he hasn't a car, we have to walk—he never fails to say 'I'll see you tomorrow,' but he hardly ever does. Don't you think that if this boy had no intention at all of seeing me the next day he should not say that? Also, if he is not at my place by two in the afternoon and my brother offers to take me for a swim and I go, this boy-friend goes mad. He says I went swimming

with my brother and all his friends. My brother is 18 and most of his friends are older than he. I do not see why I should stay at home and wait for him if he is not coming round. I like this boy very much, but it is definitely not love, just a strong admiration for him."

R., W.A.

You seem to have everything well under control. It is very annoying when this boy says "See you tomorrow" and doesn't turn up, but some people don't mean a thing by such remarks. It's just a sort of conventional phrase to them that they feel it is necessary to say.

Next time he says it, either pin him down and say "What time?" or go out with your brother if you feel like it, if it is left indefinite.

## Friendship rings

"A BOY of 19 and I, who am 17, have been going steady for six months. He treats our relationship very seriously and has offered me a friendship ring. I don't know whether to accept it or not, as I don't know if this ties you to certain obligations, or is supposed to be an introduction to a steadier relationship. Please tell me the sentimental value of such a ring."

"Undecided," Qld.

Friendship rings don't mean a thing. There are no obligations attached to them as there are for an engagement or wedding ring. They are just a modern fad thought up by someone clever in commerce. Ties that need a friendship ring to make them secure are not worth much, really.

## Wants him back

"I HAVE been going out with a very nice boy who is the same age as me, 18, for six months. Although I like

him very much, I wanted to go out with more boys but he was against the idea, so I said I'd stop going out with him. Now, after thinking it over for a few days, I find I like him much more than I thought I did. I would very much like him back again, as I know he likes me. Should I make the first move by ringing him up, or let him do it?"

R.B.M., N.S.W.

If you are really sure you want him back, on his terms, you should let him know. I don't see how you can expect him to make the first move. He has accepted your terms and bowed out. You must be quite sure about how you feel before you do this, quite sure that your decision is right.

When you are, ring him up and tell him he was right and you were wrong, and see what happens. It doesn't necessarily follow that he'll feel the same, but he probably will.

## Too shy to speak

"I AM a girl of 16 and I am very fond of a 17-year-old boy. He took me home from a dance and made a date with me for the following night, but he didn't turn up. I went to the dance alone the following Saturday night. He was there and had two dances with me, and apologised for not turning up. Then he asked if he could take me home, and I refused. Now I am kicking myself for not accepting. What can I do to get him to ask me out again without making it too obvious that I am chasing him? We meet often in the street and he always speaks, but I am too shy and I blush and just give him a very faint smile. I have tried to forget about him, but it is impossible. Do you think he thinks I snub him in the street?"

"Distressed," S.A.

He probably thinks you are not very friendly in the street, which is a shame, because I think it's your best chance to be nice to him and get that invitation.

Next time you see him, make a special effort and stop and talk to him and give him a big smile. I think it's your only hope, unless you see him at another dance. Don't let that blush worry you. Smile, and stop and talk to him.

## First-date kiss

"I AM 16 and recently came home from a dance with a boy who I think is fabulous. This is the first time I have ever come home or gone out with a boy, and I let him kiss me a few times. I suppose I shouldn't have, because you say not to let a boy kiss you on the first meeting or date, but I just couldn't help it, because he was so nice and he wanted to kiss me and I wanted him to. Was I wrong in letting him kiss me, and does this make me cheap? I certainly don't want to be cheap. This is the first time I have been kissed by a boy."

"First Kiss," Tas.

Kissing a boy goodnight doesn't make a girl cheap, even if it is a first date. I've never said you shouldn't kiss a boy on your first date with him. What I always say is that kissing knows no rules. The best kisses just happen, like this first one of yours.

## Thin eyebrows

"IS there a remedy for thin and colorless eyebrows? I have heard of some and inquired at chemist shops, but they haven't got it. I have dark brown hair with a red tinge (natural) but one can hardly see my eyebrows. Could you please tell me if there is?"

"Worried," S.A.

Not that I know of, except eyebrow

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



BEING a bridesmaid this year or getting yourself dossed up for a big do? Try something special for your hair, something with flowers or bows.

For bridesmaids, my favorite is earmuffs of flowers — fresh or false — held with a velvet band over the crown of the head. The muffs are divine made of fresh flowers, but fake flowers stay the course better.

If you've gone for the new beehive hair-do, circle your piled-up hair with a band of ribbon and tie it in a flyaway bow at the centre back. For gala nights, tie the bow with long follow-me-lad ribbon tails and sew a tiny posy on each streamer end.

If you're not a high-hair girl, follow Chanel, the famous French dress designer, and wear two flat camellias above and behind your right ear. This year's dream suit from Chanel was in scarlet wool, and the mannequin who wore it wore two matching scarlet camellias in her blond hair. Why don't you?

pencil, which is a difficult cosmetic to use well. I've never heard of anything that makes them grow thicker or more colorful. They look better if you smear just a sensation of lanoline or face-cream on them and comb them into shape. Try that until you are old enough for eyebrow pencil, which is, I think, about 18.

## Vein worry

"THIS is what worries me. I am only 15½ years old, am 5ft. 3in., and weigh 8½ stone. I think I am regarded as plump, but that is not what worries me. I am terrified of my legs, which, although a little fat, have big varicose veins on them. I even have one vein on my right leg which has big lumps on it. I read where putting my feet above my head for 10 minutes a day prevented these veins, but this had no results, as the veins were the same as usual. I do not stand excessively, and I try not to jar my feet in any way. I was not very worried at first, but now, as I see these veins increasing, I try every possible method of preventing them. Do you think if I went to a doctor he would be able to help me? Or could you suggest some massage or exercises? I could easily do exercises to prevent or rid me of these veins. I might add that my auntie has these big veins, too."

"Worried L.V.G.," Qld.

Your problem is a medical one; you should see your doctor right away.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

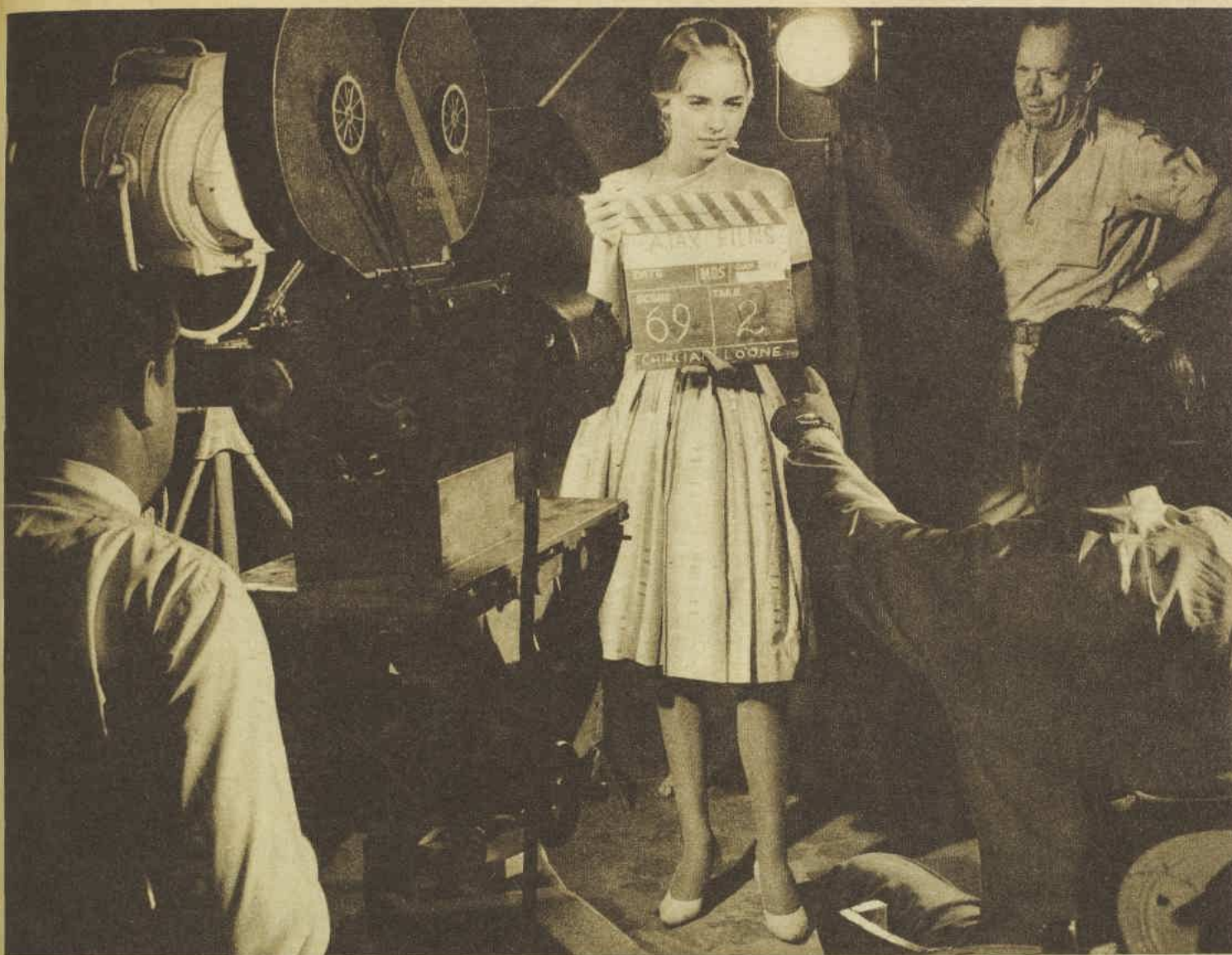


"Well, at least he's not the kind that just honks his horn at the kerb."









other people's jobs...

## Continuity Girl's *tools-of-the-trade* . . . script . . . good memory . . . wide general knowledge . . . (she reads the Telegraph!)

In film-making, the scenes are not always shot in the order they appear on the screen. And, to make things even more complicated, sometimes a scene may not be finished at the end of the day — next morning every detail of the scene must be duplicated exactly before the camera rolls again. That's where the Continuity Girl comes in . . . it's her responsibility to remember **everything**!

Diane Young, Continuity Girl for Ajax Films, gave us some examples of her work. "When we were making 'Two-Wheel Worship' — the Road Safety film — we had trouble with the consistency of costumes. Some of the cast would turn up in different jackets, for instance, when we were right in the middle of work on a long scene. If you don't catch details like that, the audience has to puzzle out how an actor managed a quick change of clothes in between walking out of one scene and straight into the next! Sometimes the check-list covers hundreds of details for just one scene."

"Another important part of the job", Diane continued, "is a general knowledge of all sorts of odd things . . . what an American bus stop looks like . . . what sort of clothes they're wearing in London this year . . . things like that. That's why I **have** to read, among other things, a daily newspaper **every** day. And that's why I choose the Daily Telegraph — it covers so many subjects in such a colorful, detailed way. The Telegraph, to me, is more than a newspaper — it's great entertainment!"

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW

READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY

# Daily Telegraph





**ROD LAUREN**

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — March 23, 1960



By

LEILA C.

HOWARD,

Our Food

and

Cookery

Expert



*NORWEGIAN bread pudding, Danish apple cake, Navarin of lamb, and pears a la Vefour are the dishes illustrated above. Recipes are given.*

until smooth, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Cover and stand aside  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Heat pan, grease each hollow well, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  fill with the batter. As each fritter is about half-done, turn over the crust which has formed, using pointed fork. Continue cooking a little longer. Remove from pan and serve with sugar and apple puree or jelly.

**Note:** There is a special Danish pan which resembles an egg-poacher for these fritters, but patty-tins or gem-irons can be used instead, and the mixture baked in moderately hot oven.

#### STUFFED SPARE RIBS (Ribbensteg)

Three pounds pork spare ribs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. prunes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cooking apples, salt, sugar, pork fat for frying,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 cups well-seasoned stock, red cabbage, potatoes, beetroot.

Cut away as much fat from the spare ribs as possible, and crack rib bone across the centre. Arrange pieces of peeled and quartered apple and scalded prunes along

one side of rib bone, fold the other side over and bind together with twine or thick white cotton. Sprinkle the sugar and salt over both sides and fry in small quantity of fat until browned all over. Pour over the boiling stock and cook in moderately hot oven  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 hour. Serve with red cabbage, boiled potatoes, and slices of cold beetroot.

#### NORWEGIAN BREAD PUDDING

Six thin slices of buttered bread, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups cooked, sweetened apple pulp,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped almonds, grated peel from 1 lemon.

Arrange slices of bread in layers in greased ovenproof dish, spreading each layer thickly with apple pulp and sprinkling with almonds and lemon peel. Beat eggs, milk, and sugar together, and pour over bread layers. Stand aside  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to allow bread to absorb the milk. Bake in slow oven  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour. Serve with a rich raspberry or strawberry sauce.

#### MOCK FINCHES (Finker)

One pound pig's liver, 2 pigs' hearts, 2 pig's kidneys,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. breast of pork, 1 apple, 1 onion, thyme, powdered cloves, pepper, flour, vinegar, salt.

Trim the meats and place them with the sliced onion, peeled and cored apple, and the thyme in covered pan with just enough salted water to cover. Simmer 2 to 3 hours, remove, strain, and mince meats very finely. Add sufficient of the stock to give a thick purée consistency, adding a little blended flour as necessary. Season with pepper, cloves, vinegar, and salt to taste, and serve with slices of rye bread.

#### GIBLET SOUP (Krasesuppe)

To each full set of duck or goose giblets (including head, neck, feet, and wing-tips) allow 1 large carrot, small head of celery, 2 leeks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. apples,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. prunes, 1 oz. short-

ening, 2 oz. flour, water, vinegar, parsley, sugar.

Clean giblets well, split heads, and remove eyes and brains. Cut neck into three, remove windpipe and gullet. Cut each wing into two, wash heart, chop off claws, and remove skin from the feet. Place cleaned pieces in cold salted water and bring to boil, skimming occasionally. Add flavorings such as little parsley, top of leeks, celery, and carrot. Simmer for 3 hours, then strain or sieve, leaving just a little liquid with the giblets. Cook sliced apples and prunes in small separate quantity of water until soft. Combine flour and shortening, add to sieved soup with 1 cup apple and prune liquor. Slice carrot, celery stalks, and leeks, add to giblets and cook 10 minutes. Spoon in the apples and prunes with a little vinegar and sugar, then the sieved mixture. Serve hot.

If preferred, the sieved soup can be served as a separate dish to the giblet mixture.



# KEEP YOUR HAIR shining silken-soft and lovely!



## RICHARD HUDNUT egg creme shampoo

FOR NORMAL, DRY OR OILY HAIR

Better than a shampoo . . . a true beauty treatment for your hair! You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair . . . hidden subtleties of tone . . . lustrous sheen alluringly revealed . . . and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the egg formula which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed.

Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It imparts no dulling, "soapy" film but leaves hair *shining, silken-soft and lovely!* Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair: for normal to dry hair—Blue label; normal to oily hair—Red label.



ECONOMICAL  
BOTTLES  
5/6 AND 9/6

BUBBLES 1/3



EC530,143

Page 38

## £5 prize cake

● A recipe for a light, spicy-flavored cake wins the main prize of £5 in our cookery contest.



THE prizewinning cake is extremely light and fine-textured, and is best if made the day before.

Recipes for novelty Easter nests, which will be popular at this time of the year with young and old alike, and a savory bacon and liver casserole win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

### AMERICAN GINGER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup golden syrup,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons ground ginger,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cloves, pinch salt, 1 cup hot water, whipped cream, 1 tablespoon finely chopped preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add well-beaten egg and golden syrup. Sift together flour, ground ginger and cloves, soda, cinnamon and salt, fold into creamed mixture alternately with hot water, mix until smooth. Fill into two well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. When cold, join layers with cream flavored with ginger and walnuts.

Icing: One and a half cups sifted icing-sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground ginger, pinch ground cloves and cinnamon, 1 teaspoon butter, warm water, walnut halves to decorate.

Combine icing-sugar and spices in saucepan. Add butter and sufficient warm water to make a spreading consistency.

AMERICAN GINGER CAKE, illustrated above, is filled with a walnut-ginger cream and topped with a spicy icing and walnut halves.

Spread over top of cake, decorate with walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Locke, Oaklands, N.S.W.

### EASTER-EGG NESTS

Pastry: Four ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon custard powder, 2oz. brown sugar, 3oz. melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons hot water.

Filling: One cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, toasted coconut.

Eggs: One egg-white, 1 teaspoon water, sifted icing-sugar, food colorings.

Sift flours, salt, and powder into basin; add brown sugar. Mix to a dry dough with melted butter and sufficient water. Roll out on floured board to  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut into rounds (using a 3in. pastry cutter) and line greased patty-tins. Prick well, bake in hot oven 10 minutes.

Place sugar, butter, and cream in a saucepan and cook gently until a little of the mixture will form a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat, add vanilla essence and beat vigorously until mixture begins to thicken. Spoon into tart cases.

To make eggs: Beat egg-white and water together, add sufficient icing-sugar to make a stiff paste. Divide mixture into three portions, color each one with a few drops of food coloring. Form paste into very small egg shapes (small enough to set about 5 on top of each tart). When filling is

### Home hint

To keep onions and tomatoes whole when baking, prick them all over with a fork before putting them in the oven.

The hint above wins a prize of £1/1/- for E. Brown, 67 Great Northern Highway, Midland Junction, W.A.

If you have a useful hint to pass on to other housewives, send it, with your name and full address, to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for every hint used.

quite cold, sprinkle tarts with coconut, arrange eggs on top.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Wake, David Creek, via Aberdeen, N.S.W.

### BACON AND LIVER CASSEROLE

One pound 'calves' liver (skinned and sliced), 2 tablespoons good shortening, 4 rashers bacon (rinds removed and cut into small pieces),  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh or tinned mushrooms, salt, pepper, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 clove garlic,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon thyme,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups prepared tinned mushroom soup.

Saute liver in heated shortening until browned on all sides. Add sliced mushrooms and cook 1 minute. Then add mushroom soup; simmer about 10 minutes. Line a greased ovenware dish with chopped bacon, cover with a layer of the liver mixture, sprinkle with salt, pepper, a little crushed garlic, thyme, and lemon rind. Add another layer of bacon, then liver, and continue in this way until all ingredients are used. Cover dish with a piece of greased paper or aluminium foil, stand dish in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour.

Potato Rounds: Mash 1 pound boiled potatoes, add 2oz. melted butter, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 2 small chopped tomatoes, season with salt and pepper. Add 2oz. flour, mix well. Roll out on floured board, cut into small rounds with scone cutter. Fry in a little heated oil until golden brown on both sides. Lift out, drain, arrange round edge of liver casserole.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Coburn, c/o Oasis Motel, Alice Springs, N.T.

### FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish, fish and potato pie, serves five people and costs approximately 9/-.

### FISH AND POTATO PIE

One pound fish fillets,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 3 cups mashed potato,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cook fish, break into flakes, discarding skin and bones. Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in fish, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and half the grated onion. Beat parsley and remainder of onion into the hot mashed potato with a little extra milk and butter. Spread half over base and sides of pie-dish. Sprinkle with half the cheese, fill with fish mixture. Spoon or pipe balance of potato around edge. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Reheat in moderate oven.



# Clothes from America

**RIGHT:** Deborah and Warwick in the clothes they wore to Squaw Valley, California, scene of the Winter Olympics. Debbie's scarlet coat has a fur-lined hood. Warwick's jaunty hat sports Olympic symbols.



● Sydney children Warwick and Deborah Griffiths, aged eight and six, brought home many American clothes after visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rose, in California, and their great-grandfather, Mr. A. Griffiths, who lives in San Francisco.

**WARWICK** practises chess. Debbie wears her brunch coat. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Griffiths.

**BELOW:** Debbie listens to the tune from her pearl charm bracelet, which has a little music-box in one of the charms.



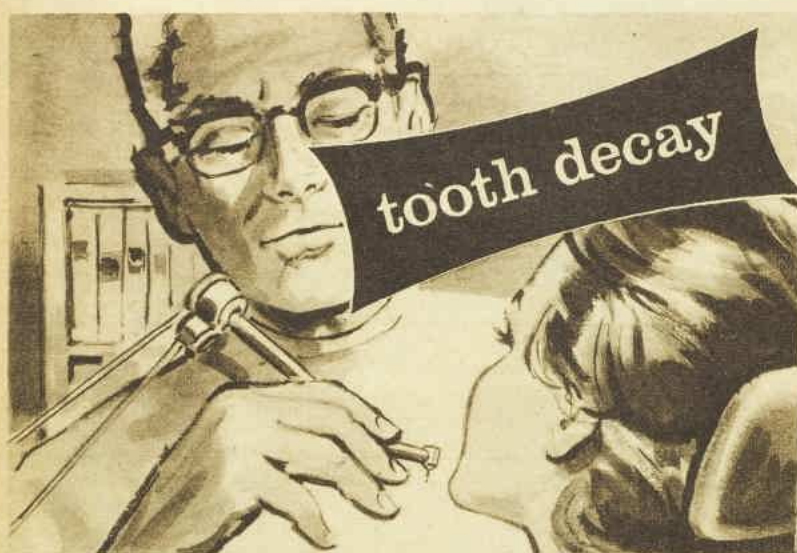
**DEBBIE** wears her striped slacks with a red jumper and red kid shoes. A highlight of her trip was a visit to Disneyland. The children travelled home alone to be in time for school's reopening.



**SMART** American cotton frock for afternoons is worn by Debbie with another bracelet, made of charms from countries her mother has visited. Debbie can now add one from America.



# A **NEW** and very real **PROTECTION** against-



## **NEW ipana** containing *Hexachlorophene - the unique bactericide* *that gives advanced oral protection!*

**HEXACHLOROPHENE** is the new antiseptic discovery that has been proved more effective than any other antiseptic in killing all forms of bacteria which cause tooth decay and bad breath.

**HEXACHLOROPHENE** has the unique characteristic of increasing its effectiveness with regular use. It actually builds up a protection against germs between applications. New Ipana with Hexachlorophene goes on killing germs after you've put your toothbrush away.

New Ipana with Hexachlorophene penetrates the hard-to-reach areas between the teeth, where bacterial activity produces tooth decay.

New Ipana with Hexachlorophene destroys the bacteria causing both tooth decay and bad breath originating in the mouth and does so gently, easily and with complete safety. Tests have shown...

- New Ipana with Hexachlorophene is more effective in the killing of decay germs than any other toothpaste.
- New Ipana with Hexachlorophene is more effective in the killing of bad breath germs than any mouthwash.
- New Ipana is even more effective than using both.
- Ordinary tooth pastes are now out-of-date.



*The only tooth  
paste in Australia*  
**CONTAINING  
HEXACHLOROPHENE**

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS





**£2000  
CONTEST**

# "Happiest Day"

● The mother of Steven Walls, the lost four-year-old who was found recently after thousands of adults searched for three and a half days in bush country near Guyra (N.S.W.), is an award-winner this week.

● Winners of the final prizes, including the £500 first prize for mothers and the £250 first prize for fathers, will be announced soon.

MRS. WALLS' letter, with those of other prizewinners, is below.

A great variety of letters has been received from mothers competing in our contest by outlining their happiest day.

Some have chosen gay occasions to write about, others happy endings to periods of worry or hardship.

Fathers, too, have written about widely differing kinds of day.

## YOUR FIRST GRANDDAUGHTER

A £10 progressive prize to Mrs. R. Miles, 11 Whittle Street, Moorooka, Brisbane.

"Like most 56-year-old women I have had many happy days and also a few sad ones, but the happiest day of my life was the day when my eldest daughter placed my first granddaughter in my arms ten years ago.

"No ordinary baby was this wee lass, as my daughter had had the heartbreak of being told she would never have a child.

"Eventually she and her husband applied to adopt a child, but had to wait until both were twenty-five years old.

"As soon as they reached the required age they applied, but I was a long, weary wait, and meanwhile my second daughter and my son's wife had their first babies, both boys.

"Mixed with my joy over my first grandchildren was heartache for my first-born.

"Each letter I received from her was full of her longing for a child and a report of all the parents who were before her in the adoption list.

"She was thrilled about the birth of her little nephews, but only renewed the longing for one of her own.

"I used to lie in bed in the quiet hours of the night and pray that she would not see the boys until she had her own child in her arms.

"However, when the boys were ten months old we got a letter to say she and her husband were coming for a holiday. No help for it now, I thought.

"All the family assembled at home for their arrival, and as I looked at my two sturdy grandsons sitting in their high-chairs I dreaded the thought of how my poor girl would feel.

"At last the taxi arrived.

"I went forward to meet my daughter as she stepped out of the taxi — with a white-clad

bundle in her arms. 'Your first granddaughter, Mum.'

"Amidst tears of happiness I held my first granddaughter in my arms, and my family understood the intensity of the love I had for this child.

"I learned later my daughter and her husband, just as they were leaving for their holiday, had received a wire from the home to which they had applied for an adoption, saying they could come and claim the baby.

"I have now thirteen grandchildren and my daughter has another wee adopted girl, and much as I love all my grandchildren the day my first-born proudly told me, 'Your first granddaughter, Mum,' was the happiest day of my life."

## HAPPY CHRISTMAS

£10 progressive prize to Mrs. E. Ellis, Balo St., East Moree.

"My happiest day was a Christmas Eve during the depression.

"Work was scarce. My husband earned £3/12/6 a week, the rent was 25/- — not much left to feed and clothe my family of three, my husband, and me.

"My boy aged five kept asking when were we going to get the cordials from the factory for Christmas.

"He said, 'All the neighbors have theirs. They have their Christmas cakes made, too. Aren't we going to have any? We'll be too late.'

"He also asked if he could have five presents from Santa, which in those days cost about 5/-.

"I could not bring myself to tell the children there would be no drinks or cakes, much less Santa Claus.

"About nine o'clock on the morning of Christmas Eve there was a tap on the front door.

"It was a lady who said she and her sister-in-law had come on the train, and had been recommended to come to me for board.

"Her brother had met with a serious accident and she wanted to be as close to the hospital as she could.

"I would have liked to say 'Yes,' but knowing my cupboards were bare I said 'No.'

"She started to cry, but excused herself, saying the journey and the shock were too much.

"I made her a cup of tea and she said, 'You could take us, couldn't you?'

"I then said yes.

"I thought this lady might be like myself, so said the board would be 30/- each, but she said, 'My dear, you could not possibly board us for that.'

"Then and there she opened her bag and put £10 in my hand and said, 'This is a week's board in advance for both of us.'

"It did not take me long to get the drinks and make the cake! Also I did the Santa shopping.

"That was the happiest day of my life."

## ● DISCIPLINE FOR TODDLERS

DO not say to a child, "If you do that Mother will not love you," or "Mother will go away if you do not behave."

These are not true statements. Mother will love her child and will not go away.

So instead of using such threats, make your discipline impersonal, stating clearly what the child must, or must not, do.

Say, "Do not tear the book, the pictures are to look at."

Or, "Do not jump on the bed, it will make it uncomfortable to sleep in." "Do not scribble on the wall, it is not the right place." (Give him paper to scribble on.)

Such reasoned statements will be accepted by any child. — Ethel Lakeman, supervisor of nursery schools for the Sydney Day Nursery Schools' Association.

# PREVENT THAT COLD!

By Sister MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

● The best treatment for a child's cold is to get in first, and prevent it.

MANY conditions predispose to colds, such as adenoids and enlarged tonsils, which impede breathing and ventilation of the lungs.

Draughts, wet feet, habitual overclothing of children, badly ventilated rooms, travelling in crowded transport with all windows closed, an unbalanced diet, and insufficient exercise can all contribute to cold-catching.

Parents of little children should observe these points to build up body resistance to colds.

1. GOOD FEEDING. If possible, mothers should safeguard babies by breast-feeding in the first months.

For artificially fed babies and toddlers, a well-balanced diet with a liberal amount of vitamins (especially A and D) and minerals is needed.

In winter a daily ration of cod-liver oil helps.

2. COOL SPONGING OR BATHING tones up the skin and helps it to regulate body heat.

Air-baths should also be given and toddlers allowed to go without clothes for a few minutes after a bath.

3. EXERCISE is sometimes neglected in cold, especially wet, weather, and little children are shut up in warm rooms. Often they would be more free from colds if allowed more outdoor exercise.

4. CLOTHES. The tendency is always to overclothe children. This coddles the skin and interferes with its natural function of regulating the body heat.

In cold weather have porous, loose-textured garments next to the skin, and warm woollen and heavy garments for outer clothing.

5. BREATHING. Quite little children can be taught deep breathing. Consult a doctor if adenoids or tonsils cause anxiety.

# Robin

## STARCH for

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look



Tablecloths and napkins — in fact everything that needs starching, will have a new freshness, a crisper, cleaner finish, a look of perfection, thanks to Robin Starch. And Robin, the easy to mix powdered starch, keeps things cleaner longer, makes ironing so much easier, too!

# Robin

## STARCH

and for a sparkling white — never forget Reckitt's Blue.

## PRIZE for FATHER

£5 to Mr. G. S. Limbert, Wardell, N.S.W.

"My happiest moment as a father was last Father's Day. My little girl won a Father's Day contest with this letter:

"My pop is tops. He loves me. He sits on my bed when I go to sleep. He has a big smile. He laughs a lot. He makes us happy."

"Maybe I'm a sentimental fool, but tears came to my eyes and a lump in my throat when I heard that letter read over the wireless."





## AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES

• Two-year-old Sydney sandstone home built on a five-acre block at Belrose, N.S.W., by Mr. and Mrs. S. Plummer. The house has been built so that each room, including the kitchen, has a view of the sea. Picture taken by Mr. J. Pickup.

**T**HESE two homes, set among gum trees in Sydney suburbs, show the charm of stone for house building. Designing engineer Mr. S. Plummer built the house pictured above with the help of a stonemason. He used Sydney sandstone quarried on his five acres of land at Belrose, N.S.W. The home, where the Plummers live with their two teenage children, Warwick and Josephine, blends superbly with the bush setting. At right is "Nemba," an 87-year-old home at Hunter's Hill, which has been restored by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Evans. This house was originally part of the dowry of Rose Marguerita Joubert, whose parents were among the first settlers in the district, and who lived at St. Malo. The garden, which was a wilderness of neglect when they bought the house, has been transformed by Mr. Evans, who works for part of each day on the exterior and interior of the house.

• Eighty-seven-year-old Sydney sandstone house at Hunter's Hill belongs to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Evans, who have restored the historic old home. The picture is by Douglass Baglin.





# FAMILY HOUSE WITH PLAYROOM

● This week's Home Plan No. 806 is a compact three-bedroom family home for any size of site. It can be constructed with either a brick or timber finish.

It has been designed by our architects, Mr. Kevin Borland and Mr. Geoff Trewenack, who are in charge of our Home Planning Centres, to cater

for the needs of a family with two children.

Plans for this house and many other standard small Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, addresses of which are listed in

the box at right. These Centres will help with all building problems, however big or small.

Home Plan No. 806 caters for all a family's requirements in a small area. Apart from a spacious living-room there is a large children's play area, which opens on to its own garden.

The children's bedrooms are spacious enough to house a small desk and built-in wardrobe, together with the bed and bedside table.

The architects have made use of the new 3ft.-square bath, which has enabled them to plan an economical bathroom.

Area of the house is 11.6 squares. Cost for construction in timber with minimum finish is £3500, increasing to £4500 for brickwork with maximum finish.

Carport is an extra and

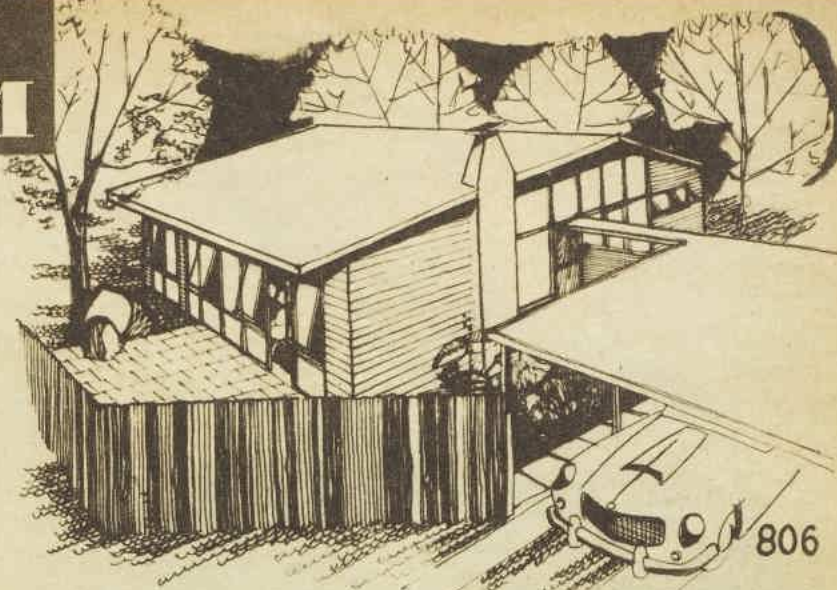
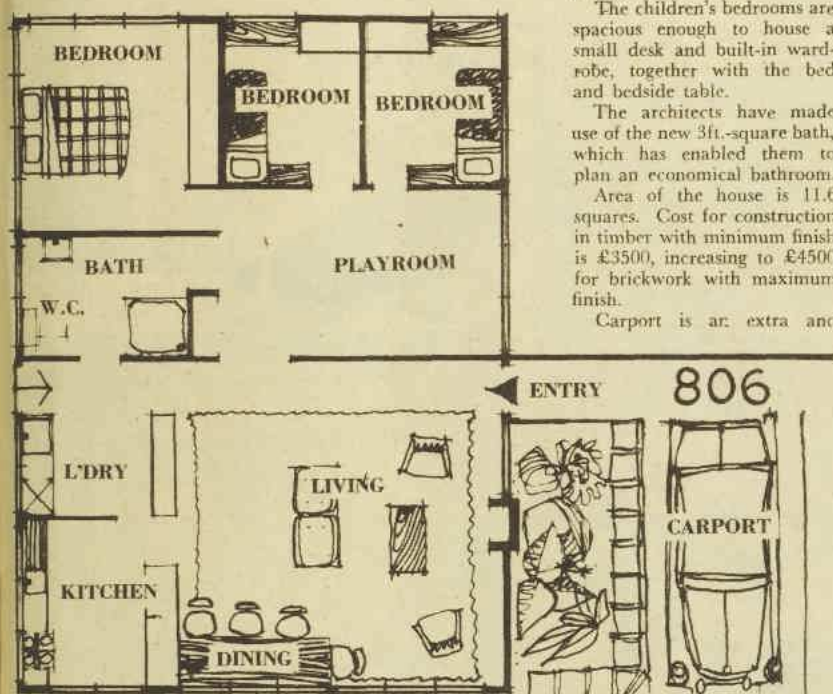
**PERSPECTIVE sketch of plan No. 806 with timber finish. Playroom windows are seen at right.**

could be constructed for £200.

Like all our other standard small Home Plans it may be turned over (mirror image), reversed, placed on an angle depending on the site, built on flat ground, on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill. Please consult your local Home Planning Centre for more information.

If ordering a Home Plan by mail please state the number, whether you require the house in brick or timber, and the roofing material you want. Please also state whether or not the site is sewerage, and enclose a cheque, money order, or postal notes for the £10/10/- fee for the plan.

**FLOOR PLAN shows layout of rooms with central play area which overlooks the garden.**



## HOME PLANNING CENTRES

PLANS for the house shown on this page and all other standard small Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- per full set (five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications) from any of our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in the following stores:

**SYDNEY:** Anthony Hordern's. (Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

**CANBERRA:** Anthony Hordern's. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

**BRISBANE:** McWhirter's.

**MELBOURNE:** The Myer Emporium.

**GEELONG:** The Myer Emporium. (Please telephone X6111 to consult the architect at this Centre.)

**ADELAIDE:** John Martin's.



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STAR OF M.G.M.'s,  
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See how smooth, how beautifully clear Lux purifying lather helps keep your complexion. You'll be a little lovelier each day — when you use gentle, mild Lux Toilet Soap.

Now in 4 lovely pastels as well as famous pure white.



● Carnation fancier Mr. D. V. Billing, of Sutherland, N.S.W., is building up a "carnation family tree," as he names his new varieties after members of his family. The blooms below are four varieties named after the Billings. Mr. Billing has other varieties named after his elder son, "Raymond," his mother-in-law, "May Love," and his sister-in-law, "Rhonda Love."



**TERRY BILLING** (to be released this year), named after Mr. D. V. Billing's son.



**MARGARET ROSE**, named after the grower's wife and his first daughter.



**MRS. ALICE BILLING** (not yet released), named after grower's mother.



**ANNE BILLING**, named after another daughter. This bloom now available.



**FRAGRANT**, spicy carnations make delightful flower arrangements. There are many new varieties of this flower to interest the gardener.

## Carnations are easy

● Carnations are as easy to grow as most other garden flowers, and the production of good blooms is well within the capacity of the average amateur gardener.

**THESE** are some of the points to watch:

● **Taking and Preparing Cuttings.**

Be sure the bush from which you wish to propagate is healthy and free from disease.

Cuttings should be about four inches long, and have a solid butt. They can be stood in water about half an inch deep in a cool, shady place for 24 to 48 hours to allow them to harden off. April to July are regarded as the best months for taking cuttings.

The best striking medium is a light loam or a mixture of fine and medium sand.

● **Planting out.**

Selecting the strongest and healthiest plants, plant them approximately 15 inches apart with 15 inches between rows to avoid cramping.

Carnations need a well-drained and open sunny position. A medium loam is ideal, but sandy soil should have ample plant food incorporated.

● **Food and Water.**

Feeding and watering are important. Although carnations will stand up to a fair amount of drought and neglect they will not produce good flowers if allowed to become too dry and thirsty.

By regularly cultivating around the plant to a depth of one inch, weeds will be kept down, and heavy soil kept loose and friable.

This gives a good dust mulch to the ground during hot, humid autumn periods when collar rot is so prevalent.

A light dusting of lime can be given all plants about every six weeks.

For better-quality blooms it is advisable to replace them about every 18 months.

● **Spraying.**

It is advisable to spray every two or three weeks for aphids and thrip.

Rust, a most serious disease in carnations, appears in rusty pustules on the leaves. Rusty leaves should be removed and the plants sprayed with lime

sulphur or bordeaux mixture.

Collar rot, another prevalent disease, is caused or accentuated by bad drainage. It cannot be controlled once it takes hold. All infected plants should be removed and burned, and the infected soil sterilised. Plants are also subject to attacks by the incurable virus disease, spotted wilt, and mildew and anthracnose.

Carnations photographed on this page supplied by Mr. D. V. Billing, of Sutherland, N.S.W.

### GARDENING



**STEVE**, a popular variety of this lovely flower. Good for cutting.



**AVONDALE**. New varieties are constantly being introduced.



How lovely you look tomorrow *depends*



*depends* how well you clean your face tonight  
... and cleansing means more than just soap and water!



**Tonight...**

discover how POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses completely  
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Did you realise?

● Modern make-up is designed to stay on. You can't wash it off with water — you can't clean it off with soap alone.

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Deep-cleanses

● Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves your skin soft, smooth — and gloriously clean.

*cleanses and cools your skin—relaxes you.*



Tubes 2/11, Jars — 5/3 and 8/11.  
Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 17

He took her there in pouring rain, which neither of them noticed. He followed her to London. Six weeks later, in the Palm House at Kew Gardens, he asked her to marry him, and she accepted. It wasn't till nearly a month afterwards that she learned that she was marrying the nephew of Lord Dungannon.

Inevitably she had drifted somewhat apart from her brother Keith, the toolroom fitter in the factory at Perivale. She had the makings of a good actress in her; she was observant and could project herself into a part. It was no effort to her to take up the part of a young naval officer's wife, abandoning her Renfrew antecedents; with the Tiller Girls she had learned to abandon or assume her Scots accent at will.

She married Lieutenant Dermott in 1939 and almost immediately the war came, taking him away from her for the best part of five years. In those years she saw him only for brief spells of leave. They did not start a family during the war. She lived in a small flat over a shop at Cosham and worked as a woodworker with many other girls in a small dispersal aircraft factory at Havant.

In the evenings she attempted to catch up on education to be on equal terms with other naval wives. She attended classes at the Polytechnic in French and History and Geography and English Literature; the latter she found infinitely tedious, but struggled on with it.

**JOHN DERMOTT** came back to her in 1946, a lieutenant-commander with greying hair and a face lined on the Murmansk convoy route; in 1947 their only child, Janice, was born. They bought a little house in Southsea and lived modestly, as naval officers do.

They could have lived better, for John Dermott had a private income of about a thousand a year, but already the shadow of an early retirement from the Navy lay upon him. He was a general-duties officer, a salt horse, impatient with the rush of new techniques that were invading his service. Early retirement lay ahead of him as he passed out of the promotion zone.

They saved their money, but for the extravagance of two years in Hongkong for Joanna and the baby Janice when he was drafted to the China Station, and for the mild extravagance of duty-free gin in increasing quantities as John Dermott passed out of the zone. Early in 1957 the axe fell and John Dermott was retired from the service to which he had given his life. He was then forty-five, the same age as his brother-in-law, Keith.

Joanna sat talking to Katie while the two men worked in the basement room below.

"It's terribly kind of you to offer to look after Janice," she said. "I do want you to know how we feel about that." She paused. "I wouldn't feel very comfortable about leaving her for all that time with the Dungannons."

Katie said anxiously, "I do hope she'll be happy, though. Ealing isn't very exciting, not after what she's been used to. Do you think she will? I mean, never having had any myself, one doesn't know . . ."

She was a plump little

woman in her early forties; she worked in the Household Linen department of Buckley's drapery shop, in Ealing Broadway. She had been in Household Linen as a girl, but in the war she had been directed to running an automatic lathe at Stone and Collinson, at Perivale.

There she had met Keith Stewart in 1941; they had married in 1942 and she had gone back to her automatic lathe after a week's honeymoon. They had no children. The purchase and conversion of the house had taken all their savings and left them with a heavy mortgage.

She had tried it for a year after the war as a lady of leisure and had tired of it; when Keith gave up his job and took up freelance writing and construction for the "Miniature Mechanic," Katie went back gladly to the Household Linen, a red-faced, dumpy little woman, well liked by the customers.

Joanna said, "I think she'll be very happy with you, very happy indeed. I wouldn't leave her if I thought she wouldn't. I think you'll spoil her, though."

"She's such a dear little thing," said Katie. "I was saying to Keith, perhaps we ought to have a kitten."

"You'll be landed with a cat for the rest of your lives," Joanna said practically. "She'll only be with you for about six months. I don't think it will be longer. Then you'll just have to take her to London Airport and put her on the aeroplane to us in Vancouver."

"Would that be somewhere in America?"

"In Canada," Jo said. "It's on the other side, on the Pacific coast. Everybody says it's a lovely place to live in, and John thinks he can get a job there. It's got quite a mild climate, but it rains a lot."

"My . . ." The thought of the aeroplane was troubling to Katie. "I don't like the thought of her going all that way, all alone. Would she have to change, like at a station?"

Jo shook her head. "She goes right through in the same aeroplane, over the North Pole."

"Fancy . . ." Katie said. "Is that the way you're going, in the yacht? All in among the ice?"

Jo shook her head. "You couldn't go that way in a boat," Katie was a dear and she was going to look after Janice for them while they travelled, but she had lived in Ealing all her life.

"We're going to go southwards into the warm seas," she explained. "When we leave Hamble on Thursday week we go to Falmouth to clear Customs and to pick up anything that we've forgotten. Then John wants to make a passage straight for Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. From there to Barbados, and then to the Panama Canal."

"When we get into the Pacific, first of all we go to the Galapagos Islands, and then to Tahiti. We do want to see that, and it's not much out of the way. Then we go up to Honolulu and from there to Vancouver. It ought to take about five months. A bit less, if we're lucky with the winds."

A string of foreign names perplexed Katie, she did not know where any of them were, except the Panama Canal. The whole venture was entirely alien to her experience; she

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struggled to make sense of it. "Will there be anyone to help with the boat?" she asked. "With the sails, and that?"

Jo shook her head. "We won't need anybody," she said. "John and I can sail her by ourselves."

Katie was perplexed. "But what happens at night, when you want to go to bed? I mean, do you anchor or something?" A sudden doubt assailed her. "You have got to sleep, haven't you?"

"We've got very good beds," said Jo. "I sleep marvellously on board. No, we couldn't anchor. It's too deep. Sometimes we can let her sail herself while we both sleep."

She tried to make the matter simple, but it was rather difficult. "She'll do that with the wind forward of the beam, or running under the twin spinners. Otherwise we keep watch and watch—one up in the cockpit steering and the other one down below, sleeping." She smiled. "It's quite all right. We're very used to it."

"You wouldn't be sailing all the way, though, would you?" Katie asked. "Keith was saying you could go some of the way with the motor."

Joanna shook her head. "We can't sail all the way," she replied, "except perhaps just getting in and out of harbor. We have got a small motor, but we can't use it at sea. It's only a little one, and it's dirty, and it makes a smell." She paused, and then she said, "John's such a seaman."

Presently Katie reverted to her own problems. "It's just the holidays," she said thoughtfully. "School time—well, I'm back in the house by a quarter of six, always. School finishes at four, so she'd be back here a quarter past, but Keith is almost always here then, unless it's a Friday. It's really just the holidays."

"The Christmas holidays," Jo said. "We don't sail till the end of August. I'm going to take her up to the Dungannons in Tyrone next week."

"I think school starts—Miss Harrison's school, here—I think it said the term starts on September the 15th. That means it'd be coming to you about

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 46

the 15th, I suppose. I think you'll have to meet her at Euston, but I'll make sure that the Dungannons let you know."

Katie nodded. "Keith would meet the train and bring her down here. He'd like doing that."

"I think we'll be sending for her about February," said Jo. "We should be there by then, and if we haven't got a house she can live on the boat with us. But, anyway, I'll be writing to you from each place. It's just the Christmas holidays."

Katie said, "Of course, Keith is in the house most of the time, down in the workshop. They're not very long, the Christmas holidays."

"I don't want her to be a burden on you and Keith."

"She won't be that—honestly she won't," Katie paused. "I think it would be nice to have children's parties, and crackers, and presents, and all that."

Joanna eyed her uncertainly, wondering how far she meant it. "I'm sure Margaret would have her."

"Do whatever you think would be the best for her," said Katie. "But don't do it for us. Keith's always wanted to have kids about the place. I mean, with a great big garden, like we've got . . ."

In the room below Keith turned off the gas at the two cylinders, hung the torch up on its hook, took the copper to a sink in one corner of the room, and scrubbed the brazing with water and a wire brush. He dried it on a dirty towel, and examined the seam carefully, inch by inch. Then he handed it to his brother-in-law. "She's tight now," he said briefly.

John Dermott took it from him. "No chance of sea water getting into it? Corrosion?"

"Not in a hundred years," He paused. "When you want to open it, just cut the top off with a hacksaw—round here."

The naval officer hesitated. "I'm going to set it in concrete," he said diffidently. Keith stared at him, surprised: he had thought the box was to go into the yacht. "Do you know how to mix it?"

"I know how to mix concrete," the mechanic said. "You mix it different proportions, de-



"Of course it's a re-conditioned job, but it's a late model and it'll get you there and back."

pending on what it's for—what it's got to hang on to. How much would you want?"

The naval officer hesitated, and then indicated the box upon the bench before them. "About as much as that, or a bit more."

Keith frowned: this was getting difficult. "I should grease it before setting it in concrete," he suggested, trying to be helpful without knowing the job. "Come out easier when you want it out."

"I see." The naval officer hesitated, irresolute: he had never had to do this sort of work before and he wanted a good job made of it. "You wouldn't like to come down to the boat and do it for me?"

"Down to Hamble?" John Dermott nodded. "When?"

"We're going down tomorrow, in the car. Would it take long?"

"If it's a straight job it might take about an hour," Keith said. "Then you ought to leave it for a while to set—two or three days. I could come tomorrow, but I'd have to be back tomorrow night." His eyes strayed to a corner. "I've got half a bag of cement there, but I'd have to slip up to the huller for some sand. Get some aggregate down there?"

"What's that?"

"Little clean stones—just a few pounds. Not salty—washed in fresh water."

"There's plenty on the beach. We could wash them under the hose, couldn't we?"

Keith nodded. "Doesn't matter if they're wet."

They left it so, and turned to go upstairs. The naval officer paused by the littered desk with the drawing-board beside it. "This where you do your stuff?"

Keith nodded. "I used to do it up in the parlor, but it's better down here. You'd be surprised at the number of letters that there are—from all over the world. I save the foreign stamps and give them to the boy next door—Jamie Morris, he collects them. Six or seven in a day, some days. You'd be surprised."

John Dermott opened his eyes. "How many letters do you have to write—say, in a week?"

"Twenty or twenty-five," the mechanic said. "It's letters all the time, and then there's the articles each week. I spend more time writing than I do working." He paused, and added a little resentfully. "It's fifteen bob a week for stamps—and more, sometimes. Of course, one has to do it. Some of them send international reply coupons, though."

"Do a lot of them come

To page 49

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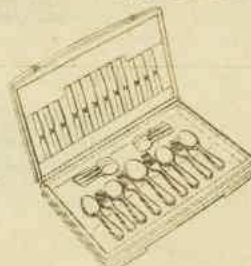
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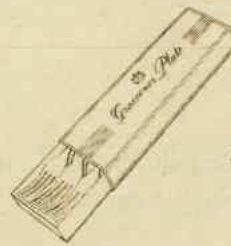
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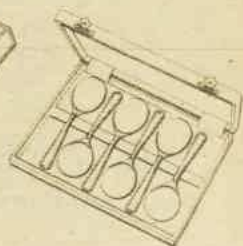
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from foreign countries, then?"  
"About a third."

John Dermott went back to the bench and picked up the copper box. "I'll take this along with me," he said. He hesitated. "You'll keep this under your hat?" he inquired diffidently. "I mean, it's quite all right. They're just Jo's rings and bracelets and things—they're all her own property."

"But the regulations are so stupid about taking things like that out of England, and she'd be miserable without them. I mean, a woman sort of values her little bits and pieces when she's away in a strange country. And we may be away for years."

Keith said, "Oh, that's all right. I shan't talk about it." He paused, and then asked, "You're going to live out there?"

"I think so—if we like it. Jo says she wants to live in Tahiti, but I don't go much on that, myself. It's French, and it's a very little place, you know. Still, she wants it. I think we'll probably end up in British Columbia—it's a grand country, that. I'd like to buy a house in Victoria, on Vancouver Island."

Keith nodded. He had only the vaguest idea where Vancouver Island was, but it was the sort of place that people like his brother-in-law who

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

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sailed about the world in little yachts would want to go to.

"Suppose I tell Katie that I'm going down to rig up an electric light over the compass, so you can see it at night?" he suggested.

John Dermott smiled. "That's just the thing."

They went up the narrow wooden basement stairs to the main floor and Keith went to wash the grime off his hands. When he rejoined them in the parlor his sister and her husband were standing, ready to leave, having pleaded a somewhat formalised dinner engagement to Katie.

He did not press them to stay for tea, because he had learned long ago that they pursued different meal habits. Katie and Keith had their main meal in the middle of the day. Their evening meal was high tea at six o'clock when Katie got back from work, a meal of perhaps a kipper, bread and jam, and a piece of plum cake, washed down with tea.

They knew that Jo and John ate differently at eight o'clock, favoring perhaps potted shrimps followed by soup, a grilled steak, and mushrooms on toast, the meal preceded by a couple of gins and followed by coffee. The couples got on well together, but they had long ago accepted differences springing from their ways of life.

Jo and John Dermott called for Keith at about nine o'clock next morning, driving their vintage sports Bentley open four-seater, nearly thirty years old and with many prosecutions for noise and speeding to its credit. They loved it very dearly. Katie had already left

for work, so she did not see the two small sacks that Keith put into the back compartment beside him, or she might have wondered why a small electric light required cement and sand. It was a warm summer morning in late July, and Keith enjoyed the drive through southern England. They got to Hamble on the creek that runs

tical and well equipped for deep-sea cruising, the dinghy stowed upside down over the cabin skylight between the mast and the aft hatch, the twin spinnaker booms in chocks beside it. She had roller reefing to the mainsail and a very short bowsprit no more than four feet long for the jibstay. Aft, she had a self-draining cockpit well protected by the vertical extensions of the cabin top, and a sail locker in her canoe stern.



"I'm afraid Nurse Wilson has been too long in Maternity."

into the east side of Southampton Water, parked the car near the entrance to Luke's Yard, and carried the sacks out on to the long wooden walkways above the tidal mud, the yachts moored bows on in tiers. Presently they came to the Dermott's ship, Shearwater IV.

Shearwater was a healthy looking, modern Bermudian cutter about twenty-eight feet on the waterline and nine feet beam. On deck she was prac-

Below, she was conventional in her arrangement. A roomy forecabin served mainly as a sail store. Aft of that there was a washroom and toilet to starboard, a galley and pantry to port. Aft again came the saloon with the settees on each side and a table in the middle; a small chart table was arranged against the forward bulkhead. Aft again there were two quarter berths, the companion ladder leading up on deck, and

a small petrol motor underneath this ladder, rather inaccessible.

Shearwater was such a yacht as is to be found by the hundred cruising the south coast of England, though rather better equipped than most.

John Dermott led Keith down below. The linoleum on the deck of the galley and the washroom had been taken up, and the floorboards lifted. What was exposed to view was a smooth level floor of concrete into which the frames disappeared and in which the mast was stepped.

About two feet behind the mast step was a fairly deep, rectangular recess in the concrete, large enough to hold the copper box that Dermott carried, and about two inches deeper.

"That's the place," he said. "That's where I want to put it."

Keith wrinkled his brows. "What's all this concrete doing here?"

"Internal ballast," said the naval officer. "They often do it like this. Pour it in when she's building, and bury pig iron or any old scrap iron in it. She'd be too lively with all the ballast on the keel. She's got about three tons of lead outside, as well."

"I never knew that," said the mechanic. "What's this hole been left here for, then?"

"I don't really know. She's got another like it at the stern, but that's used for a sump; the bilge pump suction goes down into it. Perhaps they thought she'd want another sump up here. I don't know. She never makes any water, anyway."

Keith knelt down and fingered the concrete hole. "It's a bit oily," he remarked. "I think I'll chip it a bit first—clean it up and make a sort of rebate, so it'll hold." He fetched his tool bag, and set to work with hammer and cold-chisel.

Half an hour later he was mixing a little concrete of cement, fine stones, and sand. He made a bed of it at the bottom of the hole, greased the copper box, and set it carefully in the middle. Then he filled in the spaces round it with the wet mixture, working it carefully into the corners and the newly cut recesses.

"Look your last on it," he said, and covered it over with a smooth layer of the mix, patting it, working it with a little builder's trowel, taking up the surplus, till it was smooth and level with the original concrete floor, only the darker wetness of the new material showing the difference. He gathered his tools and the remainder of the mix in newspaper, cleaned up the mess, and got up from his knees a little stiffly.

"I'd leave the floor boards up for a day or so, till it's set hard," he said. "It'll take a week to harden properly, but you can put the boards back."

His sister asked, "What do we do when we want to get it out, Keith?"

"Just cut around the edge with a cold chisel and a hammer, like this," he said. "You'll probably be able to see where the concrete's a bit different, but even if you can't, it'll sound hollow when you tap it with a hammer. The top layer of concrete'll come off easy enough, because it's only an inch or so thick. Then, when you can see the box you'll have to cut around with the chisel till you can get it out. You won't have any trouble."

He stayed for a cold lunch with them on board, and while the meal was in preparation he examined the ship, a short, whitefaced, plump little man, completely out of his element. He knew nothing of yachts and the sea. She seemed to him to be cosy enough downstairs.

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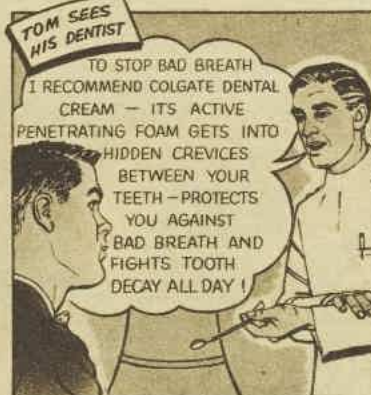
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**Method:** Add onion, Worcestershire sauce and shredded cheese to mashed potatoes; season with salt and pepper. Line a casserole dish with most of the potato. Melt butter and blend in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until boiling. Blend Fish Supreme with the sauce, parsley and lemon juice. Pour into the potato shell and decorate with the remainder of the potato. Bake in a moderate oven—350°F. for 25 minutes. Garnish with additional chopped parsley. 4 servings.



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**Ingredients:** 1 egg, well beaten; 2 ozs Kraft Velveeta, roughly chopped; table spoon milk; ½ teaspoon butter; narrow fingers of freshly made toast.

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BREAKFAST



LUNCH



AFTER SCHOOL



BEDTIME

## Continuing . . . TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

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though a bit cramped; upstairs he was confused by the complexity of her and by the unfamiliar material, the tial, nylon, flax, cotton, hemp, and teak.

He was unfamiliar with the sea and did not like it much; it was a place that made you cold and wet and sick. His brother-in-law was a sensible man in most ways though not in matters technical, and he liked the sea, so there must be something in it for some people, though not for him.

They had asked him once or twice to go down with Katie for a weekend on the yacht in the Solent, but he had always made some excuse, and they had not pressed the point. The Stewarts had their way of life, and the Dermotts had theirs.

After lunch John Dermott drove Keith into Southampton and put him down at the West station to catch a train to London. They would meet again before the Dermotts started off across the world in Shearwater; they parted cordially, the naval officer grateful to his dissimilar brother-in-law for his help. He drove back from Southampton to Hamble; they would live on the yacht now till they sailed but for one last trip to London. There was still much to be done.

JOHN parked the car and went on board. Jo met him in the cockpit. "Catch his train all right?"

He nodded. "Ten minutes to spare."

"Oh, good. I've just put on the kettle for a cup of tea."

They had their cups of tea sitting in the cockpit in the sun. The naval officer glanced down into the forward end of the ship, to the rolled back linoleum and the floorboards piled beside it. The dark wetness of the concrete patch was already drying, turning a lighter grey at the edges that would match the original surface.

"Well, that's the most important job done," he said with satisfaction. "I was worried about that, but it's all right now."

Joanna nodded. "Keith's awfully good at that sort of thing," she said quietly. "When he's got somebody to tell him exactly what to do."

She seldom talked openly to him about her brother; now in their shared satisfaction and relief that remark had slipped out. He glanced at her. "I know," he said. "Not much initiative."

She sat silent for a minute. "Poor old Keith," she said at last. "I always feel he's missed the boat, somehow. That I've had everything, and he's had nothing."

"Everything?" he asked. He was morbidly conscious of his truncated career, of the failure inherent in his early retirement, of the forty years of idleness that might lie ahead of him unless he could reorganise his life.

She knew what he was thinking, and he mustn't think it. She turned to him. "Oh, yes," she said. "I've had Janice, and money, and the Navy, and this boat. And I've been to China, and to Italy, and Malta. And now we're going off across the

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world, and we'll see the coral islands, and Hawaii, and Canada, and the States. I've had everything.

"But poor old Keith, he goes on in that ghastly half-a-house in Ealing and just makes his models and gets practically nothing for them, and Katie has to work in the shop. And he's good at what he does. It isn't fair."

He tried to comfort her. "I don't think he's unhappy."

"No," she agreed, "he's not, nor Katie, either. They're neither of them a bit jealous of the things we've got. I think it's going to do Janice a lot of good to be with them for a bit. But he's so much better than I am, he ought to have so very much more."

Keith Stewart got to Waterloo at about half past four, and travelled out to Ealing Broadway on the Underground, from there he took a tram to West Ealing and walked up to his house. He got in about ten minutes before Katie and put the macaroni cheese into the oven as she had told him to, and took the mail from the letterbox in the front door, and shuffled it through; there was one letter for her and seven for him, three from the United States.

He sighed a little. You could produce an induced current on the surface of a metal sphere that would act as a proscope, and from this you could devise a tiny automatic plot for ship or aircraft models that would weigh only a few ounces. He was aching to get

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

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on with the experimental work on that, but first he had to write the last instalment of his serial upon the Congreve clock.

After that this heavy mail must be dealt with, and he would be too tired then, and it would be too late, to start off on experimental work. He was already inclined to be sleepy from his unaccustomed day in the open air.

He sat with Katie at the kitchen table over the macaroni cheese and the cups of strong tea. "Get the light fixed up for them all right?" she asked.

"The light?" And then he recollected "Oh, the compass light. Yes, I fixed that for them."

"What's it like in the boat?" she asked. "How do they cook anything?"

"It's like a caravan," he told her. "They cook on primus stoves."

"Oh. With everything rocking about?"

"I suppose so."

"It must be ever so uncomfortable."

"I think it is," he agreed. "It looks all right when she's tied up in calm water, like she is now, but even then she goes up and down a bit. I don't know what it's like when she gets out to sea, where it's rough. Wouldn't suit me."

"Would the water come in, say in a storm?"

"I think it would. Of course, she's all decked in. I don't

suppose that much would get inside."

"It sounds awful. I mean, Jo was saying that one of them must be on top to steer. Why do they want to go like that, Keith? I mean, they've got plenty of money. Why don't they take a cabin on a proper ship, or else fly?"

"I dunno," he said. "I think they just like doing it."



They sat in silence; they would never understand the Dermotts and there were times when they abandoned the attempt. At last Katie said, "They won't get shipwrecked, will they?"

Keith shook his head. "That's one thing they won't do. John's a naval officer and he knows all about it. They've got two sextants to take sights with to tell them where they are, and all the rest of it. They'll be safe enough. But if you ask me, they'll be darned uncomfortable."

Katie gathered the plates together and put them on the draining board. "I'm glad it's not me going with them."

"So am I," he said. "I can't imagine anything much worse."

### SHEARWATER

rolled lazily upon the ocean swell as she forged ahead under her twin spinnakers, making about three knots and towing the log line behind her. It was early in the morning and John Dermott was taking a sight upon the sun on their port quarter, dressed only in a pair of faded shorts. Jo sat at the tiller in blue jeans and shirt, watch in hand, and pad and pencil at her side, taking the time for him.

They were three and a half months out from England, and now it was the middle of November. They had crossed the Atlantic to Barbados without incident though more slowly than they had anticipated; they had been delayed a little in the West Indies for a broken gooseneck to the boom, and they had been delayed for a long time at Panama after passing through the Canal waiting for a permit from the Ecuadorean Government to call for water at the Galapagos Islands.

In the end they had sailed without a permit, had watered at Floreana without trouble, and proceeded on their way. They were thirty-four days out from Floreana, and all was well.

They had not hurried on their way. Thirty-six hours previously they had lain hove-to all night rather than approach the island of Keao in the dark-

ness, their first landfall in the Tuamotu group of islands. With the coming of dawn they had seen cloud forming above it and had sailed close enough to see the tops of the trees; then they had borne up and resumed their course towards the south and west, leaving the island ten miles to the north.

They would not set foot on land until they reached the island of Tahiti, more than eight hundred miles ahead. They did not particularly

want to do so; they had settled into the rhythm of their life at sea, the rain squalls, the warm, easy days, the unending maintenance of sails and gear, the cooking and the housework down below. They had grown accustomed to this routine and liked it.

For John Dermott it meant full occupation in the way of life that he preferred; shore life to him was now a matter of frustration and unwanted idleness. For Jo, this way of life meant a happy John.

She jotted down the altitudes as he called them out and the exact time from the watch in her hand, and gave the pad to him. He disappeared below to work the sight and plot it on the chart. He came on deck again after ten minutes. "It was Keao?" she asked.

"It was Keao all right," he replied. "I think we're getting set just a bit to the north, though. You're still steering two four zero."

She nodded. "Make it two three five," he said. "Pinaki should be showing up upon the starboard bow before long. I want to pass about ten miles south of it."

"There's a bit of cloud there now," she said.

He stood looking at the little white patch on the horizon with her. "Could be," he went below, entered the change of course in the log, and came up again with the hand bearing compass and squatted on the cabin top with it, sighting upon the cloud. "That's probably Pinaki."

They sailed on all the morning over a long swell before a moderate south-east breeze, under a hot sun shrouded by occasional clouds. In good conditions such as these it was their habit to take their main meal in the middle of the day; Jo cooked a corned beef stew and an apple crumble from dried apples, and they had it in the cockpit. Then she went down to sleep.

In the middle of the afternoon the sky clouded over, the wind got up suddenly, and a vicious rain squall swept down on them. They were accustomed to these short-lived tropical squalls and before it started John at the helm could see clear weather behind it. He carried on, the ship scudding along before the strong breeze with everything taut and straining, but a seam in the port

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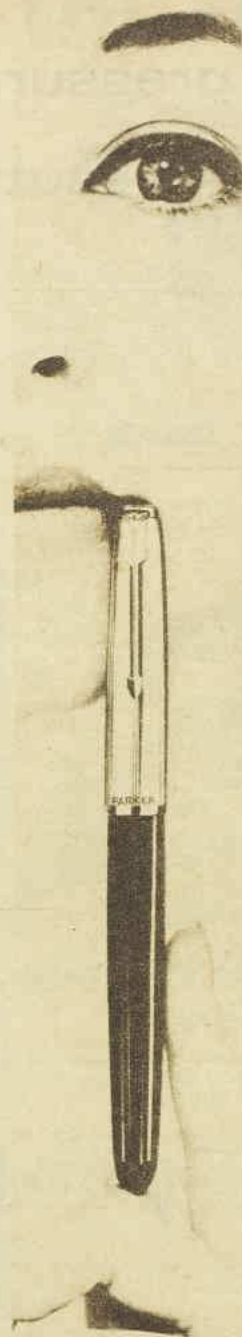
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960

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To page 55



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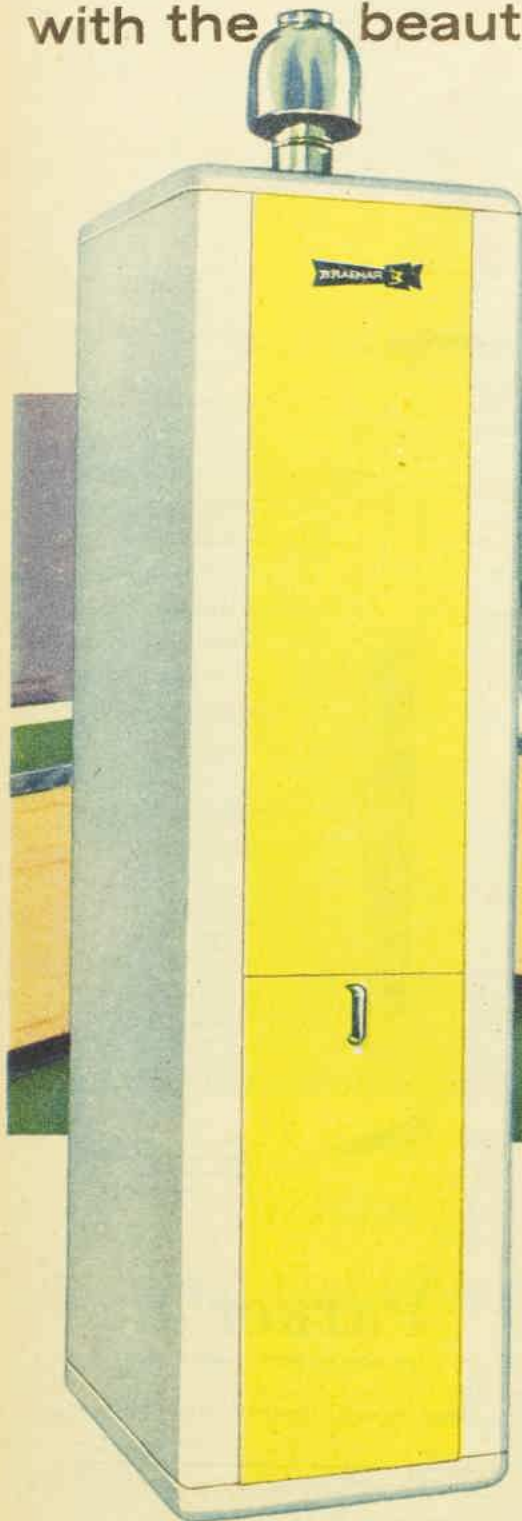
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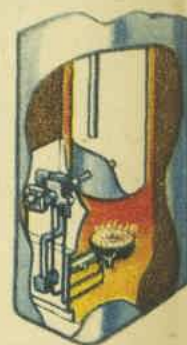
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960



maker suddenly let go, the deck ripped across, and there was nothing but a flapping boom across the fore-ward of the mast.

John shouted but Jo was already awake and coming out to take the helm; such accidents were part of their life and she was well accustomed to them. By the time John had got the sail down the boom under control the wind had dropped down to a gentle breeze, and they saw the squall driving to leeward. They set the main and the second jib, and both spinnakers, and went down to finish her before taking the first watch, and John spread out the damaged sail to dry in the cockpit with him while he repaired and cut new sails on his knees for the re-sailing the ship as he did

They sailed on easily all night. Under twin spinnakers they could perhaps have slept at the same time, but running under the mainsail they had to work the ship. Jo took the first watch until midnight, sailing easily under a bright crescent moon with little to do but to keep awake.

He roused John as he had directed her and he put on the primus and made cocoa; he had it together in the cockpit before she handed over and went down to sleep. Dawn they were still sailing easily. She relieved him at the helm, and presently when the sun was high enough he had another sight and went down to work out the position. When she saw him plotting it upon the chart down in the cabin she called out, "How do we go?"

"Not bad." He brought the chart to the companion, and standing on the cabin ladder showed it to her in the cockpit. "We must be about here," he made a little cross upon the chart. "We might be a little off the course now. I'll get a noon sight today, I think, and see if it makes sense." He did not trust a sight with the sun practically overhead.

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

[from page 53]

"How far before we change course, John?"

He took the chart back to the chart table and measured with dividers, and came back to the companion. "About forty miles. Sometime this evening, if everything goes well."

They had been sailing substantially the same course since leaving the Galapagos Islands thirty-five days before. "What will the new course be?"

"Two hundred and seventy. An easy one."

cockpit. It was finished before the noon sight had to be taken but they did not set it, for the wind was still well on the quarter.

The noon sight confirmed their position for what that was worth, but when they went to check it with the reading of the log they found the line trailing idly; the rotator had been taken by a fish. They had

of the morning sight which did not give much indication of the latitude, the landfall that they had made the day before at Pinaki.

Eight o'clock, he thought, would be a convenient time for the change of course when Jo took over for the first watch; if the wind held as it was they would take in the main and the jib then and set the spinnakers. They should be far enough by that time to make the turn, but he was very conscious of the massed coral islands of the Tuamotus over the horizon to the north. He didn't want to get mixed up with that lot.

They followed on this plan, and started to change sails at half-past seven, the wind still moderate from the east-south-east. By eight o'clock they had her settled under the twin spinnakers on the new course. "I think this deserves a drink," he said. At sea they drank little alcohol.

She smiled. "Whisky and lime juice for me. The compass seems to be working, anyway."

They had the sheets of the spinnakers rigged to the tiller and the ship would steer herself before the wind without attention. They watched her for a few minutes, and then went down into the cabin and sat with their drinks in the light of the oil lamp. "What are the hazards, John?" she asked.

He pulled the chart over and showed it to her. "Ahunui," he said. He showed her the island.

"Should be about twenty miles to the north, and abeam about three in the morning. We probably shan't see it. After that there's nothing much until 'Tahiti'."

They finished their drinks and put their heads out on deck at the companion; the ship was sailing easily on course in a gentle breeze and a long swell, the tiller moving now and then to the pull of the sheets.

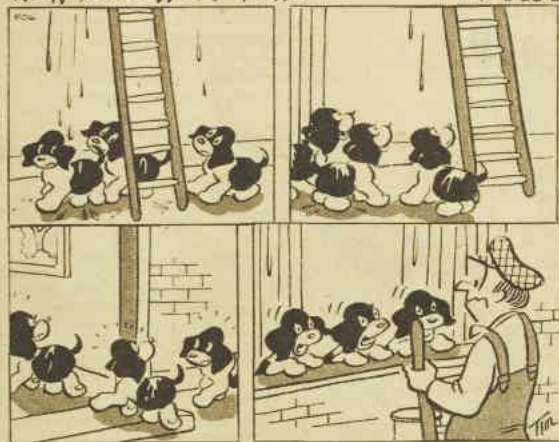
In those waters there was

To page 56

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"That's for Tahiti?"

He nodded.

"I don't suppose the compass will work," she said. "It's probably got rusty and stuck up, we've been on this one for so long."

He smiled. "Like me to get breakfast?"

"No, you come and take her. I'll get breakfast. After that we'll have to mend that spinnaker."

He nodded. "We'll be bringing the wind more aft when we change course."

All morning they worked on the spinnaker together in the

left England with a dozen spare rotators and were now reduced to three; they fitted one of these last ones and started to get dinner.

They slept in turns all afternoon in overcast, rainy weather without much wind; in the hot humidity they paid little attention to getting wet at the helm save to wear a hat to keep the rain out of their eyes. The overcast prevented an evening sight. John stood for a while at the chart table weighing the doubtful evidence of the noon sight and of the log, the more certain evidence

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Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 55

little chance of meeting any other ship and they sailed without lights as one chore less to do. They went below together and slept intermittently, one or other being up on deck every hour or so.

All next day they sailed on placidly under the twin spinners, and the next night. The massed chain of islands constituting the Tuamotus now lay a hundred miles to the north of them; there was nothing in their path before Tahiti and they were making good about ninety sea miles each day. Rain squalls came occasionally without much strength in them.

The barometer, which John watched unobtrusively but closely, pursued its regular diurnal variation according to the book. They began to make plans for cleaning the ship up, including themselves, before entering the harbor of Papeete.

Jo had been reading the sailing directions for entering the port. "We can lie alongside there, at the Quai du Commerce," she said. "It's going to be good for getting the stores in, but we'll have to get everything all tidley."

John said, "Going to be bad for little boys spitting on the deck. I think we'll lie off if we stay for any length of time."

On the second morning after they changed course the barometer displeased him. It was two millibars lower than it should have been according to the book; he tapped it gently, mindful of the delicacy of the mechanism, but it showed no difference.

Jo was on deck at the helm when he made this discovery for the wind had got up a bit and veered towards the south, and Shearwater was now careering along with the spinners at a cockeyed angle fore and aft, and needed someone at the helm. He bit his lip, and looked again at the barometer, but there was no sense in trying to argue with the evidence. They were late at Tahiti, and the hurricane season was now on.

He sat down on his berth and turned to the sailing directions.

He knew the part about tropical revolving storms pretty well by heart, for he was a careful seaman and had briefed himself before entering these waters. He read the page again. It fitted with his observations of the barometric pressure and the wind. Now it was up to him.

The wind had already veered a little, so the centre of the storm, if storm it was, must lie away to the north-east, two or three hundred miles away from them. It would probably move west-south-west towards them at about ten knots, far faster than they could sail to escape it. At some time it would turn towards the south. The wind direction showed them to be south of its path now.

The course of safety was to run north and west before the increasing wind . . . and north of them lay the coral islands of the Tuamotus. If they escaped the eye of the storm the wind would go on veering to the south and then to the south-west, blowing them dead on to a lee shore.

They must make towards the west, every mile they could, to gain the sea room.

He put the book back in the bookcase, and went on deck. He looked around; the spinners were straining. It

would be unwise to carry them much longer, anyway. He said to Jo, "I think we'll put the trysail on her, and take these in."

The trysail was their storm mainsail. "The trysail?" she asked.

"Barometer's dropping a bit," he said.

"Oh." She knew the situation almost as well as he did. "Want any help?"

"Not yet." He went below and bundled the heavy canvas up on deck through the fore hatch, brought it aft of the mast and began to reeve the lacing, the halliard, and the sheets.

It was work that he was well accustomed to and liked; while you were doing something physical like that you couldn't worry about falling glass and veering winds. He hoisted the sail in the calm air before the spinnaker and made the halliard fast, and pulled the sheet out to the cockpit, putting weight into the sail. Then he got down the lee spinnaker, and then the weather, stowing them both below.

Finally he set the storm jib. Under the reduced canvas the yacht went more easily, with little reduction in her speed.

He came aft to the cockpit. Jo asked, "Is anything bad coming?"

"I don't know," he said. "She's going all right like this, anyway."

IT was an hour since John had looked at the barometer. He went below and found that it had dropped another point; it was now three millibars below normal. He went back to his wife at the helm. "I don't much like the look of it," he said. "We may be in for something."

She smiled at him. "Too bad." She remembered that you steered in certain directions to avoid the path of a tropical storm, but it was different in the northern and the southern hemispheres, and all a bit complicated. "Ought we to change course?"

He shook his head. "I think we'll keep on as we're going for a bit. See what the wind does. Like me to take her?"

She relinquished the helm to him. "I think I'll go below and make some sandwiches and put some coffee in the thermoses, if we're in for something." She knew storms.

All morning the wind rose steadily, veering a little as it rose. The sun grew weaker, covered over with a thin layer of cloud. Before it disappeared for good John took a sight and came to the conclusion that they were in about latitude 19deg. 30m. south, longitude 142d. 35m. west. The wind was now south of south-east blowing about Force 5 or rather more. By noon the barometer was five millibars lower than the normal reading.

There was now no doubt of the position in his mind, and he braced himself for what was coming. The wind would continue veering to the south and would increase in strength, driving them to the north on to the Tuamotus.

A hundred and forty miles ahead of them and a little to the south of west lay an isolated atoll called Hercheretue; there was no harbor there, no entrance to the lagoon, and no safe landing in this weather. Yet if he could reach it he might shelter behind it from the

To page 58





# YELLOWSTONE KELLY

*Entertainment* ★

● Television stars Clint Walker and Edd Byrnes share the leads with Andra Martin and John Russell in "Yellowstone Kelly," a Warner Bros. Western. The story, set in 1876, tells of the desperate Sioux Indian efforts to halt the westward march of white settlers into their wild Montana territory.

● Escorting Andra Martin, an Arapaho Indian, through Sioux country, Clint Walker meets the weary survivors of a brutal Indian ambush of a scout cavalry unit.

● In his high, mountain cabin, Clint Walker, a tough trapper, teaches eager young partner Edd ("Kookie") Byrnes the arts of trapping, cooking—and staying alive in inhospitable Sioux country.





## ★ TOMMY THE TOREADOR

Comedy, with Tommy Steele, Janet Munro, Sidney James, Virgilio Teixeira. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

TO the whirling background of Spanish fiesta, clicking castanets, and cries of "Ole!" this light-hearted story of a Cockney Toreador sends you "Ole-ing" from the theatre.

Tommy Steele, a young British seaman, breaks watch duty and heads for fiesta-gay Seville to deliver a message to his ship's captain (Noel Purcell).

Returning, he unwittingly saves the life of famous bull-fighter Virgilio Teixeira.

Pronouncing Tommy his best friend, Teixeira takes him to a lively nightclub, where they meet English dancer Janet Munro and her sideline-smuggling dancing partner. During a sudden police raid, Tommy, loaded with contraband, escapes with Janet on top of a nearby bull-van.

Driving the van to a bull arena (and the escapees to more trouble) is fight impresario Sidney James and his comic assistant, Bernard Cribbens.

With Teixeira, his regular bull-fighter, temporarily behind bars (result of the nightclub riot), James' search for a last-minute stand-in sends Tommy into the ring.

Full of entertaining nonsense, this film is built entirely around Tommy Steele's lively personality. The role calls for no acting on Tommy's part. He remains his sparkling Cockney self.

In a word... **ROLLICKING.**

## New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★★ HOME FROM THE HILL

Drama, with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Peppard, George Hamilton. In color. Liberty, Sydney.

A POWERFULLY moving drama of a divided family attempting to keep up appearances, this intense film probes into the emotions of a vital man, his deadpan, lifeless wife, and their struggle for popularity in the eyes of their confused son.

Land-owning Robert Mitchum, while commanding his community's respect as a hunter, story-teller, and money-maker, creates enmity in his role as local rascal. Savagely attacked by one irate husband, the big man owes his life to the quick thinking of constant backwoods companion George Peppard.

Mitchum's marriage with Eleanor Parker is a mockery. They have lived together, but as strangers, since their son's birth a good 18 years before. Parker's price for remaining in the house is Mitchum's promise for her complete control of the boy.

But mother's boy Hamilton, now in his late teens and the victim of local practical jokes, begs his father and Peppard

to help him become a man. When the eager boy kills the district-terrorising wild boar he gains the respect of his fellows and Peppard's friendship.

With courage mastered, he turns to problem number two: overcoming girl shyness. When he tries to date Luana Patten her father objects, fearing Hamilton is like his amorous father. The couple meet secretly and become lovers.

From this point the plot becomes an entangled web of personalities. Eleanor Parker loses her martyred poise and drifts around the screen with an over-accentuated "what-auntie-saw-in-the-woodshed" expression, while Luana Patten turns unbelievably reticent.

With first-class performances from Robert Mitchum, George Hamilton, and George Peppard, this film is a good two hours of gripping entertainment.

In a word... **EMOTIONAL.**

ACADEMY Award-winning musical director Dimitri Tiomkin will begin work soon on music for "The Sundowners," starring Robert Mitchum, Peter Ustinov, and Deborah Kerr. With its location in Australia completed, director Fred Zinnemann is now shooting the interiors in London. Tiomkin was associated with Zinnemann on "High Noon," for which they both won Academy Awards.



HAVING FUN on the set of "Platinum High School" are sensational new M.G.M. starlet Yvette Mimieux, rock singer Conway Twitty, and Jimmy Boyd.

### ★ KILLERS OF KILIMANJARO

Adventure, with Robert Taylor, Anthony Newley, Anne Aubrey. In color. Capital, Sydney.

WHAT this safari through darkest Africa loses in unimaginative plot, it makes up with delightful photography of the country, wild animals, and primitive tribes.

An engineer commissioned to survey and build the first East African railway, Robert Taylor sets out from Mombasa accompanied by Anthony Newley and Anne Aubrey — a well-dressed glamor girl, who has joined the safari in the hope of find-

ing her lost father and fiancé somewhere along the way.

Keeping a constant eye on his native bearers, a group of desperadoes specially released from gaol for the trek, Taylor — with the help of wise-cracking Newley — is kept busy polishing off lions, elephants, crocodiles, and people all along the route.

To provide additional hazards, the plot throws in the inevitable bad-white-man outfit as opposition for the dogooders. Result — a most hackneyed set-up.

But for those who love action-packed safari adventure, and others who would be merely satisfied to view a first-class documentary on African wild life, this colorful film won't disappoint.

In a word... **PICTURESQUE.**

Continuing...

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 56

He showed her on the chart. "It's a bad one, this, isn't it?" she asked.

He nodded.

"The worst we've ever had?"

"It might be," he admitted. "I'll tell you when it's over."

"I suppose it's because we're late in getting here," she said. She had known in theory that hurricanes were apt to happen in those waters from November onwards. Now that theoretical knowledge was being translated into fact.

"We're not so late as all that," he said a little resentfully. "This is an early one."

She knew that he had first proposed that they should leave England in June. "We had to see Janice settled for the summer holidays."

He nodded. "We couldn't have started any earlier."

Presently they lay down on their berths to get what rest they could. From time to time Dermott got up and put his head out of the hatch; the wind seemed stronger every time he looked, and the sea higher. Each time the ship's head pointed, on the wildly veering average, a little more towards the west and north.

At about three in the morning there was a great crack, the ship's motion changed, and a wild beating of heavy canvas was heard above them.

They tumbled out on deck, and saw in the light of a flashlight through the flying

scud that the jib had gone; only the bolt ropes remained with tattered streamers of canvas flying from them. Without the jib the ship had come up to the wind, and the heavy blocks of the trysail sheets were

the main halliard and let the trysail down and quietened it; with the warp that Jo had brought up to him from below they furled the trysail on the main boom, wrapping it round with the rope.

Without any sail at all the yacht now lay rolling wildly in the trough of the waves,



flailing the cockpit threatening death to anybody in their way. Without the jib he could not lie the vessel to in such a wind. He shouted to Jo to get a warp from the forecable, and went forward carefully himself on deck, clipping his lifeline on to something fresh at every two or three steps.

At the mast he slacked off

safe enough for the time being, but blowing to the north. John Dermott sent his wife below to get some rest, and stayed in the cockpit himself to watch his vessel and assess the situation.

The wind was now only about a point to the east of south and this was good so far as it went, for it indicated that the centre of the storm might

pass southwards of them. The sea, however, was rising very high; in the grey of the dawn it seemed to be breaking everywhere around him. He judged that his ship was drifting to the north at the rate of three or four knots.

The line of the Tuamotus to the north of him ran about north-west to south-east. The more he could get towards the west, the more sea room he would have to the north. He took the helm and set himself to sail his vessel under bare poles as much towards the west as he could manage.

He found that he could steer about north-west upon his compass paralleling the line of islands, and at that he seemed to make about five knots with the wind on his quarter. But now, running in that way, the seas behind were menacing and occasionally the top of one came aboard, lukewarm, flooding the cockpit and drenching the helmsman. From below, Jo put the fashionboards in the companion.

"How are we doing?" she asked.

"All right," he said. "If we can keep going like this I think we'll be all right. It's doing what they tell you in the book, anyway." Deep in his heart he knew that they could not maintain that course much longer.

At seven o'clock in the increasing wind and sea, he could no longer run towards the west, taking the seas upon his quarter, without fear of broaching to and being overwhelmed by the rising sea. Each time a big sea came, and they now came



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Barlow's Ltd., ADELAIDE.  
A. W. Barlow Shoe Stores Ltd., ADELAIDE.  
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Barrell's Pty. Ltd., HOBART.  
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Foot Rest shoes are made by Foot Rest Shoes Pty. Ltd., 50 High Street, Preston, N.38, Victoria, under licence from the Julian & Kalkene Company, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.





No need to visit the Rue de la Paix, Fifth Avenue or Bond Street . . . the world's smartest women are here, as may be seen any day at the Paris end of Melbourne's Collins Street . . . and so many of them are seen in Foot Rest Shoes!

SHORTBACK

# foot rest

**MAKES FIT THE FASHION!**

These heavenly, comfortable shoes are the natural choice of the charming confident woman who knows that there can be no real style without comfort. She chooses Foot Rest because . . . whatever the shape or size of her foot . . . only Foot Rest gives her the impeccable fit, style, colour and quality that win second glances, makes her feel as smart as she looks. Wouldn't you love to be in her shoes? It's a walk-over with Foot Rest.

The famous American Shortback® last, exclusive in Australia to Foot Rest



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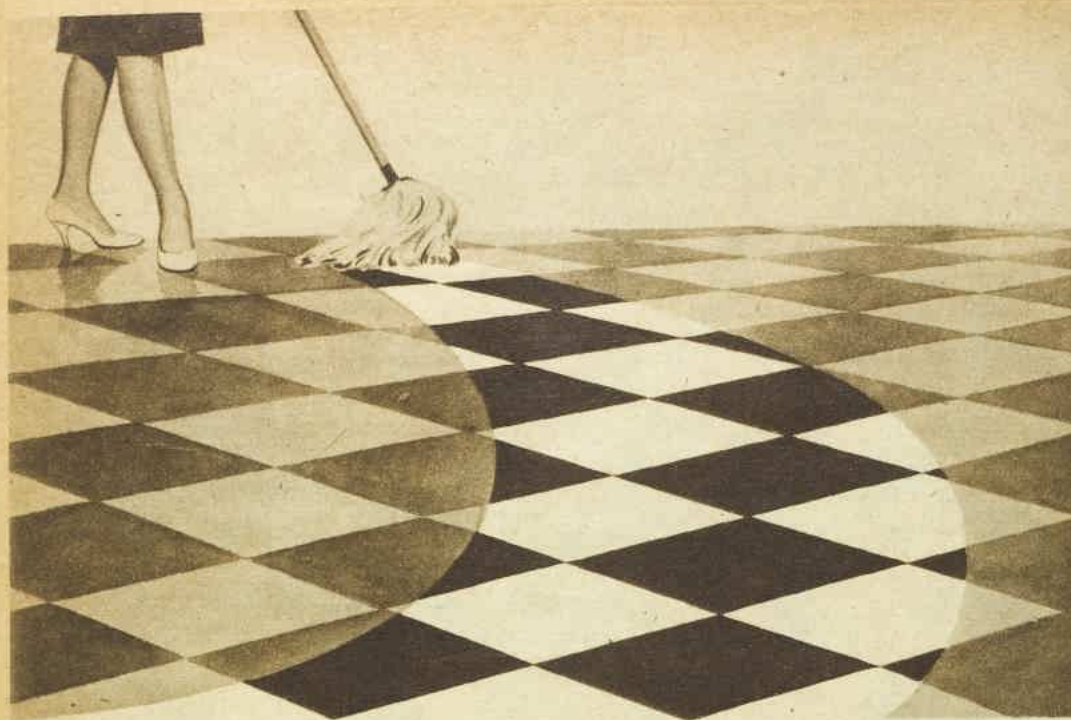
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THE ONE AND ONLY ONCE-OVER CLEANER!

# Flash

**CLEANS LINO  
TWICE AS FAST!  
TWICE AS EASY!**

— AS ANY SOAP OR DETERGENT

**No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry!** Flash—and only Flash—has a new, revolutionary dirt-removing principle that *absorbs* dirt on contact. Even stubborn heel marks disappear! Flash makes all other lino cleaners old-fashioned . . . leaves no streaks or smears. Cleans twice as fast . . . twice as easy as any soap or detergent . . . it's thriftier by far than liquid cleaners.

Try **Flash** today. At grocers everywhere.



Countless housewives use Flash for walls and woodwork, too! Once over with Flash and walls, woodwork, tiles, basins and stoves are spotless. No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry!



**All you do with Flash . . .** dip your mop, or cloth, into the Flash solution. Wring out till nearly dry—then, with one wipe, dirt disappears. Flash cleans twice as easy . . . twice as fast! Once over—job's done!

**REMEMBER, FLASH  
IS CONCENTRATED!**

Only two spoonful of Flash in half a bucket of hot water will clean all the lino in most kitchens—with enough left over for cupboards and spots on painted walls and woodwork. One packet of Flash lasts months!



## SOCIAL ROUNABOUT

By  
MARY  
COLES

**THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil won the hearts of everyone when His Excellency performed his first official opening of Federal Parliament, at Canberra.**

He was a tall, magnificent figure in the specially designed Governor-General's uniform, with a white-plumed cockaded hat and white gloves. He began his speech on a charming note by referring to the birth of the Queen's new baby Prince, and the romance of Princess Margaret. Scots in the House were thrilled by Lord Dunrossil's Scottish accent.

There was a buzz of whispers, "She is so dainty" and "What lovely eyes," from spectators admiring slight, dark-haired Lady Dunrossil when she arrived at Parliament House, dressed for the warm sunny afternoon in an ivory, pure silk frock patterned with black fern leaves.

It was the informal way in which both Lord and Lady Dunrossil exchanged warm, friendly smiles with everyone who met their glance which endeared them to so many.

A talking point at the State reception was the striking similarity of the thick white hair and heavy black eyebrows of Lord Dunrossil and the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies.

The Prime Minister's sister, Mrs. Isabel Green, of Melbourne, who is spending ten weeks in Canberra deputising for Dame Pattie Menzies, who is abroad, told me she has worked out a system for dressing. "The only way to avoid wearing the same dress to functions given by the same hostess is by writing down in my little engagement book what I wear to what," she said.

The most resourcefully hatted woman at the official opening was Mrs. Harold Holt, wife of the Federal Treasurer. When I admired the olive-green tulle turban she wore, with her chic, pink-splashed, green silk frock and coat, she confided it had been "whipped up" by a Canberra milliner at a minute's notice! She forgot to pack her hat and a local milliner saved the situation by twisting a long length of green veiling round her hair-do and pinning it there in a firm cone shape. I also liked the festive touch of a crimson carnation in the lapel of her husband's suit. "Picked it in my own garden at Portsea this morning," he commented proudly.

Elegant Madame Chen, wife of the Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Chen Tai-chu, set off her bamboo-colored silk suit with jade jewellery, which included two simple, solid jade keeper-rings flanking her diamond wedding ring.

Spontaneous applause greeted Mr. and Mrs. David Fairbairn, of "Woomargama," Albury, as they stepped off the dance floor at the State reception, following a spirited Cuban samba.

There was a bouquet, too, for Mrs. Douglas Anthony, of Murwillumbah, from her partner, the member for Indi, Mr. Mac Holten. I heard him tell Mr. Anthony, who is the youngest member in the House, that his wife was the best dancer on the floor. Mr. Anthony, incidentally, was one of Princess Alexandra's dance partners, remember?

Sunglasses were as widely worn in the House at the official opening as they are at Palm Beach. The idea was to protect eyes from the fierce glare of television camera lights.

A non-stop chore for Parliament House staff member Bob Drackove throughout the day was flicking footmarks and dust from the five hundred yards of red carpeting in Kings Hall and its precincts.



**ATTORNEY-GENERAL**  
Sir Garfield Barwick  
and Lady Barwick with  
Bishop Burgmann at  
the State reception  
in the Kings Hall.





SMILES from Lord and Lady Dunrossil, dancing together at the State reception in the Kings Hall, to mark the opening of Parliament. Lady Dunrossil wore a lilac brocade gown.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL and Lady Dunrossil greeting the Serjeant at Arms (Mr. A. R. Browning), at left, on their arrival at Parliament House, Canberra.

## OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



**PRIME MINISTER** Mr. R. G. Menzies arrived with his sister, Mrs. Isabel Green, of Melbourne, deputising for Dame Pattie Menzies, who is abroad.



**PRESIDENT** of the Senate, Sir Alister McMullin, chatting in the Kings Hall with his niece Joan Sparke (left) and Jan McDonald, from Maitland, who wore beige shantung.



**LEADER** of the Opposition, Mr. Arthur Calwell, and his wife at the official opening. Mrs. Calwell chose delphinium-blue silk.



**DUNTROON CADETS** and partners, from left, Under-Officer David Moloney, Kerry Bates, Senior Under-Officer Kris Schlyder, Faye Macfarlane, Under-Officer Alan Vickers, and Jan Swan supping in the leafy courtyard.



## More straight talk on a subject people won't talk about:



**Q. Do you know perspiration is caused by emotional excitement as well as by exertion?**

**A.** It's true! Whenever you are anxious or excited you experience "emotional" or "nervous" perspiration. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in under-arm stains and odour.



**Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?**

**A.** "Emotional" perspiration can happen anytime—any season. But you can be safe from every kind of perspiration embarrassment with gentle, but so effective, Arrid protection.



**Q. Won't a daily bath or shower protect you from perspiration?**

**A.** No! A shower is only the first step to personal daintiness. For all-day protection from embarrassment you need Arrid . . . to destroy odour-causing bacteria before odours form.



**Q. Why is Arrid protection the surest protection?**

**A.** It's so easy to be sure of your freshness with 3-way Arrid care. Arrid checks perspiration . . . stops odour . . . and protects the delicate fabrics of your clothes—with the gentlest deodorant formula ever.

**Girls who know  
the answers  
use ARRID  
to be sure.**

There's an ARRID deodorant made personally for you. For roll-on protection choose gentle Arrid Roll-on Lotion containing soothing lanolin. Rolls protection into all the pores . . . rolls away perspiration odours, and if you prefer a cream deodorant, there's the fluffy white ARRID CREAM.

P.S. Arrid is also available in handy Arrid Super-Spray—in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle.



### ROLLS ON

Pearly white Arrid Roll-on Lotion comes in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. No messy dripping . . . no leaking . . . rolls-on just the right amount for day-long protection. 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.

Gentle Arrid Cream keeps underarms soft and fresh all day long. In jars—medium, 3/9; and large, 5/10.

**Be sure of your freshness . . . sure of yourself  
... with gentle ARRID protection.**

CM166



ANGELA STACEY

## Adelaide TV star

● Pin-up girl of Adelaide television station ADS 7 is lovely 22-year-old Angela Stacey, former librarian and model, who is well up the TV ladder of success.

CO-COMPERE with Rick Paterson, of the popular children's session, "Funfair," Angela is also hostess of the weekly quiz show, "Noughts and Crosses," reads the weather reports three nights a week, and does both announcing and commercials.

A slender 5ft. 5in., Angela has a warm, appealing smile, big brown eyes, olive skin, and naturally brown hair, which she sprays with silver for station appearances.

She joined ADS 7 on her birthday last September, and appeared on the station's opening night in October when she took part in a comedy sketch with Sydney's Bobby Limb.

Angela decided some time ago that she would like to make a career of television.

Before Adelaide stations began transmitting, she resigned her job in the Public Library in Adelaide, and went to Mel-

bourne for an audition. Later she spent some time studying TV techniques.

Back in Adelaide, she did a successful test for Channel 7, and quickly became one of South Australia's most popular young hostesses.

In "Funfair," which is televised five nights a week from 5.15 to 6, Angela has her own segment called "Rumpus Room School with Angela."

She hostesses "Noughts and Crosses" every Sunday night for half an hour from 10 o'clock, and reads the weather reports three times a week at 7 p.m.

Success hasn't spoiled Angela, who lives quietly with her mother, Mrs. T. F. Stacey, in the Adelaide suburb of Kensington Park.

There are no wedding bells in sight for her yet. She's far too happy and busy with her new career.



# You rate what you get

● TV ratings are the big thing to you, me, the advertisers, and the TV channels. They are responsible for the continuous clutter of dead cowboys in the back of your box, the corpses littering the carpet as the private-eyes shoot their way to justice.

**Y**OU rate what you get, and your taste, as chalked up by rating services, determines the programmes beamed into your living-room.

Pull up your chair to Channel 9 on Sunday, March 20, at 9.30 p.m. and sit in on two world-famous raters at work.

The first rater you will meet is Mr. Arthur C. Nielsen, sen., millionaire head of the biggest market-research organisation in the world, who will be interviewed on "Meet the Press."

Mr. Nielsen's headquarters are in Chicago, U.S.A., and he's here looking at the Australian market, in which his firm is already established.

Mr. Nielsen is famous among the TV-rating services as the man who pioneered the audimeter, a mechanical device attached to a TV set.

The audimeter records the time the set is turned on, the channel to which it is tuned, time of channel switches throughout the day, and finally the time the set is turned off.

It is a rating-service delight, because the experts know full well that some of the people who give them rating details are inclined to forget or overlook times and switches.

Right after Mr. Nielsen on "Meet the Press," Mr. George Gallup, who founded the famous Gallup Opinion Polls, will appear on "Small World," talking about the value of his polls.

The appearance of the two raters, one after another, is purely coincidental. Coincidental, too, is the fact that this day is one on which one of the big Australian survey organisations is rating the pro-

grammes on which the raters appear. So now's your chance. Remember, you rate what you get.

★ ★ ★  
**N**OTHING seems to have excited viewers more lately than a recent "Small World" in which America's Clare Boothe Luce appeared.

Mrs. Luce is really colossal. She is the wife of Henry Luce, American editor and publisher of "Time" and "Fortune" magazines. She is a diplomat who has represented her country as Ambassador in Italy and Brazil, a Congresswoman, a playwright, a devoted mother (she has a daughter of 35), an internationally famous glamour society matron, and, as viewers saw her, surely one of the most beautiful and



**AUSTRALIAN SINGER Kathy Lloyd with famous visiting American satirist Tom Lehrer. Both appear in the "BP Super Show," Channel 7, on March 19.**

worry to her. She didn't want to lose the women voters and the election. She didn't. She got in.

One of her biographers described her as gardenia-like, and said she had with her looks "a toughness as hidden and as unmistakable as the wire in a gardenia corsage."

When you think of Loretta's eyelashes flapping up and down and her emoting all over the place, you can't help laughing, can you?

★ ★ ★

**S**PORT is king on TV's outside broadcasts, but which one telecasts best I never can decide. I think tennis probably, although golf tournaments, like last November's, when play was televised from every one of the 18 holes on the course, made me think golf was the best. I thought the same again when I saw the swimming championships televised.

At the moment, after a recent outside broadcast of the Maroubra Surf Lifesaving Carnival, produced by Bill Eve, that wizard of O.B.'s, I think surf carnivals take some beating.

There was a monster surf, the kind that Maroubra Beach is famous for, and the drama it caused, with boats upended, swamped, dragged out, and taken back again, surfboards flying through the air like missiles, and the lifesavers dealing with one situation after another with their usual cool competence, was really something to watch.

## TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

sharp-witted women to appear on the screen.

What has excited both men and women alike is her apparent agelessness. One viewer wrote: "She must be close to 70; she's been famous since I can remember, and I'm deep into middle age."

Her age, according to different newspapers from all over the world, could be 54, the lowest mentioned, or 63, as given in some others.

Apparently her looks went against her when she stood for Congress in 1942. She was too good-looking, and took to glasses and unattractive hairdos to stop the whistles, but as one paper said, "She couldn't cut her legs off."

The whistles were a great

She still looks like a gardenia, and her pictures show that she gets better-looking as she gets older.

Eleanor Roosevelt, who also appeared on TV not long ago, is another lucky woman whose looks have improved with age. She has changed from a real ugly duckling into a grandmother like a cameo.

But film-makers are planning to do dreadful things to poor Mrs. Roosevelt. They've asked Loretta Young (whom they described as "The First Woman of TV") to portray Mrs. Roosevelt in a film.

The film, "Sunrise at Campobello," is a drama about Franklin D. Roosevelt immediately after he was stricken with polio.

## MOTORING

● Betty McKay, an experienced driver with a wide knowledge of cars, this week reviews the new Fiat 1800. This is the second of her weekly columns for the woman motorist.



FIAT 1800

AT £1649 the Fiat 1800, a five-seater family car with a silky six-cylinder engine, is surprisingly cheap, compared with similar quality cars. Italy's Pinin Farina—a Dior in metal—designed the neat body.

### I liked:

- The good road-holding, steering, and braking.
- Extraordinarily wide vision.
- The driving position and full instrument panels.

- The night-driving mirror, padded sun-visors, and screen-washers.
- Warning lights reminding you to let off the hand-brake or turn off the fan-booster for the air-conditioning unit.
- The big parcel tray and light-up glove box.
- Individual lights for rear-seat passengers, and in the engine and boot.

- The heating, cooling, and demisting unit, with outlets for driver and front-seat passenger.
- Comfortable and attractive leather and fabric seats.

### I did not like:

- Difficult selection of reverse gear — the other four are easy.
- Windscreen wipers miss the centre of the screen and the switch is difficult to reach under the dashboard.

The 1800, from its 90-m.p.h., 30-m.p.g. engine through its roomy interior to the easily opened boot, would be hard to equal for the money.

### HINT FOR THE WEEK

Check your stop lights and tail lights regularly. It's easy to do in the garage before you open the doors. Turn on the ignition, press the brake pedal. If the lights are working you'll see the reflection clearly.

# Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

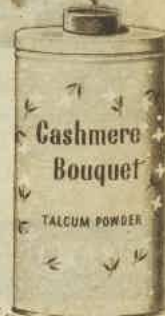
Keeps you *fresher... smoother... daintier...*

Surrounds you with romantic fragrance



### Make your life a bed of roses

Enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin as soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder wraps you in a cloud of fragrance. You'll love the way this misty fine talc drifts on to your skin, then clings throughout the day to keep you fresh and fragrant always. Regular size: 3/6. Medium size: 2/9.



Here is an extra comfort hint  
Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc helps mingles stockings and shoes slide on smoothly cooling and comforting to hot, chafed skin. Cashmere Bouquet Talc keeps you fresh and lovely always.

A luxury you can afford to use lavishly every day of your life

Buy the Big Regular Size and save money

## Callouses?

**FAST RELIEF**  
It's wonderful walking on Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushions. Soft latex foam absorbs jar of walking, protects callouses, prevents "burning" tenderness. 5/9 pr. for Men & Women, at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

**DR. SCHOLL'S BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION**

## MICKEY MOUSE CLUB BOOK

All about the famous TV MOUSEKETEERS

On sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers for

**15/-**



# Wonderful! NEW Toni

## EVEN WAVE HOME PERM

gives your hair **HIDDEN BODY**

Wonderful!

Hidden Body holds any set as  
no other permanent can!



Wonderful!

No more setting your hair  
every night! Shampooing  
doesn't weaken Hidden Body!

**HIDDEN BODY** - the secret of the smooth wave that never droops

Give your hair the new manageable softness of Hidden Body,  
the secret of the smooth wave that looks alive and never droops!  
Costly conditioning ingredients specially imported,  
make Toni's new Even Wave the most wonderful perm  
you've ever had.



Wonderful!

Hidden Body makes  
hair so easy to style  
you can change a  
curly hair-do to smooth  
... and back again!



Smooth Styles look wonderfully  
alive. Hidden Body prevents hair  
from sagging, even in the hottest  
damp weather. Makes the  
softest sleekest hair-do look alive!

Curly Styles with Hidden Body  
mean no curl let-down. Reveal  
your pretty curls! Fluff your hair  
up — it stays up with this new Toni.

TONI EVEN WAVE HOME PERM: AVAILABLE IN SUPER, REGULAR AND GENTLE • FULL HEAD KIT, 13/6 • EVEN WAVE TIP TONI, 9/9

NEW **SOFWAVE** SETTING ROLLERS for soft, natural looking waves  
Plastic . . . Pliable . . . never lose shape, easy to use and comfortable to sleep in . . . 3/9 pkt. of 6



Continuing . . .

### TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 58

very often, he had to run off before it taking it dead stern-on, so that now he was making about five knots towards the Tuamotus in the north.

This could not go on. He had a sea anchor in the fore-castle, a conical canvas drogue stiffened by a hoop of iron, and he called Jo up from below to come and take the helm while he rigged this thing.

Shearwater was a cutter with a shape below the waterline that was cut away at the bow and deep at the rudder, making her easy to tack and manoeuvre in the narrow seas and waterways of the Solent, for which she had been primarily designed.

Running before the wind she was very stable by reason of the windage of the mast, but held up to the wind by a sea anchor from the bow she would not be good, unlikely to lie closer than forty-five degrees to wind and sea. She had a canoe stern, however, fairly well tucked up.

He decided to put out his sea anchor from the stern, batten down the companion down and retiring below, using the fore hatch for getting out on deck.

He bent his heaviest warp on to the sea anchor, made the other end fast around both pairs of stern mooring bitts, and put the drogue overboard, taking a turn of the warp round one of the bitts as he paid out to ease the strain. The warp strained like a bowstring as the drogue sank in and took hold of the water; then the ship slowed, the strain eased, and he paid out the remainder slowly.

He sent Jo down below and stood himself on the companion steps for a while behind the fashionboards, his head out of the hatch, watching the seas. The ship was riding well to her sea anchor, her buoyant stern lifting to the seas so that little came on board. The wind had steadily increased, however, and he judged that now it was blowing at about Force 8.

It was so strong that it seemed to be blowing the tops off the seas in the form of flying scud beneath the heavily overcast sky, flattening the very seas; the warp stretched taut behind the vessel to the submerged drogue, hard as a bar. With this increasing wind the speed of the ship through the water did not seem to be very much reduced; she still seemed to be making about three knots towards the north. Visibility was now only a few hundred yards.

He went below and secured the companion hatch behind him. In the cabin it was dark and stuffy, lit only by one small glass port, tight shut, at the galley, and another at the companion. He went forward and lifted the fore hatch a little, letting some air into the ship, and then came back and sat upon his berth, opposite Jo. He pulled the chart over to him from the chart table and sat studying it.

Jo leaned across in the dim light. "Where do you think we are?"

He did not know with certainty. "I should say we're about here." He laid his finger on the chart. Actually he was further north and not so far to the west, but he did not know that.

"What happens next?" she asked.

"We'll just have to lie like this till it moderates," he said. "I think the centre will pass south of us."

"How long before it moderates?" she asked.

"Two days, I should think," he said. "Two days. Maybe three."

"Have we got much room?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No," he said. "No, I don't think we have."

"Too bad." She smiled a little, and then said, "Tell me, do you think we're going to pile her up?"

He glanced up at her. "I hope not," he replied. He ran his finger down the line of the Tuamotus. "The line of islands isn't very thick, and there's deep water all between them. We can steer her a bit downwind, running. If there's any visibility we should be able to run through them." He paused, and then said a little bitterly, "Like a drunk crossing the traffic in the Strand."

"We aren't drunk," she said gently. "A bit out of luck, perhaps, but not drunk."

He glanced at her. "I'm sorry about this, Jo."

"We'll be all right," she said. "Lie down and get some sleep."

They lay down and rested, if not slept. The motion of the ship was too violent for any cooking, but in the course of the afternoon Jo managed to brew some strong, sweet chocolate, and this revived them a little. She still had a few sandwiches left, but neither of them could eat. The bilgewater was slopping over the cabin floor; inevitably a wooden ship will leak a little under such strains, and in the last two days a good deal of water had found its way below.

IN the middle of the afternoon John Dermott decided to pump the ship out. He pulled up the floorboards near the engine and left Jo to keep the suction clear of any debris in the bilge, and went out on deck himself by the fore hatch.

He was startled and concerned at the strength of the wind now, and the steepness of the seas behind them. As the yacht's stern rose upon the forward slope of each great wave the warp to the sea-anchor stretched out taut behind her, the water pattering off it with the strain; then the crest passed, the surf filling the cockpit, and the rope relaxed.

He crept aft on hands and knees on deck against the wind and the loose surf of each wave crest that slapped at him. With each step he refastened his lifeline, for the danger of being swept overboard was now a real one. He gained the cockpit, but he did not immediately begin to pump the ship. The sea-anchor warp was more urgent, and he turned his attention to that.

He had wrapped three tea-cloths around the rope at the stern fairlead, tying them to the warp with marline, to take the chafe. They were just about worn through; he cut the marline, working mostly under water, and remade the packing. The rope below the cloths did not seem to be damaged. He crouched waist deep in water in the flooded cockpit, watching it for a time.

Everything seemed to be holding, but the strain was immense. If the sea-anchor went or when it went—there would then be nothing to be done but to come to the helm and steer the ship, running under bare poles before the storm towards the islands.

He turned and started work upon the pump. There was a little opening glass porthole in

To page 65



## Continuing . . . TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 64

the aft side of the cabin top by the companion, and from time to time Jo opened this to tell him how the water level was before shutting it again.

It took him about an hour to clear the ship of water, sitting mostly in lukewarm water up to the waist in the force of the gale. By the time he had finished and the pump had sucked he was exhausted, but he did not immediately go forward to the hatch.

He made another inspection of the sea anchor warp; it looked all right. He sat for a time looking round the horizon. An early dusk was creeping down upon the scene. He could see nothing but blown spray and breaking

before the wind eased it would haul round into the west. Before then, he knew, they would be in among the Tuamotus.

He left the cockpit and crawled forward to the fore hatch, waited his chance, then opened it and slipped below, pulling it down behind him.

He was shivering a little, more from fatigue and shock than from cold. They heated up the remainder of the cocoa and drank that and then lay down fully clothed with lifebelts on in their sodden clothes upon their sodden berths. There was nothing further to be done on

said. "We may be getting pretty close to something by tomorrow."

"Would you like me to go up now?"

He shook his head. "We're all right for tonight. You can't see anything up there, anyway. Hardly the ship's length."

"What's the wind doing?"

"Seems to be a bit more over in the west."

They lay down on their berths again, but not for the whole night. Soon after midnight the yacht surged forward on the forward slope of a wave, a motion they were well accustomed to; and did not check her run.

Instead she went surging forward wildly and then round in a crazy turn to port, throwing John out on to the cabin floor. Then she was thrown on her beam ends and buried in the seas; everything fell down on to the starboard side within the cabin. John on top of Jo in a mass of tins, books, tools, bedding, sextants, and cooking gear.

The ship lay on her side for what seemed an age till gradually she rose again as they struggled free and to their feet in a foot of water over the cabin deck.

They knew what had happened: the vessel had broached to. In fact, the sea-anchor warp had chafed and parted at the drogue end and now the yacht was lying broadside on and at the mercy of the waves. They ripped the companion hatch back and struggled into the cockpit, and as they did so she went over again in a breaking sea.

She came up again more slowly, sluggishly, and they were both still there in the cockpit. The companion hatch had been half open and she had taken much water in through it: she now lay heavily and sluggishly at least a foot deeper in the water, in the trough of the waves.

But Dermott had the helm now and was steering her round down wind and Jo had slammed the hatch shut and bolted it. When the next wave came they took it stern on and she rose to it far less than her normal buoyancy, but rise she did; the top of the crest swept green across them but they did not broach again. There was now a little faint light on the scene, probably due to the moon above the clouds.

John said quietly, "Start

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## PRETTY RANUNCULI

RANUNCULI are colorful members of the bulb or corm family. They need well-drained soil in an open, sunny position. Plant February — early April. Seed should be sown in March for flowers the same season. The camellia-flowered types are biggest and best. Very large claws or corns may be divided into small "fingers," and if planted in boxes soon produce healthy plants that will bloom in spring.



powering seas; he did not think he could see farther than about two hundred yards.

There was nothing to indicate the presence of land, but when he knew there wouldn't be until they saw and heard the breakers.

He glanced around at his ship. She seemed to be in perfect condition but for the tatters of the sail upon the jibstay. The helm swung quietly and loose. The ends of halliards and sheets were streaming overboard; they did not matter.

Seeing the strength and order of his ship he felt suddenly fired. As usual, he thought, the ship was stronger than the people in her.

He took a final glance at the compass: the wind had gone round farther and was now west of south, blowing harder than ever. The eye of the storm would pass to the south of them now, though pretty close;

deck: it was more important now to conserve their strength.

Darkness came swiftly but they did not attempt to light the lamp. They had electric torches and there were still dry spare batteries in sealed tins. They lay trying to rest, listening to the struggle of the ship, the wash of waves along the deck over their heads, and the insensate screaming of the wind. Presently they may have slept a little.

At about ten o'clock John Dermott went out on deck again to adjust the wrappings round the warp. Conditions were similar but it was dark as pitch and raining hard, or so it seemed to him, for it was only possible to distinguish rain from the blown spume by the taste. He worked largely by feel, renewed the wrappings, and returned down below.

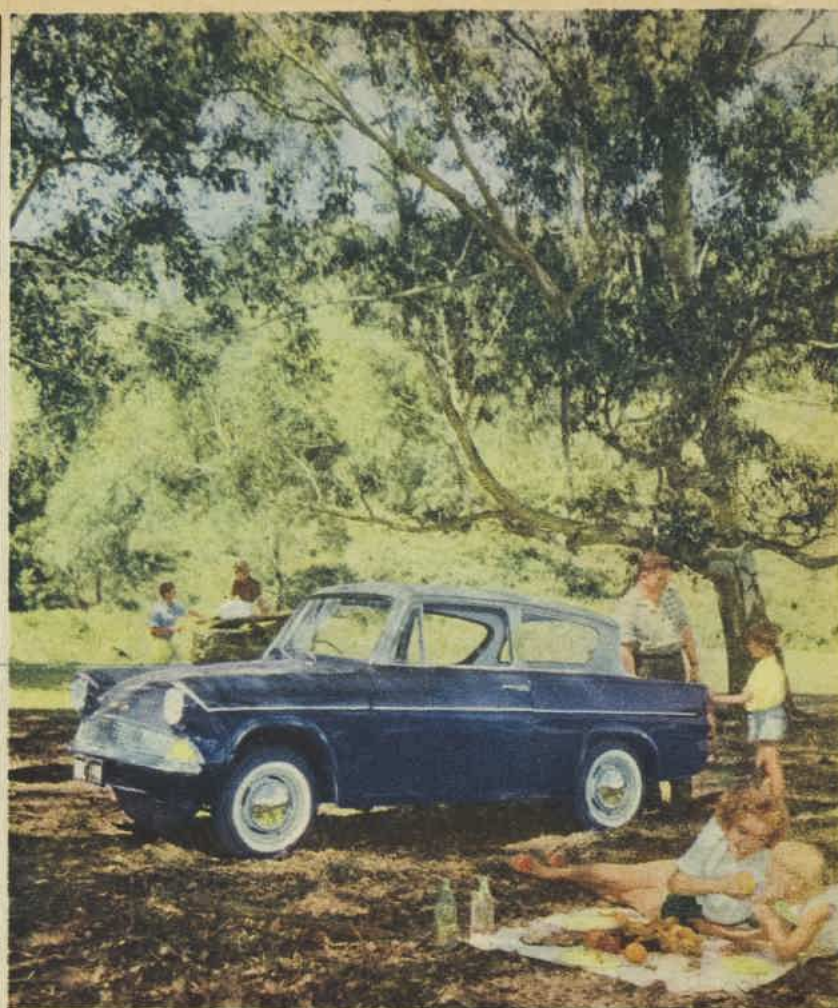
"We'll have to stand a watch as soon as it gets light," he

## OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



DELIGHTFUL PET MOTIFS for the toddler's clothes are a joy to embroider and provide an interesting way of teaching children the names of animals. They are from our Embroidery Transfer No. 199, which is priced at 2/6. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960



HERE NOW! THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING  
LIGHT CAR ★ ★ ★ THE COMPLETELY NEW

# Anglia

BY FORD ★ ★ ★

Totally new! Thrillingly different! And never  
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Just wait until you drive the all-new Anglia—you won't be able to go far enough! Because for sheer motoring enjoyment, and driving ease, you have never driven anything like it before. Take a look:—

- To park it you'll see all four corners of the car from the driver's seat.
- Its turning circle is so small you can turn around completely in less than half the width of main city streets.
- You've never handled more delightful gears—the gear lever itself is on the floor handy to your left hand—you need only move it inches to change gears, and it's crash-proof.
- It seats 4 big people, and even in the back there's enough room for passengers to cross their knees.

- You'll find savings every trip with a petrol economy of over 40 miles per gallon.

- You won't lose your dignity when you slip through doors that are a wide 43" onto natural height seats.

- You'll never drive a more obedient light car—just a touch on the accelerator pedal and you slip through traffic effortlessly.

- There are many touches of luxury you've never seen in a light car before—like its beautiful new two-tone woven fabrics and vinyls at no extra cost!

- The steering is feather-light, the steering wheel of safety design—door-locks, too!

- There's a full-width parcel tray up front as well as a lockable glove-box. The luggage boot, too, is a big 10 cubic feet.

Your Ford Anglia Dealer is the man to see for all the short and sweet details. And it's with him, too, you'll enjoy your own "test-drive"! Why not see him today?



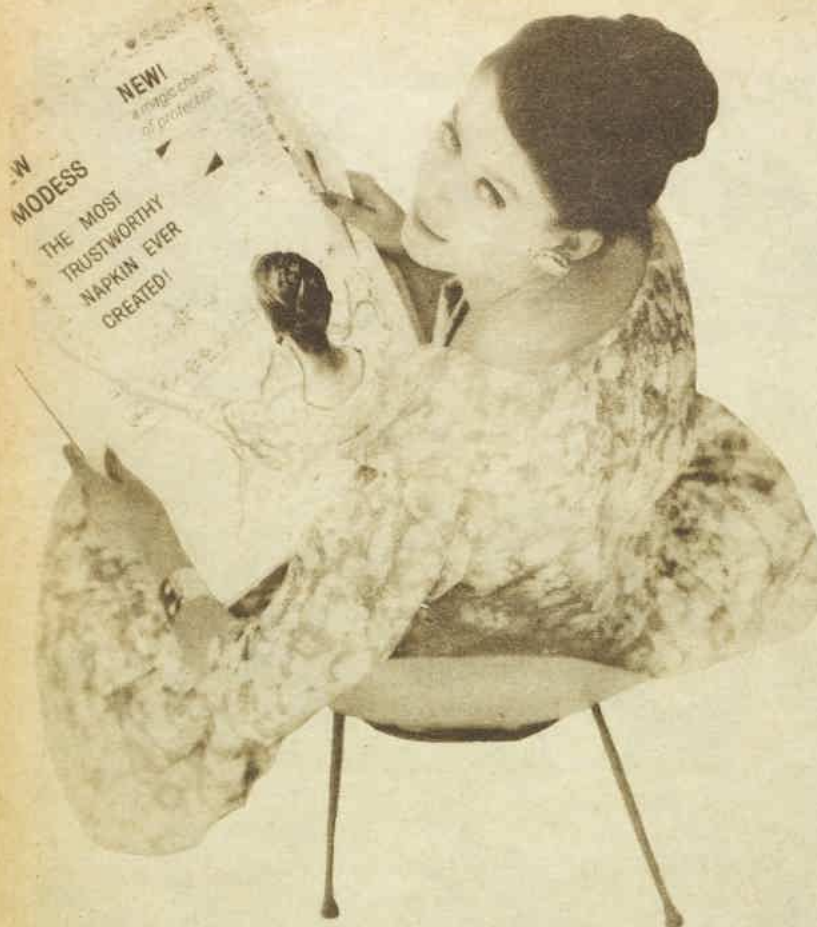
WORLD'S MOST EXCITING LIGHT CAR  
**Anglia**  
BY FORD

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

FA745

Page 65





# New Modess...

the most trustworthy napkin ever created!

# New...

a "Magic Channel" of protection

Now Modess has created a new feminine fabric—the newest and finest napkin cover ever devised. This new cover has all the features; the luxurious softness, the comfort of MASSLINN, plus the "Magic Channel" of protection.



"Magic Channel" is a panel of tiny perforations centred along the length of the napkin to give quicker absorbency and greater protection than ever before.

Green Package—Modess with "Magic Channel."

Blue Package—Modess with gauze cover.

Pink Package—Modess "Super"—for those who need extra protection.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON—THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 65

pumping, Jo. We'll take it in turns."

She bent to the pump and began the endless, back-breaking motion on the handle. Presently he gave her the helm and took the pump himself; so they continued alternately pumping and steering for the rest of the night, while the wind screamed around them and the surf beat on them.

From time to time the suction blocked with debris in the bilge; then John had to wait his chance to open the companion hatch for a moment to get down into the flooded cabin, shut the hatch above him, and, working with his hands and arms deep in the water in pitch darkness, clear the pump. The night passed like this, but when the grey cold light began to make things visible the ship was buoyant again, almost clear of water.

In the cockpit as they rested, Jo asked, "Did you think we'd had it that time, John?"

"I don't know that I had time to think of anything, except getting her straight and running," he replied. "When we got her running I knew that we were going to make it all right."

She said, "I've been thinking so much about Janice."

"Don't," he said gently. "We'll have her with us in a month or two."

"If we get out of this."

"We'll get out of it, all right," he said. "But if anything should happen, if we buy it, she couldn't be with anybody better than Katie and Keith."

"They'll look after her," she said. "But she's only ten. And, John, they haven't any money."

"She'll have money," he replied. "It's all left in trust to Keith for her, until she's twenty-five. She'll get as good an education as anyone can get, and after that she'll have a good lump-sum. Don't you remember how we made our wills?"

"But John, she won't have anything! We've got it all here!"

He stared at her in the half light. "I never thought of that." This was another disaster that had come upon him, and one that hit him far harder than any that had come so far. The approach of the storm, the parting of the jib, the chafing of the sea anchor warp, the broaching to, the nearness of the Tuamotus—these were challenges to his seamanship.

When you went to sea and crossed the world in a small yacht you wagered your courage and your skill against the elements, with your life as the stake, and if you were good you usually won. It was what you went to sea for in this game; if you didn't like the game you needn't play it.

He had wanted to play it because the sea was his whole life, and Jo had wanted to play it with him because she loved him. Now, suddenly and without warning, his small child's future had been added to the stake.

Inevitably, perhaps, he held strongly right-wing views; he was a conservative in politics. He held that if a man worked hard and well and saved money he had a right to pass some of it on to his children, especially if they were girls, who usually got a raw deal, anyway.

He approved of moderate death duties because he did not hold that grandchildren should live in idleness because grandfather had worked; all people ought to work, as he

had worked for the Navy himself.

He held, however, that it was the duty and the right of every decent man to give his children as good a start in life as he had had himself. He had been blessed with money from the start, and he had tried to use it wisely and to save it for his child so that she should grow up in the way of life he was accustomed to. That she should go to the council school and be fed and clothed by charity was quite unthinkable.

Joanna did not follow him in all of this. For twenty years she had lived as a naval officer's wife and she had absorbed a good deal of it, but she had come from a laborer's home and had gone to the council school herself in Renfrew. She had raised herself when she went on to the stage with a serious, well-managed troupe of girls; she had raised herself again when she had married John Dermott.

In many ways she was now more conservative than he. The slum streets and the council school were not terrifying novelties to her, for she had come from them, but she had long been determined that Janice was going to have no part of them. She had borne Janice into a different world, a world of naval officers and impoverished noblemen in Northern Ireland, and she was going to stay there.

AS the full daylight came they could see the binnacle, and see that the wind was now about west-south-west by their compass. At the same time, it had risen higher than ever and was now screaming in their ears, deafening them, so that John judged it to be Force 10 or more.

The sky cleared with the morning so that they could see much farther than before, and away to the south there seemed to be a line of blue sky just above the sea.

John pointed it out to Jo, and put his lips to her cold ear. "That'll be the eye of the storm," he shouted.

"Passing south of us?"

He nodded. There were no great waves now—just a smoking, hissing set flattened by the insensate torrent of the wind. To talk was an effort and a strain; it was better to conserve their strength. They sat in silence, each busy with their thoughts turning over slowly in their stunned minds.

John Dermott was thinking always of the ship. She was still sound and practically undamaged. The mainsail and the trysail were still lashed firmly upon the boom, ready for use. No sails could stand a minute in such wind; it was no good thinking about them. There was one resource still left to them, however. They still had a little engine.

He had scant faith in it, but it was there. In dead calm weather it would give the ship a speed of about four knots for going in and out of harbor or up windless estuaries, but the wind was now blowing sixty knots or more.

This puny little engine, if he could make it work, could not affect the major issues of their course, yet if he could get it going it might serve to pull them out of trouble somehow. It was the last resource still left unused.

He gave the helm to Jo and went below, shutting the companion after him. In the light of his torch he saw that the

To page 67



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Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 66

battery had been thrown from its crate when the ship broached to and was lying on its side; everything was streaming with sea water. He stood the battery upright, checked the leads, and tried a light switch. There was the faintest of red glimmers from the filament, which faded as he watched.

There was no help in the starter. He wiped the magneto and the plug leads with a wet handkerchief, having searched in vain for a dry cloth and tried her on the handle. For a quarter of an hour he labored over her, and never got a kick. Finally he gave up the effort and went back on deck. There was no help in the engine.

While he was below Jo sat at the helm in dull despair. The huge efforts needed to pull the tiller continuously one way or the other to keep the ship stern on to the seas were draining the last of her strength; she could still make them mechanically, but she was now near collapse.

There was no ending to this storm and would not be for days and days and days; the ship might see it through if she had fresh hands at the helm, but they would not. She was near failure now, she knew; half an hour longer, or perhaps an hour, and she would be no longer able to swing the tiller. Then the ship would broach to and lie swept by every sea; they would be drowned.

**S**HEARWATER would fill and sink, and Janice's future would sink with her. She was too tired now to care about herself, but Janice was a sharp pain. Keith would look after her and bring her up, and he would do it well. But he would have to bring her up into his own way of life, not theirs; at sixteen she would have to start work in a shop.

John Dermott came back to the cockpit and took the helm from her. "No good," he shouted in her ear.

She shouted back, "Won't it go?" He shook his head and she settled down beside him, listless.

About the middle of the morning something in the water ahead drew John's attention. He stood against the companion, the wind tearing at his clothing, lashed by the spray. Visibility was between one and two miles. There was something different half a mile or so ahead of him; the backs of the seas looked different in some way. Then, over to the left a little, in a quick, passing glimpse, he saw what looked like the tops of palm trees above the waves.

He turned with a heavy heart and went back to his wife. "There seems to be an island dead ahead," he shouted. "I think we're driving down on to a reef."

She nodded. She was now past caring.

He took her hand. "I'm sorry about this, Jo."

She smiled at him. "It doesn't matter."

"Can you take her a bit longer?" he asked. "I want to see if we can dodge it."

She nodded and he stood up again by the companion. It was clearer now for they were closer. What he had seen was the backs of great combers breaking on a coral reef; the line of different surf extended

both on port and starboard hands as far as he could see.

He searched desperately for a break in the surf, something to indicate a passage through the reef into the sheltered lagoon that might lie beyond. If there were any break he would try and steer her off and run in through it, even though they might be overwhelmed in the process.

He could see no break at all; it all looked just the same on either hand as far as he could see. There was no escape for them now.

Shearwater was driving straight on to a coral reef in the Tuamotus somewhere and would leave her bones upon the coral as many a tall ship had done before. He had not the remotest idea where they were.

He came back to her and took the helm. In bad moments in the past forty-eight hours he had imagined this situation and had thought it out. Better to take the coral straight, head on, than to be thrown on to it on their beam ends, to have the hull crushed like an eggshell by the fury of the waves. Better to take it head on, taking the shock on the lead keel and trying to keep stern on to the seas.

Reefs were seldom uniform in height; if they had the luck to strike a fissure, a patch where in calm water the coral was a couple of feet or more below the surface, they might possibly be driven over it into the lagoon and still float and live. He bent to explain this to his wife.

"I want you to go below," he shouted. "When we strike, stay in the hull. She'll probably get full of water, but stay in the hull. Just keep your head above the water, but stay inside."

She shouted, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to stay up here and steer her on. I'll join you down below as soon as she strikes. It's our best chance. I don't think she'll break up."

"If she breaks up she'll stay on the reef, won't she?"

He knew what was in her mind. "The keel will, and probably the frames." He paused, and then leaned across and kissed her. "Now go below. I'm sorry to have got you into this."

She kissed him in return. "It's not your fault." She stood up, waited her chance, opened the hatch, and slipped down below, leaving it open for him to follow her.

She thought she ought to say a prayer, but it seemed mean to have neglected God and her religion for so long and then to pray when death was imminent; the words would not come.

She could only think of Janice—Janice whose future happiness lay buried in the concrete beneath her feet. The concrete would survive upon the coral reef, but nobody would ever know of it but Keith—Keith who had never made much of his life, Keith who had never been anywhere or done anything. Keith, to whose keeping she had trusted Janice. From the cockpit John Dermott shouted above the screaming of the wind, "Next one, Jo!"

In those last moments the power of prayer came to her, and she muttered in the accents of her childhood, "Lord, give Keith a bit o' guid sense."

Then they struck.

To be continued

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N772/59

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### SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WHITEST WASH

## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning March 21



### ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.  
★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, silver.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in magnetic personality.

★ Bubbling over with vitality, keenly interested in what's going on, every day is a new adventure. Where you lead, others follow. Make sure your goal is worth while. When you are present an electric current is felt in the room. Use your popularity for unselfish ends. At least one member of the opposite sex will be attracted to you.



### TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, yellow.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in leisure.

★ With more time to yourself than recently, perhaps relieved of certain duties or determined to cut corners in the domestic round, you can relax, devote time to personal grooming, the refurbishing of your wardrobe, reading, or the pursuit of a hobby. This will be a tonic for tired nerves, preparing you for exciting days to come.



### GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.  
★ Luck in games and pastimes.

★ Those who play any game should be on top of the world. The outdoors has much to offer you; spend as much time as you can in the open. If you like exploring new territory you should have interesting experiences. Hobbies are well expected. If young, a love affair could develop in connection with a picnic, group outing, or a bar scene.



### CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, lt. blue.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.  
★ Luck through authority.

★ Ask a favor and the odds are it will be granted. Some of you improve your working conditions or obtain additional privileges, amenities. In your social life an influential person may introduce you to a charmed circle hitherto closed to you. If applying to the Government for any purpose you are likely to receive a favorable reply.



### LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a journey.

★ Whether the journey be long or short, aimless except for recreation, or with a definite purpose behind it, the trip may be a turning-point in your affairs. The effect may be personal or financial or both. For a few the journey ends in a lovers' meeting; for most there will be benefits in more than one direction.



### VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.  
★ Luck in a windfall.

★ Hunters of treasure-trove feel the thrill of the chase when they are on the trail of a hard-to-find article. A stroke of luck could make you the proud possessor of an antique piece of furniture or an ornament that appeals to you. You could discover a forgotten family heirloom or be given a present for which you find a new use.



### LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in partnerships.

★ In company with a good friend you could win a prize in sport, in a speculation, or carry a joint plan through to success. Should your partner on a social occasion or an outing prove genial, a romance is likely to develop. If already married, your life-mate proposes a business undertaking apt to be highly profitable and satisfactory.



### SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, white.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in carrying out plans.

★ Plans may range from giving your home a new look, adding to your wardrobe, taking on a job as a voluntary worker, entertaining informally, or pursuing a new hobby. A practical, businesslike approach, facing the matter seriously, will be half the battle. Otherwise you won't find the secret for a good cause, at a task nobody wants.



### SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, red.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in love.

★ Friends may come forward and present you with an honor. That handsome stranger you have just met shows a lively interest in you; that glamorous first date sparks a thrilling love affair. If you've been dating for some time, an understanding or engagement is not far off. If a parent, you grant a child's wish. In some way love brings happiness.



### CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck close at hand.

★ Your own neighborhood is worth exploring; it has more to offer than you suppose. Friends and activities near you can be enjoyed more frequently; there may be untapped resources in the way of clubs, sports facilities, organisations for community welfare. The chance to take part in neighborhood affairs could be offered you soon.



### AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in a change.

★ A change of habit is as good as a vacation. If you can't go on holidays, make the best use of weekends. Try going home from work a different way or take a walk through a district unfamiliar to you. Visit a museum or art gallery for new ideas, subjects for conversation. Your danger at present is being swallowed by dull routine.



### PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, black.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.  
★ Luck in finances.

★ Whether you're a confirmed budgeter or a happy-go-lucky spender, you'll have fun. Your artistic taste will save you from unsuitable purchases, and the bargain-hunter will rejoice over more than one triumph. You may draw your purse strings tightly and save for that grand spree which makes your heart glow with pleasure.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1960





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- ★ Safer. Don't crumble or break off in lumps

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# Fashion

## PATTERNS

### BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5656.—Pretty and comfortable bed jacket requires 3yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/-.



F5634.—Shirtmaker style with box-pleated skirt requires 3yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5652.—Feminine pyjamas are warm and comfortable for winter. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/-.

F5646.—Classic-style dressing-gown requires 5yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5635.—Sophisticated day dress has unusual skirt styling and demure yet smart bodice. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5643.—Smart suit for the working girl requires 3yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 234.—SUMMER FROCK

Prettily styled summer frock is available cut out ready to sew in a sanitised poplin in navy, American-beauty, red, turquoise, grey, green, and lemon. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust 41/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

### No. 235.—CHILD'S FROCK AND JACKET

Simple sunfrock with a bolero to match is available cut out ready to sew in a spotted poplin in Swiss-blue, red, and navy, all with white spots. For 3 to 4 years 21/9; 6 to 8 years 35/3; and for 10 years 37/6. Postage 1/- extra.

### No. 236.—GUEST-TOWEL SET

Useful guest-towel set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on pink, blue, green, lemon, and white huckaback. Size 15 by 13in. Priced at 4/3 each with 6d. extra for postage, or 12/3 for the set of 3 and 1/- extra for postage.

### No. 237.—TENNIS FROCK

Easy to wash and iron tennis frock is available cut out ready to sew in white poplin or white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 25/6; 36 and 38in. bust 27/6. Postage 3/- extra.



Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

## Perfumed racapan

For continuous  
**TRIPLE ACTION**  
toilet hygiene

- 1 cleans
- 2 freshens
- 3 deodorises



Pleasantly perfumed Racapan is the surest way to toilet hygiene. Just clip the block of Racapan, on its rustproof wire bracket, to the rim of the bowl. Each time you flush the toilet, the pan is automatically cleaned and deodorised.  
Distributed for Racapan Limited by Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne.

## VARICOSE VEINS!

Scholl Soft-Grip Elastic Stockings



*The Secret of Comfort*  
**Scholl Soft-Grip**

ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY

All Knives from Chemists, Stores, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Dealers

Also Scholl NYLON Surgical Hosiery

## KIDNEY TROUBLES?

like this.

Pressure  
and pain  
in kidneys,  
weak  
bladder?

Then start a course of  
**MACKENZIE'S**

## MENTHOLS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.  
The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.  
If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 7/- or 5/- everywhere.

## MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

Keep up-to-date . . . read

## MODERN MOTOR

Every Month

2/6 from your Newsagent.

For people who think—

## The Observer

Australia's first  
fortnightly review.  
1/6 from your Newsagent.



# PINE-O-CLEEN

## brings PINE freshness into your home

That's one reason why  
MORE AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIVES  
USE OXFORD PINE-O-CLEEN  
THAN ALL OTHER PINE  
DISINFECTANTS COMBINED

3 Products in 1



Antiseptic

Disinfectant

Deodorant

... and it's ...

Fragrant as a Pine Forest

"Smell that Pine fragrance.  
It's re-freshinating."

### PINEY PINE-O-CLEEN says

"Pine-o-Cleen is not only the finest disinfectant you can buy ... it's an antiseptic and deodorant as well. It kills germs and odours at their source ... is used by Hospitals, Schools and Public Institutions throughout Australia ... leaves a refreshing pine fragrance wherever used ... is re-freshinating."

Pine-o-Cleen is the safest, surest way of keeping your home fresh and hygienic. It has so many uses around the home—uses you may not even know. Send for the free booklet mentioned below and learn how many extra ways Pine-o-Cleen can help overcome your problems of home hygiene."



FREE  
BOOKLET.  
SEND NOW  
STOCKS  
LIMITED.



To: Advertising Department, W.W.F.2,  
Nugget Polish Pty. Ltd., 16 Morris St., WILLIAMSTOWN, Vic.

Please send me free copy of the booklet  
"101 Uses for Fragrant Oxford Pine-o-Cleen".

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

## JACKY'S DIARY

by JACKY Mendelsohn  
Age 32½.

Last night MOMMY read me an  
OTHER FAIRY TAIL. This time it  
was called "THE TORTIS &  
THE HAIR".



P.S. a TORTIS is ONLY a  
FANCY NAME for a  
TURTLE



and a HAIR is the SAME  
thing Like a RABBIT.

ANYHOW this here HAIR was all WAYS  
MAKING FUN of the TORTIS, on a COUNT of  
HOW SLOW he WALKED.



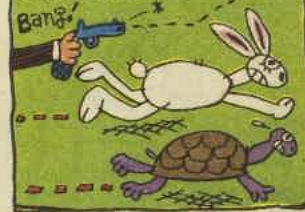
This got the TORTIS so MAD that  
finely he CHALLENGED the HAIR  
to a RACE TOMORROW.



The HAIR thought this was so  
FUNNY that all night LONG he  
LAUGHED Allowed.



So the nexts MORNING some  
body SHOT a GUN & they both  
STARTED into RUN.



Some People EVEN  
bet LOTS of MONEY  
on the RACE.



The HAIR ran so FAST on a COUNT of his  
LONG LEGS, THAT pretty soon he got WAY  
a HEAD of the TORTIS.



BUT OLIVER Sudden while he was a SLEEP, the  
TORTIS SNEAKED by him & WON the RACE. So AFTER  
that the HAIR didn't MAKE FUN of him ANY MORE.



The LESSON of this  
story is:

EVEN if you got SMALL  
LEGS you MUST NEVER  
admit THE FEET!

YOUR Friend,  
JACKY.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

YOU HAVE ENOUGH PETS NOW JUNIOR, A  
GOLD FISH-BIRDS-DOG-CAT-WHITE MICE  
AND A ANGORA RABBIT.



WHAT ELSE DO  
YOU WANT?



SOME OF BILLY'S  
TADPOLES MUMMY!!!





## happy feet happy days

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin to bring relief for sore, aching feet.

For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, burns, insect bites, sunburn, heat rash, get Zam-Buk to-day.

**ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL CREAM** is a non-greasy treatment. Rub in as a massage for tired, aching feet and muscular pains. 24

## DEARBORN'S PURE MERCOLIZED WAX FACE CREAM

Look younger with a clear smooth and healthy complexion. Give your skin the best beauty treatment available today.

"The loveliest girls use it"

5/6

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

## GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

A week's treatment 4/6

## Curlypet

## POISONED QUICKS

Heal up fast with **HAILEEN**

It is dangerous to neglect painful, slightly poisoned cuticles. Act now. Before the infection spreads. Stainless, painless HAILEEN is guaranteed to HEAL your poisoned cuticles, or pay nothing. It is easy to apply - you simply dip an orange stick into the Naileen bottle and apply a few drops under the cuticle, each night at bedtime. No bandages. Thousands of successes. Get a bottle today. 5/6 at all chemists, with a money-back guarantee. Wonderful too for Tinea (Athlete's Foot) and Milk Rot.

## MICKEY MOUSE CLUB BOOK

All about the famous TV MOUSEKETEERS

On sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers for

15/-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 23, 1960

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, has helped the Chief of Police solve yet another mysterious crime. Mandrake has captured the "Horse Thief," who turned out to be a clever criminal using a highly trained horse to commit his thefts. By means of a micro-

phone device he made it appear that the horse spoke and held up the victims. The owner of the horse hoped the victims would be too confused to report the crime. The next adventure begins high on Mount Arat. NOW READ ON:

**BEGINNING: THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN**

THE PIERCE EXPEDITION IS CLIMBING MT. ARAT, SECOND HIGHEST PEAK IN THE WORLD.

IN THE SNOW-A STRANGE LARGE FOOTPRINT-

SNOWMAN-ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!

IS IT POSSIBLE? SO HUGE!

MAKE A CAST OF IT, THERE ARE MORE TRACKS-

WE'LL FOLLOW THEM--WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE SUMMIT.

IN THE BLINDING SNOWSTORM, THEY ALMOST REACH THE SUMMIT--AND A CAVE MOUTH!

SOMETHING IN THAT CAVE--COMING CLOSER!

GER-RAH-

SOMETHING THERE--DON'T KNOW IF I CAN GET A PICTURE--

SNOW SLIDING--AVALANCHE--RUN, CAPTAIN PIERCE!

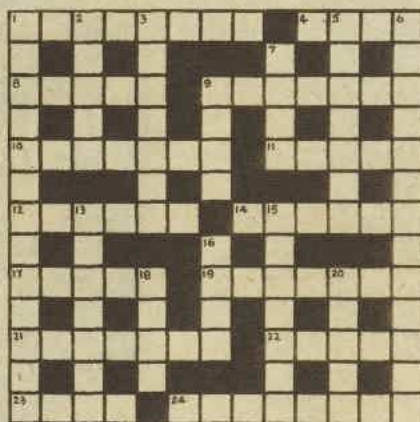
TO BE CONTINUED

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Sententious dullard of a sagacious field (8).
  - It may be very fine, yet it is still not quite the thing (4).
  - When the lute breaks it forms the outside of a fine silk net (5).
  - Let sing of an undergarment (7).
  - If it is in your palm it needs precious crossing (7).
  - Quantitative relation formed by a rodent and a lover of Zeus (5).
  - It keeps things horizontal at sea and breaks a lamb on its back (6).
  - If you suffer a fiasco riant you may collect dross (6).
  - Most easterly island of the Lesser Sunda Group (5).
  - This city hides a new trap (7).
  - Surround on all sides and lose at the end (7).
  - It can be laugh, power, or sense (5).
  - Children like them, and they can be found in the choicest oysters (4).
  - Mortification in scores (8).

INTERRELATION  
N R E X O D E  
C H O L E R A P O O L S  
R O L L R L T  
E X P O S I T I O N S  
A L E V  
S T R E A M R E B E C K  
S P N I  
V I C E R O Y S H I P  
G E R C O A A P  
A L I D F G A U G E  
D N B I E S R  
I N S P E C T O R A T E S

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

- DOWN**
- In Roman times this road led from Dover to London (7, 6).
  - This anti-feminist Frankish law was fundamental in the French monarchy (5).
  - Race aim (Anagr., 7).
  - Her lost pistol-case (7).
  - The newspapers of a country (8, 5).
  - A knot, the end of which must run back (4).
  - Wise aromatic plant (4).
  - Resemblance between two natural objects ending in a cry (7).
  - One who captures a hundred in her cat (7).
  - Disposal of goods by a Mount Isa lessee (4).
  - Place in a house where Othello turns (4).
  - Gains mostly by listening organs (5).

Good times  
begin with  
*freshness*

**MUM**  
deodorant  
stick  
outdates  
all others

ICE PINK  
**MUM**  
STICK

EXTRA PROTECTION. Completely protects personal freshness and keeps underarms dainty 24 hours a day--because it's not only the perfect deodorant, it checks perspiration too.

EXTRA APPEAL. It's ice-pink, cool, and refreshing to use in its fashionable "young look" pack.

EXTRA VALUE. Gives you more for your money of the finest stick deodorant on the market--a full one ounce for just 6/3.

EXTRA QUALITY. Does not crumble, holds its perfect consistency to the last, and it lasts for months. Always bland and gentle, absolutely safe for any normal skin and cannot damage the finest fabrics.

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers



## ROYAL ALBERT Bone China



On show  
at all  
leading  
stores

### NIGHT AND DAY

A new Royal Albert pattern which blends well with modern decor and has for its motif a fern in white on black background and black on white background--a very striking pattern. Made in England.

THOS. C. WILD & SONS LTD.  
The Strand, 64 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Victoria.



# How to get the best<sup>\*</sup> out of your teapot

1. Use Bushells Tea and remember—"one spoonful for each person and one for the pot."
2. Heat the pot. Teapots should always be heated with hot water before making the tea.
3. Take teapot to kettle and not kettle to teapot.
4. Use freshly boiling water, poured when it has just reached the stage of bubbling.



\*the best is  
**Bushells**

The Tea of  
Flavor